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Mrs Le Clerc

Miss Crampton

from the Editor

A MEMOIR

OF

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

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MARIA EDGEWORTH.

During the melancholy months which succeeded her father's death, Maria wrote scarcely any letters; her sight was in a most alarming state. The tears, she said, felt in her eyes like the cutting of a knife. She had overworked them all the previous winter, sitting up at night and struggling with her grief as she wrote Ormond; she was now unable to use them without pain. She did, however, sometimes brave the pain when she thought she could do anything to please or serve her friends, as appears by the following note to Mrs. Charlotte Sneyd, who was going with her sister and Honora to England. The two Miss Sneyds had gone to reside with their brother, Mr. Sneyd, at Byrkely Lodge, in Staffordshire, after Mr. Edgeworth's death, in consequence of an old promise made to that effect. Honora accompanied them, and stayed some months with them at her uncle's.

"*Edgeworthstown, Sept.* 4, 1817.

"My dear Aunt Charlotte Sneyd,

"While I was lamenting that I could not find any little thing that I could do for you, it came into my head that, though I cannot draw, I could trace for you some of your niece Charlotte's drawings, which I

know you love and will like to have. Pray do not imagine that it was tiresome to me to trace these: it was a very agreeable employment, and required all my attention, which you know is, at present particularly, the best thing that can happen to me. My dear Aunt Charlotte, it is not possible to part with one who has been my steady, solid friend for so many years, without feeling it at this moment as another *irreparable misfortune.*"

Maria went to Black Castle in October, and remained there till January, 1818. She had the strength of mind to abstain almost entirely from reading and writing. She had always been fond of needlework, but it was now too trying for her eyes, and she learned to knit so as to employ herself while she was listening to those who read to her. She amused herself making worsted socks for her friends, and sent her first performance to Mrs. Ruxton, and her next to her cousin Margaret.

To Miss Margaret Ruxton.

"*Collon, Jan.*, 1818.

"Here are a pair of *bootinets* for your feet, for night wear. I am sure that you will look at them with *despair,* and think they are too small; but try, and you will find yourself in an Irish disappointment—that is to say, agreeably disappointed. These slippers, though they are not quite so elegant as Cinderella's, possess as magical a property as ever fairy godmother bestowed on slipper. They fit instantly any and every foot, as if they had been born and bred for it. After puffing my

own gift in this unseemly manner, common honesty—the most uncommon thing, by the bye, in the world—obliges me to warn you that there is some danger that one of them should unravel the very first night of wearing. It had sundry misfortunes in the making, was done and undone twice, and went on at so many *knots* an hour, as you may reckon, if you please, though I have done my endeavour to hide my knots from superficial observation: so, my dear Mag, do not blame yourself when any of them come undone. May you sleep till ten to-morrow in my bootikins!"

Maria had come from Black Castle in the first week of 1818, to join me at Collon, where I had been staying some time at my father's with my young family. Honora arrived there also from England, and we returned together on the 8th of January to Edgeworthstown, which Lovell still made our home.

It required all Maria's inherited activity of mind, and all her acquired command over herself, to keep up our spirits on coming back to Edgeworthstown: the Master-mind was gone and the light quenched. To add to the melancholy of our return, the famine occasioned by two extraordinarily wet seasons had been succeeded by typhus fever, many of our poor labourers and tenants had been swept away, and the distress was universal.

Maria, notwithstanding all the depression she felt, set to work immediately at what was now her first duty—the fulfilment of her father's wish that she should complete the Memoirs of his life, which he had himself begun. To save her eyes her sisters, especially Honora, assisted her in copying letters and writing

from her dictation, but nothing could supply that which had been hitherto the source and the support of every undertaking. The energetic and courageous mind which had cheered and encouraged her in every difficulty was gone, and she felt drifting on an unknown sea without chart or compass. Nothing but her strong sense of duty could have enabled her to fulfil this task. Her eyes were still very weak; and from what she had suffered when they were inflamed in her childhood, she dreaded a total loss of sight before she could complete her father's life. She therefore allowed herself very little of what had been her greatest relaxation—writing letters to her friends: however, when she did indulge in this pleasure, her handwriting shows no weakness of sight.

To Mrs. Ruxton.

"*Edgeworthstown, Jan.* 24, 1818.

"My dearest aunt and friend—friend of my youth and age, and beloved sister of my father, how many titles you have to my affection and gratitude, and how delightful it is to me to feel them all! Since I have parted from you, I have felt still more than when I was with you the peculiar value to me of your sympathy and kindness. I find my spirits sink beyond my utmost effort to support them when I leave you, and they rise involuntarily when I am near you, and recall the dear trains of old associations, and the multitude of ideas I used to have with him who is gone for ever. Thank you, my dear aunt, for your most kind and touching letter. You have been for three months daily and

hourly soothing, and indulging, and nursing me body and mind, and making me forget the sense of pain which I could not have felt suspended in any society but yours. My uncle's opinion and hints about the Life I have been working at this whole week. Nothing can be kinder than Lovell is to all of us.

"I have read two-thirds of Bishop Watson's life. I think he *bristles* his independence too much upon every occasion, and praises himself too much for it, and above all complains too much of the want of preferment and neglect of him by the Court. I have Madame de Stael's Memoirs of her father's private life: I have only read fifty pages of it—too much of a French Eloge—too little of his private life. There is a *Notice* by Benjamin Constant, of Madame de Stael's life prefixed to this work, which appears to me more interesting and pathetic than anything Madame de Stael has yet said of her father."

"*February* 21.

"I must and will write to my Aunt Ruxton to-day, if the whole College of Physicians, and the whole conclave of cardinal virtues, with Prudence primming up her mouth at the head of them, stood before me. I entirely agree with you, my dearest aunt, on one subject, as indeed I generally do on most subjects, but particularly about 'Northanger Abbey' and 'Persuasion.' The behaviour of the General in 'Northanger Abbey,' packing off the young lady without a servant or the common civilities which any bear of a man, not to say gentleman, would have shown, is quite outrageously out of drawing and out of nature. 'Persuasion'—ex-

cepting the tangled, useless histories of the family in the first fifty pages—appears to me, especially in all that relates to poor Anne and her lover, to be exceedingly interesting and natural. The love and the lover admirably well drawn: don't you see Captain Wentworth, or rather don't you in her place feel him taking the boisterous child off her back as she kneels by the sick boy on the sofa? And is not the first meeting after their long separation admirably well done? And the overheard conversation about the nut? But I must stop: we have got no further than the disaster of Miss Musgrave's jumping off the steps.

"I am going on, but very slowly, and not to my satisfaction with my work."

To Mrs. Sneyd Edgeworth.

"*Edgeworthstown, March* 27.

"I agree with you in thinking the MS. de St. Hélène a magnificent performance. And I thought it so interesting that even during the pangs of a mortal headache, I could not help sitting up to read it. At last I was obliged to send the book down to my mother out of my way before I could go to bed. You, my dear Harriette, better than any one, must know that even for Buonaparte in all his glory there could be no complimenting with a headache. My father was strongly of opinion that it was not written by Buonaparte himself, and he grounded this opinion chiefly upon the passages relative to the Duc d'Enghien: 'c'était plus qu'un crime, c'était une faute;' no man, he thought,

not even Nero, would, in writing for posterity say that he had committed a crime instead of a fault. But it may be observed that in the Buonaparte system of morality which runs through the book, nothing is considered what we call a crime, unless it be what he allows to be a fault. His proof that he did not murder Pichegru is, that it would have been useless. Le *cachet* de Buonaparte, is as difficult to imitate as 'le cachet de Voltaire.' I know of but three people in Europe who could have written it: Madame de Stael, Talleyrand, or M. Dumont. Madame de Stael, though she has the ability, could not have got so plainly and shortly through it. Talleyrand has 'l'esprit comme un démon,' but he could not for the soul of him have refused himself a little more wit and wickedness. Dumont has not enough audacity of mind.

"Did we tell you of the trick played on Sir Sidney Smith? the forged letters from all the crowned heads in Europe, making him Grand Master of the Order of the Key, for delivering the captives at Algiers in 1814, when all the Emperors and Kings were at Paris.

"The following parts of Ormond were, as well as I can recollect, written for me by my dear father, in his last illness; the death of King Corny, (I am not sure of the pages, and do not like to look for them,) but I know it is from the time of the return from shooting to the end of that chapter where Ormond 'loses the best friend he had in the world.'

"The whole of Moriarty's history of his escape[1] from

[1] This history Mr. Edgeworth heard from the actual hero of it, Michael Dunne, whom he chanced to meet in the town of Navan, where he was living respectably. He kept a shop, where Mr. Edgeworth

prison was *dictated* without the alteration or hesitation of a word to Honora and to me.

"Also the meeting between Moriarty and his wife when he jumps out of the carriage the moment he hears her voice. My father corrected the whole by having it read to him many many times; often working at it in his bed for hours together, once at the end, for six hours between the intervals of sickness and exquisite pain."

To Mrs. Edgeworth.

"*Edgeworthstown, May* 1, 1818.

"I had not the smallest intention of writing to you[1] to-day, but that I received this morning the enclosed from Lord Carrington, which I am impatient to transmit to you. I will say nothing—read it this instant—it speaks for itself quite sufficiently. I never since you went wished to be with you but at this moment, and I would only stay one quarter of an hour to see your warm-hearted pleasure and then fly back again to my work.

"Lady Lansdowne has written to me the most kind letter imaginable, speaks very handsomely of William, and concludes with the most pressing, and I may say affectionate invitation to Bowood this summer. She

went to purchase some boards, and observing something very remarkable about the man's countenance, he questioned him as they were looking at the timber in his yard, and he very readily told his tale almost in the words used by Moriarty.

[1] I was at this time in England with William, who was in bad health, and my daughter Fanny. Lord Carrington's letter contained an offer of a Civil Service appointment under the East India Company for one of my sons, which I accepted for my son Pakenham.

says, 'Dumont is expected in May or June, and oh! that you would meet him at Bowood: few things in this world could give me more pleasure.'"

To Mrs. O'Beirne.

"*Edgeworthstown, May* 7, 1818.

"Thank you, my dear Mrs. O'Beirne, for your kind patience with me. Whether I write or am silent, or write long or short, you are ever indulgent to me, and kindly and *justly* believe in my true and grateful regard for you. Will you thank the Bishop for his kind letter to me, and especially for his calling me 'his dear Maria.' I was always fond of being loved, but of late I am become more sensible of the soothing power of affectionate expressions. Indeed I have reason, although much has been taken from me, to be heartily grateful for all I have left of excellent friends, and for much, much unexpected kindness which has been shown to me and mine, not only by persons unconnected by any natural ties with me or them, but from mere acquaintance become friends. Instances of this very pleasing, and not very common metamorphosis, Mrs. Edgeworth, William, and Fanny, have met with to their great gratification in London.

"I have just heard from a Philadelphian lady, Mrs. Griffith, that 'Waverley,' 'Guy Mannering,' &c., have excited as much enthusiasm in America as in Europe. Her letter was dated 17th November, and she says, 'Boats are now actually upon the look-out for Rob Roy, all here are so impatient to get the first sight of it.'"

To Mrs. Stark.[1]

"*Spring Farm, N.T. Mount Kennedy,*
"*June,* 1818.

"My dear, kindhearted Mrs. Stark,

"Thank you for writing to me. I had not heard of Mr. Stewart's illness, but I was afraid something was wrong from Mrs. Stewart's silence. I pity her more than I can express for all the anxiety she has gone through. Alas! we understand it too well. She will be thankful to heaven that she has her happiness restored to her. God grant it to her for many many years. I might add much about public benefit, but all that I know goes out of the head where the heart is touched.

"Mrs. Edgeworth has not yet returned home. Meantime I am with Honora, Harriet, Lucy, Francis, and Pakenham—*names* that convey no ideas to your mind—at a house in the beautiful county of Wicklow, where Sneyd and his wife now reside. His house, capacious as his heart, holds us all.

"I am, and have been ever since I could any way command my attention, intent upon finishing those Memoirs of himself which my father left me to finish and charged me to publish. I am now within two months' work of finishing all I mean to write, but the work of revision and consideration—O! most anxious consideration. I have accepted an invitation to Bowood, from Lady Lansdowne, whom I love, and as soon as I have finished I shall go there. As to Scotland, I have no chance of getting there at present, but if ever I go there, depend upon it, I shall go to see

[1] Daughter of Mr. Bannatyne, of Glasgow.

you. Never, never can I forget those happy days we spent with you, and the warmhearted kindness we received from you and yours: those were 'sunny spots' in my life. I enclose a few pages which I wish that Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, and the Alisons, and Gregories, if you have any means of reaching them, should see. I do not like to publish anything in which their names are mentioned, without first being certain that I should not give pain where I wished to give pleasure. Return the papers, and show them to none but those I mention. Sneyd is very happy: his wife has good sense, good manners, good conversation, good principles; everything good about her but her health."

Maria was anxious to have the opinion of our friend M. Dumont upon her Life of her father, and she went, taking with her her sister Honora, to meet him at Bowood, where they arrived on the 7th of September. Maria did not write many letters at this time, as her eyes were still weak, and as she was occupied with her MS. and M. Dumont's criticisms upon it. She had paid visits to her sisters, Mrs. King and Mrs. Beddoes, but most of her letters from Clifton and from Bath were taken up with anxiety about William, who was at this time dangerously ill at Edgeworthstown.

To Mrs. Edgeworth.

"*Bowood, Sept.*, 1818.

"Dumont, I told you, has been very much pleased with my father's MS.: he has read a good deal of mine and likes it. He hates Mr. Day in spite of all his good qualities; he says he knows 'he could not bear

that sort of man who has such pride and misanthropies about trifles, raising a great theory of morals upon an amour propre blessé.'

"Now I will tell you how we pass our day. At seven I get up—this morning at half-past six, to have the pleasure of writing to you, my dearest mother, be satisfied I never write a word at night: breakfast at half after nine, very pleasant: afterwards we all *stray* into the library for a few minutes, and settle when we shall meet again for walking, &c.: then Lady Lansdowne goes to her dear dressing-room and dear children, Dumont to his attic, Lord Lansdowne to his out-of-door works, and we to our elegant dressing-room, and Miss Carnegy to hers. Between one and two luncheon: happy time! Lady Lansdowne is so cheerful, polite, and easy, just as she was in her walks at Edgeworthstown: but very different walks are the walks we take here, most various and delightful from dressed knots, shrubbery and park walks, to fields with inviting paths, wide downs, shady winding lanes, happy cottages, not *dressed*, but naturally well placed, and with evidence in every part of their being suited to the inhabitants.

"After walk, dress and make haste for dinner. Dinner always pleasant, because Lord and Lady Lansdowne converse so agreeably—Dumont also—towards the dessert. After dinner, we find the children in the drawing-room: I like them better and better the more I see of them. When there is company a whist table for the gentlemen. Dumont read out one evening one of Corneille's plays, 'Le Florentin,' beautiful, and beautifully read. We asked for one of Moliere, but he said to Lord Lansdowne that it was impossible to read out Moliere without a quicker eye than he had

pour de certains propos: they went to the library and brought out at last as odd a choice as could well be made, with Mr. Thomas Grenville as auditor, 'Le vieux Célibataire,' an excellent play, interesting and lively throughout, and the old bachelor himself a charming character. Dumont read it as well as Tessier could have read it; but there were things which seemed as if they were written on purpose for the Célibataire who was listening, and the Célibataire who was reading.

"Lord Lansdowne, when I asked him to describe Rocca to me, said he heard him give an answer to Lord Byron which marked the indignant frankness of his mind. Lord Byron at Coppet had been going on abusing the stupidity of the good people of Geneva: Rocca at last turned short upon him—'Eh! milord, pourquoi donc venez-vous vous *fourrer* parmi ces honnêtes gens?'

"Madame de Stael—I jumble anecdotes together as I recollect them—Madame de Stael had a great wish to see Mr. Bowles, the poet, or as Lord Byron calls him the sonneteer; she admired his sonnets, and his Spirit of Maritime Discovery, and ranked him high as an English genius. In riding to Bowood he fell, and sprained his shoulder, but still came on. Lord Lansdowne alluded to this in presenting him to Madame de Stael before dinner in the midst of the listening circle. She began to compliment him and herself upon the exertion he had made to come and see her: 'O! ma'am, say no more, for I would have done a great deal more to see so great a CURIOSITY!'

"Lord Lansdowne says it is impossible to describe the *shock* in Madame de Stael's face—the breathless astonishment and the total change produced in her opinion

of the man. She said afterwards to Lord Lansdowne, who had told her he was a simple country clergyman, 'Je vois bien que ce n'est qu'un simple curé qui n'a pas le sens commun, quoique grand poete.'

"Lady Lansdowne, just as I was writing this, came to my room and paid me half an hour's visit. She brought back my father's MS., which I had lent to her to read: she was exceedingly interested in it: she says 'It is not only entertaining but interesting, as showing how such a character was formed. When he was settled at Hare Hatch, after his first marriage, he seemed as much out of fortune's way as possible, and yet he found occupations which led to distinction, and he formed that friendship for Mr. Day which was so honourable to both.' She admires and loves Mr. Day as much as Dumont dislikes him."

To Miss Ruxton.

"*Bowood, Sept.* 19, 1818.

"You know our history up to Saturday last, when Lord and Lady Grenville left Bowood: there remained Mr. Thomas Grenville, Le vieux Célibataire, two Horts, Sir William, and his brother, Mr. Gally Knight, and Lord and Lady Bathurst, and their two daughters. Mr. Grenville left us yesterday, and the rest go to-day. Mr. Grenville was very agreeable: dry, quiet humour: grave face, dark, thin, and gentlemanlike: a lie-by manner, entertained, or entertaining by turns. It is curious that we have seen within the course of a week one of the heads of the ministerial, and one of the ex-ministerial party. In point of ability, Lord Gren-

ville is, I think, far superior to any one I have seen here. Lord Lansdowne, with whom I had a delightful *tête-à-tête* walk yesterday, told me that Lord Grenville can be fully known only when people come to do political business with him: there he excels. You know his preface to Lord Chatham's letters. His manner of speaking in the House is not pleasing, Lord Lansdowne says: from being very near-sighted he has a look of austerity and haughtiness, and as he cannot see all he wants to see, he throws himself back with his chin up, determined to look at none. Lord Lansdowne gave me an instance—I may say a warning—of the folly of judging hastily of character at first sight from small circumstances. In one of Cowper's letters there is an absurd character of Lord Grenville, in which he is represented as a *petit maître*. This arose from Lord Grenville taking up his near-sighted glass several times during his visit. There cannot, in nature or art, be a man further from a *petit maître*.

"Lady Bathurst is remarkably obliging to me: we have many subjects in common—her brother, the Duke of Richmond and all Ireland; her aunt, Lady Louisa Connolly, and Miss Emily Napier, and all the Pakenhams, and the Duchess of Wellington. The Duke lately said to Mrs. Pole, 'After all, home is what we must look to at last.'

"Lady Georgiana is a very pretty, and I need scarcely say, fashionable looking young lady, easy, agreeable, and quite unaffected.

"This visit to Bowood has surpassed my expectation in every respect. I much enjoy the sight of Lady Lansdowne's happiness with her husband and her chil-

dren: beauty, fortune, cultivated society, in short, everything that the most reasonable or unreasonable could wish. She is so amiable and so desirous to make others happy, that it is impossible not to love her; and the most envious of mortals, I think, would have the heart opened to sympathy with her. They are so fond of each other, and show it, and *don't show it,* in the most agreeable manner. His conversation is very various and natural, full of information, given for the sake of those to whom he speaks, never for display. What he says lets us into his feelings and character always, and therefore interests me."

To Mrs. Edgeworth.

"*The Grove,*[1] *Epping, Oct.* 4, 1818.

"I have written so much on business, it is time I should think of something to amuse you. I observed one day at dinner at Bowood that children have very early a desire to produce an effect, a sensation in company. 'Yes,' said Lord Lansdowne, 'I remember distinctly having that feeling, and acting upon it once in a large and august company, when I was a young boy, at the time of the French Revolution, when the Duke and Duchess de Polignac came to Bowood; and my father was anxious to receive these illustrious guests with all due honour. One Sunday evening, when they were all sitting in state in the drawing-room, my father introduced me, and I was asked to give the company a sermon. The text I chose was, quite undesignedly,

[1] Belonging to Captain Wilson, father-in-law to my brother, Captain Beaufort.

'Put not your trust in princes.' The moment I had pronounced the words, I saw my father's countenance change, and I saw changes in the countenances of the Duke and Duchess, and of every face in the circle. I saw I was the cause of this; and though I knew my father wanted to stop me, I would go on, to see what would be the effect. I repeated my text, and preached upon it, and as I went on, made out what it was that affected the congregation.'

"Afterwards Lord Shelburne desired him to go round the circle and wish the company good-night; but when he came to the Duchess de Polignac, he could not resolve to kiss her; he so detested the patch of rouge on her cheek, he started back. Lord Shelburne whispered a bribe in his ear—no, he would not; and they were obliged to laugh it off. But his father was very much vexed.

"Another day we were talking of 'Glenarvon,' and I said we thought the Princess of Madagascar, Lady Holland, so good, that we fancied it had been inserted by a better hand; but Lord Lansdowne said it was certainly written by Lady Caroline Lamb herself: she was provoked to it by a note of good advice from Lady Holland. I said I thought the book so stupid I could hardly get through it; and Lord Lansdowne said that, but for curiosity to see what would be said of particular people, he could not have got to the end of it. 'And, besides the natural curiosity about my friends and acquaintances, I expected to find myself abused.'

"I had a note from Miss Romilly to-day: her mother a little better, but not yet well enough to see us."

"*Hampstead, Oct.* 13.

"I have written to Mrs. Bicknell,[1] and she has fixed Thursday for me to go and show that part of the MS. where she and her husband are mentioned.

"We had a pleasant drive while at Epping with Mr. Lestock Wilson, to look for Mr. Day's old house. We stopped at cottages to inquire, but no man under forty knew more than that there had been such a person. Mr. Wilson was going to get down to inquire, and offered to leave the reins in my hands, to which I objected with an earnestness that diverted him and Honora much. At last we found a gentleman who was proud to tell us that the fee simple of the property formerly Mr. Day's was now his; a farmer Ainsworth now occupied the house. I had described the place to my companions, and as we drove up, missing the wood, and seeing a house quite unlike what I remembered, I thought it could not be the right place; but as we got to the top of the hill, the wood discovered itself below. I got out, and crossed the dirty road, in spite of a dog barking, and springing to the length of his chain. A woman and children appeared, staring as if stuck through with amazement. Then a charming old grey-headed man, leaning on crutches, but with ruddy cheeks and smooth forehead, and fine dark eyes, which lighted up, and sparkled with pleasure and affection, when I mentioned the name of Day.

"'Day! know him? ay, sure I do, and have good reason for to do; for very good he was to me. Please to walk in,' pointing with his crutch. 'The house he

[1] Sabrina Sidney, educated by Mr. Day for his wife, but like Clarence Harvey, he changed his mind, and she married his friend Mr. Bicknell. She was now a widow.

lived in was all pulled down, every bit, except yon brick wall.'

"We went in, and he seated himself in his elbow chair by the kitchen fire, as you will see in Honora's sketch of him.

"'Oh! Mr. Day was a good man, and did a power of good to the poorer sort. I was one of his day's-men at first, and then he helped me on; and when he was tired of this here place, and wanted to settle at his other place, he offered me this; but I said, Sir, I am not able for it, and he said, 'But, Ainsworth, if I help you a bit, you'll then be able, won't you?' '

"It was quite touching to me to hear the manner in which this worthy old man spoke of Mr. Day. I asked if he remembered the servant Mr. Day had who ploughed the sandy field sixteen times?

"'George Bristow! Oh, ay, I remember him; an honest, good servant he was.'

"'He is now our servant.'

"'Why, I thought he went to live with a family in Ireland?'

"'So he did—with our family.'

"'Oh, you comes from Ireland?'

"So much for Farmer Ainsworth: I hope you will like his portrait.

"We had a delightful drive here yesterday from Epping, through various cheerful villages, and on Hampstead Heath numbers of riding-parties, children looking so happy. At one house we saw a group of white-robed ladies, mother, aunts, and sisters, I am sure, just come out of their house without hat or bonnet to see the first performance of a little urchin on a little long-tailed pony under a row of shady trees.

"Joanna Baillie and her sister, most kind, cordial, and warm-hearted, came running down their little flagged walk to welcome us. Mrs. Hunter, widow of John Hunter, dined here yesterday; she wrote 'The son of Alnomac shall never complain,' and she entertained me exceedingly; and both Joanna and her sister have such agreeable and new conversation—not old, trumpery literature over again, and reviews, but new circumstances worth telling, apropos to every subject that is touched upon: frank observations on character, without either ill-nature, or the fear of committing themselves: no blue-stocking tittle-tattle, or habits of worshipping or being worshipped: domestic, affectionate, good to live with, and, without fussing continually, doing what is most obliging, and whatever makes us feel most at home. Breakfast is very pleasant in this house, the two good sisters look so neat and cheerful."

"*Oct.* 15.

"We went to see Mrs. Barbauld, at Stoke Newington. We waited some time before she appeared, and I had leisure to recollect everything that could make me melancholy—the very sofa that you recollect, where you and my father sat. I was quite *undone* before she came in, but was forced to get through with it. She was gratified by our visit, and very kind and agreeable. Opposite to me sat Miss Hammond: I asked for her brother, who is well; and I felt as if I had lived three lives—as if I had lived a hundred years, and was left alive after everybody else."

"*Bowood, Nov.* 3, 1818.

"I write a few lines, my dear mother, to tell you we

have just returned to dear Bowood. We went to Wimbledon. Lady Spencer was very attentive and courteous: she is, I may say, the cleverest person I have seen since I came to England, and at parting she 'God blessed' me; but I have not time now to go into a regular history of our visit. We met there Lady Jones, widow of Sir William—thin, dried, tall old lady, nutcracker chin, penetrating, benevolent, often-smiling, black eyes; and her nephew, young Mr. Hare;[1] and, the last day, Mr. Brunel: but I must put off his history till to-morrow.

"This moment Mrs. Dugald Stewart, who was out walking, has come in—the same dear woman! Honora likes her as much as she *can* in one minute. I have seen Mr. Stewart—his face much the same: very, very weak—he cannot walk without an arm to lean on."

"*Bowood, Nov.* 4, 1818.

"The newspapers have told you the dreadful catastrophe—the death, and the manner of the death, of that great and good man, Sir Samuel Romilly. My dearest mother, there seems no end of horrible calamities. There is no telling how it has been felt in this house. I did not know till now that Mr. Dugald Stewart had been so very intimate with Sir Samuel, and so very much attached to him—forty years his friend: he has been dreadfully shocked. He was just getting better, enjoyed seeing us, conversed quite happily with me the first evening, and I felt reassured about him; but what may be the consequence of this stroke none can tell. I rejoice that we came to meet

[1] Author of "Guesses on Truth."

him here: they say that I am of use conversing with him, and the only thing to which he has been able to turn his mind is the MS. of my father's life; he says it is very interesting to him. When he read the account in the papers, and Dumont's evidence and Sir Samuel's letter to Dumont, he cried bitterly; and that relieved him. Lord Lansdowne looks wretchedly, and can hardly speak on the subject without tears, notwithstanding all his efforts.

"The first thought, both of the Stewarts and of ourselves was to quit this house, and leave Lord and Lady Lansdowne to themselves; but Lord Lansdowne, to whom I spoke directly, assured me in the most affectionate manner that, instead of being any constraint, it was a comfort to him and to Lady Lansdowne to have people with them who, as he knows, feel as they do.

"How excessively Sir Samuel was beloved as well as respected! Poor Dumont! His letters to Lord Lansdowne during the time of Lady Romilly's illness, and all his conduct to them, show the tenderest feeling.

"*Nov.* 5.

"The Stewarts stay here till Monday: Maria Stewart is a charming girl. We have written to Anna to say we will go to her on Monday. I enclose a note from Tom Beddoes about Francis and the Charterhouse, which shows that he is good-natured, though silent.

"Tell Lovell that Mr. Stewart remembers him with great affection. Mrs. Stewart told me that Wilkie saw Charlotte's Irish Dance—the sketch that she had—and thought it admirable."

To Miss Waller.[1]

"*Byrkely Lodge, Nov.* 24, 1818.

"I *seem,* but only *seem,* to have been very ungrateful in never having written since we left your hospitable house. I will forbear to allude further to any of the horrible events that have happened since we parted, except to tell you with respect to the Romillys that I had a letter a few days ago from Lady Lansdowne, in which she says that Lord Lansdowne, who is one of Sir Samuel's executors and guardian to his children, went to town on purpose to see them, and 'was very much struck with Miss Romilly's self-command.' He saw all the family at Mrs. Davis's, Lady Romilly's sister, 'all endeavouring to exert themselves for the sake of one another.'

"In the gloom which that terrible and most unexpected loss cast over the whole society at Bowood during the last days we spent there, I recollect some minutes of pleasure. When I was consulting Mrs. Dugald Stewart about my father's MS., I mentioned Captain Beaufort's opinion on some point; the moment his name had passed my lips, Mr. Stewart's grave countenance lighted up, and he exclaimed, 'Captain Beaufort! I have the very highest opinion of Captain Beaufort ever since I saw a letter of his, which I consider to be one of the best letters I ever read. It was to the father of a young gentleman who died at Malta, to whom Captain Beaufort had been the best of friends. The young man had excellent qualities, but some frailties. Captain Beaufort's letter to the father threw a

[1] My aunt, who resided in Dublin.

veil over the son's frailties and without departing from the truth, placed all his good qualities in the most amiable light. The old man told me,' continued Mr. Stewart, 'that this letter was the only earthly consolation he ever felt for the loss of his son; he spoke of it with tears streaming from his eyes, and pointed in particular to the passage that recorded the warm affection with which his son used to speak of him.'

"It is delightful to find the effect of a friend's goodness thus coming round to us at a great distance of time, and to see that it has raised him in the esteem of those we most admire.

"Mr. Stewart has not yet recovered his health; he is more alarmed, I think, than he need to be by the difficulty he finds in recollecting names and circumstances that passed immediately before and after his fever. This hesitation of memory, I believe, everybody has felt more or less after any painful event. In every other respect Mr. Stewart's mind appears to me to be exactly what it ever was, and his kindness of heart even greater than we have for so many years known it to be.

"We are now happy in the quiet of Byrkely Lodge. We have not had any visitors since we came, and have paid only one visit to the Miss Jacksons. Miss Fanny is, you know, the author of 'Rhoda;' Miss Maria, the author of a little book of advice about 'a Gay Garden.' I like the Gay Garden lady best at first sight, but I will suspend my judgment prudently till I see more. I am not allowed to say more now as I am summoned out by a multitude of counsellors.

"I have just heard a true story worthy of a postscript even in the greatest haste. Two stout foxhunters in this neighbourhood who happened each to have as great

a dread of a spider as ever fine lady had or pretended to have, chanced to be left together in a room where a spider appeared, crawling from under a table, at which they were sitting. Neither durst approach within arm's length of it, or touch it even with a pair of tongs; at last one of the gentlemen proposed to the other, who was in thick boots, to get on the table and jump down upon his enemy, which was effected to their infinite satisfaction."

Before leaving Ireland Maria had admired a King Charles spaniel of Mr. Foster's at Collon, and he had promised that she should have one of its puppies. One was sent to Black Castle, to be taken care of till Maria's return: it was a great beauty, and she called it "Foster."

To Mrs. Ruxton.

"*Byrkely Lodge, Jan.* 20, 1819.

"DEAREST, KINDEST, AND MOST POLITE OF AUNTS,

"I see my little dog on your lap, and feel your hand patting his head, and hear your voice telling him that it is for Maria's sake he is there. I wish I was in his place, or at least on the sofa beside you at this moment, that I might in five minutes tell you more than my letters could tell you in five hours.

"I have scarcely yet recovered from the joy of having Fanny actually with me, and with me just in time to go to Trentham, on which I had set my foolish heart. We met her at Lichfield. Conceive the pleasure I felt when, after we had all given it up, in driving into Lichfield, passing the George inn, we saw that frightful

little Head[1] standing in the gateway! Never did sight of beau or belle give me more pleasure. We spent that evening at Lichfield—the children of four different marriages all united and happy together. Lovell took Francis[2] on with him to Byrkely Lodge, and we went to Trentham.

"When Honora and I had Fanny in the chaise to ourselves, ye gods! how we did talk! We arrived at Trentham by moonlight, and could only just see outlines of wood and hills: silver light upon the broad water, and cheerful lights in the front of a large house, with wide open hall door. Nothing could be more polite and cordial than the reception given to us by Lady Stafford, and by her good-natured, noblemanlike lord. During our whole visit, what particularly pleased me was the manner in which they treated my sisters: not as appendages to an authoress, not as young ladies merely *permitted*, or to fill up as *personnages muets* in society; on the contrary, Lady Stafford conversed with them a great deal, and repeatedly took opportunities of expressing to me how much she liked and valued them for their own sake. 'That sister Fanny of yours has a most intelligent countenance: she is much more than pretty; and what I so like is her manner of answering when she is asked any question—so unlike the Missy style. They have both been admirably well educated.' Then she spoke in the handsomest manner of my father —'a master-mind: even in the short time I saw him that was apparent to me.'

"Lady Elizabeth Gower is a most engaging, sensible,

[1] Lovell's servant.

[2] My little boy, who was going to the Charterhouse, and who had accompanied my daughter Fanny, with Lovell, from Edgeworthstown.

unaffected, sweet pretty creature. While Lady Stafford in the morning was in the library doing a drawing in water colours to show Honora her manner of finishing quickly, Fanny and I sat up in Lady Elizabeth's darling little room at the top of the house, where she has all her drawings, and writing, and books, and harp. She and her brother, Lord Francis, have always been friends and companions: and on her table were bits of paper on which he had scribbled droll heads, and verses of his, very good, on the Expulsion of the Moors from Spain —Lady Elizabeth knew every line of these, and had all that quick feeling, and *colouring* apprehension, and *slurring* dexterity which those who read out what is written by a dear friend so well understand.

"Large rooms filled with pictures, most of them modern—Reynolds, Moreland, Glover, Wilkie; but there are a few ancient: one of Titian's, that struck me as beautiful—Hermes teaching Cupid to read. The chief part of the collection is in the house in town. After a happy week at Trentham we returned here, and found a letter from Lovell saying he had placed Francis at the Charterhouse.

"Mercy on my poor memory! I forgot to tell you that Lady Harrowby and her daughter were at Trentham, and an *exquisite*, or tiptop dandy, Mr. Standish, and young Mr. Sneyd, of Keil—very fashionable. Lady Harrowby deserves Madame de Stael's good word, she calls her '*compagne spirituelle*'—a charming woman, and very quick in conversation.

"The morning after Mr. Standish's arrival, Lady Stafford's maid told her that she and all the ladies' maids had been taken by his *gentleman* to see his toilette—' which, I assure you, my lady, is the thing

best worth seeing in this house, all of gilt plate, and I wish, my lady, you had such a dressing box.' Though an exquisite, Mr. Standish is clever, entertaining, and agreeable. One day that he sat beside me at dinner, we had a delightful battledore and shuttlecock conversation from grave to gay as quick as your heart could wish: from l'Almanac des Gourmands and '*le respectable porc*,' to Dorriforth and the Simple Story."

"*Jan.* 22.

"My letter has been detained two days for a frank. My aunts are pretty well, and we feel that we add to their cheerfulness. Honora plays cribbage with Aunt Mary, and I read Florence Macarthy; I like the Irish characters, and the Commodore, and Lord Adelm—that is Lord Byron; but Ireland is traduced in some of her representations. 'Marriage' is delightful."

To Mrs. Edgeworth.

"*Byrkely Lodge, Feb.* 8, 1819.

"We have finished reading my father's MS. to the Sneyds, and it is all to their satisfaction; the result of all I see, think, and feel is, that we should be in no haste to publish.

"Mrs. Sneyd took me with her to-day to Lord Bagot's to return Lady Dartmouth's visit; she is a charming woman, and appears most amiable, taking care of all those grandchildren. Lord Bagot very melancholy, gentlemanlike, and interesting. Fine old cloistered house, galleries, painted glass, coats of arms, and family pictures everywhere. It was the first time Lord Bagot had seen Mrs. Sneyd since his wife's death; he took

both her hands and was as near bursting into tears as ever man was. He was very obliging to me, and showed me all over his house, and gave me a most sweet bunch of Daphne Indica, but not having Honora and Fanny with me, I felt as if I had left two pieces of myself behind, and I could not enjoy myself thoroughly. I believe I am spoiled."

"*Tetsworth Inn, March* 4.

"On Tuesday morning we left dear, happy, luxurious, warm Byrkely Lodge. At taking leave of me, Mr. Sneyd began thanking me as if I had been the person obliging instead of obliged, and when I got up from the breakfast table and went round to stop his thanks by mine, he took me in his arms and gave me a squeeze that left me as flat as a pancake, and then ran out of the room absolutely crying.

"We arrived at tea-time at Mrs. Moilliet's,[1] Smethwick, near Birmingham, much pleased with our reception, and with Mr. Moilliet and their five children. He has purchased a delightful house on the banks of the Lake of Geneva, where they go next summer, and most earnestly pressed us to visit them there.

"Mr. Moilliet told us an anecdote of Madame la Comtesse de Rumford and her charming Count; he, one day in a fit of ill-humour, went to the porter and forbad him to let into his house any of the friends of Madame la Comtesse or of M. Lavoisier's—all the society which you and I saw at her house: they had been invited to supper; the old porter, all disconsolate, went to tell the Countess the order he had received. 'Well, you

[1] Daughter of Mr. Keir, Mr. Edgeworth's old friend; she had been staying with us when in England, in 1799, but Maria had not seen her since that time.

must obey your master, you must not let them into the house, but I will go down to your lodge, and as each carriage comes, you will let them know what has happened, and that I am there to receive them.'

"They all came; and by two or three at a time went into the porter's lodge and spent the evening with her; their carriages lining the street all night to the Count's infinite mortification.

"Mr. Moilliet also told Fanny of a Yorkshire farmer who went to the Bank of England, and producing a Bank of England note for £30,000, asked to have it changed. The clerk was surprised and hesitated, said that a note for so large a sum was very uncommon, and that he knew there never had been more than two £30,000 bank notes issued. 'Oh, yes!' said the farmer, 'I have the other at home.'

"We went to see dear old Mr. Watt: eighty-four, and in perfect possession of eyes, ears, and all his comprehensive understanding and warm heart. Poor Mrs. Watt is almost crippled with rheumatism, but as good-natured and hospitable as ever, and both were heartily glad to see us. So many recollections, painful and pleasurable, crowded and pressed upon my heart during this half-hour. I had much ado to talk, but I did, and so did he,—of forgeries on bank notes, no way he can invent of avoiding such but by having an inspecting clerk in every country town. Talked over the committee report—paper-marks, vain—Tilloch—'I have no great opinion of his abilities—Bramah—yes, he is a clever man, but set down this for truth; no man is so ingenious, but what another may be found equally ingenious. What one invents, another can detect and imitate.'

"I mentioned my father's scheme of employing first-rate engravers *above* imitation.

"'There are five hundred now in England and Scotland, first-rate, and equal as far as any talents they could show in the compass of a bank note.'

"Talked of chimney-sweep bill. 'No—*any* flues can *not* be swept by machines.'

"Watt is at this moment himself the best encyclopedia extant; I dare not attempt to tell you half he said: it would be a volume. Chantrey has made a beautiful, I mean an admirable, bust of him. Chantrey and Canova are now making rival busts of Washington.

"I must hop, skip, and jump as I can from subject to subject. Mr. and Mrs. Moilliet took us in the evening to a lecture on poetry, by Campbell, who has been invited by a Philosophical Society of Birmingham gentlemen to give lectures; they give tickets to their friends. Mr. Corrie, one of the heads of this society, was *proud* to introduce us. Excellent room, with gas spouting from tubes below the gallery. Lecture good enough. Mr. Campbell introduced to me after lecture; asked very kindly for Sneyd; many compliments. Mr. Corrie drank tea, after the lecture, at Mr. Moilliet's—very agreeable benevolent countenance, most agreeable voice. We liked particularly his enthusiasm for Mr. Watt; he gave a history of his inventions, and instances of Watt's superiority both in invention and magnanimity when in competition with others.

"Mr. and Mrs. Moilliet have pressed us to come again. Mr. and Mrs. Watt, ditto, ditto. Mr. Watt almost with tears in his eyes; and I was ashamed to see that venerable man standing bareheaded at his

door to do us the last[1] honour, till the carriage drove away.

"I beg your pardon for going backward and forward in this way in my hurry-skurry. I leave the Stratford-upon-Avon, and Blenheim, and Woodstock adventures, and Oxford to Honora and Fanny, whose pens have been going à l'envie l'une de l'autre; we are writing so comfortably. I at my desk with a table to myself, and the most comfortable little black stuffed arm-chair. Fanny and Ho. at their desks and table near the fire.

"'We must have two pairs of snuffers.'

"'Yes, my lady, directly.'

"So now, my lady, good night; for I am tired, a little, just enough to pity the civilest and prettiest of Swiss-looking housemaids, who says in answer to my 'we shall come to bed very soon,' 'Oh, dear, my lady, we bees no ways particular in this house about times o' going to bed.'"

To Mrs. Ruxton.

"*Grove House, Kensington Gore,*
"*March,* 1819.

"Your commissions shall all be executed with pleasure, and to the best of my capacity. We arrived here on Saturday last; found Lady Elizabeth Whitbread more kind and more agreeable than ever. Her kindness to us is indeed unbounded, and would quite overwhelm me but for the delicate and polite manner in which she confers favours, more as if she received than conferred them. Her house, her servants, her carriage, her horses, are not only entirely at my disposal, but

[1] It was the last. Mr. Watt died a few months afterwards.

she had the good-natured politeness to go down to the door to desire the coachman to have George Bristow always on the box with him, as the shaking would be too much for him behind.

"Yesterday we spent two hours at Lady Stafford's. I had most agreeable conversation with her and Lord Stafford, while Lady Elizabeth Gower showed the pictures to Honora and Fanny.

"Mr. Talbot[1] is often here, l'ami de la maison and very much ours. Lady Grey, Lady Elizabeth's mother, a fine amiable old lady. Mr. Ellice, the brother-in-law, very good-humoured and agreeable. Mr. and Mrs. Lefevre, the son-in-law and daughter, very agreeable, good, and happy. I am more and more convinced that happiness depends upon what is in the head and heart more than on what is in the purse or the bank, or on the back or in the stomach. There must be enough in the stomach, but the sauce is of little consequence. *By the bye,* Lady Elizabeth's cook is said to be the best in England; lived with her in the days of her prosperity, as she says, and has followed her here.

"I told my mother to transmit to you the history of our visit to Oxford; nothing could be more obliging than Mr. Rothwell[2] was to us, and he appeared to great advantage.

"The first part of the MS. is in Hunter's hands. I shall bring back the second volume with me, and you will be so kind to read it all over again for me."

All the details and business part of Maria's publications had hitherto been arranged by her father, and

[1] Son of Lady Talbot de Malahide, a lawyer.

[2] Son of a cousin of Mr. Ruxton's, then at Exeter College.

now without his help she felt the anxiety of the duty she had undertaken more painfully than ever. Old Johnson, who had been Dr. Darwin's publisher, was succeeded by his nephews, Messrs. Miles and Hunter. Mr. Miles soon withdrew from the partnership, and Mr. Hunter, though both he and Mr. Miles behaved very handsomely in all money transactions, was not a man of the capacity and judgment of his uncle, which added to Maria's difficulties.

To Mrs. Ruxton.

"*Kensington Gore, March* 24, 1819.

"I have a moment to write to you, and I will use it. We are going on just as when I last wrote to you. We began by steadily settling that we would not go out to any dinner or evening parties, because we could not do so without giving up Lady Elizabeth's society; she never goes out but to her relations. The mornings she spends in her own apartments, and when we had refused all invitations to dinner our friends were so kind as to contrive to see us at our own hours: to breakfast or luncheon.

"Twice with Lady Lansdowne—luncheon; found her with her children just the same as at Bowood.

"Miss Fanshaw's—breakfast; Lord Glenbervie there, very agreeable; much French and Italian literature—beautiful drawings, full of genius—if there be such a thing allowed by Practical Education?

"Three breakfasts at dear Mrs. Marcet's; the first quite private; the second literary, very agreeable; Doctor Holland, Mr. Wishaw, Captain Beaufort, Mr. Mallet, Lady Yonge; third, Mr. Mill—British India—

was the chief figurante; not the least of a figurante though, excellent in sense and benevolence.

"Twice at Mr. Wilberforce's; he lives next door to Lady Elizabeth Whitbread; there we met Mr. Buxton —admirable facts from him about Newgate and Spitalfields weavers. One fact I was very sorry to learn, that Mrs. Fry, that angel woman, was very ill.

"Breakfast with Mr. and Mrs. Hope—quite alone—he showed the house to Honora and Fanny while I sat with Mrs. Hope.

"On S. Patrick's Day, by appointment, to the Duchess of Wellington, nothing could be more like Kitty Pakenham; a plate of shamrocks on the table, and as she came forward to meet me, she gave a bunch to me, pressing my hand and saying in a low voice with her sweet smile, 'Vous en êtes digne.' She asked individually for all her Irish friends. I showed to her what was said in my father's life, and by me, of Lord Longford, and the drawing of his likeness, and asked if his family would be pleased; she spoke very kindly: 'would do her father's memory honour; could not but please every Pakenham.' She was obliging in directing her conversation easily to my sisters as well as to myself. She said she had purposely avoided being acquainted with Madame de Stael in England, not knowing how she might be received by the Bourbons, to whom the Duchess was to be Ambassadress. She found that Madame de Stael was well received at the Bourbon Court, and consequently she must be received at the Duke of Wellington's. She arrived, and walking up in full assembly to the Duchess, with the fire of indignation flashing in her eyes.

"'Eh! Madame la Duchesse, vous ne voulez pas donc faire ma connaissance en Angleterre?'

"'Non, Madame, je ne le voulais pas.'

"'Eh! comment, Madame? Pourquoi donc?'

"'C'est que je vous *craigniais*, Madame.'

"'Vous me *craignez*, Madame la Duchesse?'

"'Non, Madame, je ne vous crains plus.'

"Madame de Stael threw her arms round her, 'Ah! je vous adore!'

"I must end abruptly. No; I have one minute more. While we were at the Duchess of Wellington's a jeweller's man came in with some bracelets, one was a shell like your Roman shell cameo, of the Duke's head, of which she was correcting the profile. She showed us pictures of her sons, and Fanny sketched from them while we sat with her. We saw in the hall, or rather in the corner of the staircase, Canova's gigantic Apollo-Buonaparte, which was sent from France to the Regent who gave it to the Duke. It is ten feet high, but I could not judge of it where it is cooped up—shockingly ill-placed.

"Sunday—Lady Harrowby's by invitation, as it is Lord Harrowby's only holiday. Mr. Ellis, a young man just entered Parliament, from whom great things are expected. Mr. Wilmot, and Mr. Frere—Lady Ebrington and Lady Mary Ryder—Lord Harrowby, most agreeable conversation. Folding doors thrown open. The Duke of ——. Post—letter must go."

To Miss Ruxton.

"*Duchess Street, Mrs. Hope's,*
"*April* 2, 1819.

"I left off abruptly just as the folding doors were thrown open, and the Duke of Wellington was announced

in such an unintelligible manner that I did not know what Duke it was, nor did I know till we got into the carriage who it was—he looks so old and wrinkled. I never should have known him from likeness to bust or picture. His manner very agreeable, perfectly simple and dignified. He said only a few words, but listened to some literary conversation that was going on, as if he was amused, laughing once very heartily. Remind me to tell you some circumstances about Adèle de Senange which Lord Harrowby told me, and two expressions of Madame de Stael's—'On depose fleur à fleur la couronne de la vie,'[1] and 'Le silence est l'antichambre de la mort.'

"Mr. Hope is altered, and he has in his whole appearance the marks of having suffered much. The contrast between his and Mrs. Hope's depression of spirits, and the magnificence of everything about them speaks volumes of moral philosophy. Put me in mind to tell you the history of their illness, and the death of their child, and the behaviour of an Irish maid.

"They were even more kind than I expected in their manner of receiving us. One large drawing-room Mr. Hope gave us for the reception of our friends. Mrs.

[1] Maria had quoted this expression with admiration to Lord Harrowby, objecting to a criticism of it by M. Dumont, "d'abord la vie n'a pas de couronne." To which Lord Harrowby replied by quoting Johnson's

> "Year follows year, decay pursues decay,
> Still drops from life some withering joy away."

It was to this conversation that the Duke of Wellington listened with smiling attention, while Maria all the while took him for some old family-uncle-duke. Nobody else, probably, was ever in company with the Duke of Wellington without knowing who he was, or looked at him as only a benevolent, intelligent old gentleman.

Hope had not since her coming to town had a dinner party, but she assembled all the people she thought we might like to see. One day Miss Fanshaw; another day the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, Lord Palmerston, Lord and Lady Darnley, and Mr. Ellis; Lady Darnley was very kind, just what she was when I saw her before. Lady Jersey is particularly agreeable, and was particularly obliging to us, and gave us tickets for the French play, now one of the London objects of curiosity. The Duchess of Bedford talked much to me, and very agreeably of her travels.

"Mrs. Hope was so exhausted by the effort of seeing all these people that she could not sleep, and looked wretchedly the next day—nobody at dinner but her own sister and Captain Beaufort. Next day, Lady Tankerville and her daughter, Lady Mary Bennet, came and sat half an hour. O! my dear Sophy, what associations with them. Madeira! poor Henry!

"We go to-day to Hampstead to Frognel, Mr. Carr's."

To Mrs. Ruxton.

"*Kensington Gore, April* 28, 1819.

"We spent ten days delightfully with the kind Hopes at Deepdene; most beautiful place it is. The valley of Dorking is so beautiful that even Rasselas would not have desired to escape from that happy valley. Fanny was well enough to enjoy everything, especially some rides on a stumbling pony with Henry Hope, a fine boy of eleven, well informed, and very good-natured. We went to see Norbury Park, Mr. Locke's place, and Wotton, Mr. Evelyn's, and a beautiful cottage of Mrs. Hibbert's, of all which I shall have much to say to you

on my own little stool at your feet, with my 'Foster'-son beside me.

"We were received on our return here, with affectionate kindness by Lady Elizabeth Whitbread. The Carrs were really as kind during Fanny's illness as my mother, Sophy, or yourself could have been. I love Mrs. Carr most heartily and her dear accomplished unaffected daughter.

"Remember that I don't forget to tell you of Lady Bredalbane's having been left in her carriage fast asleep, and rolled into the coach-house of an hotel at Florence and nobody missing her for some time, and how they went to look for her, and how ever so many carriages had been rolled in after hers, and how she wakened, and—I must sign and seal."

"*Byrkely Lodge, May* 14.

"We arrived here yesterday evening; we were all in good spirits, the day was fine, the forest looked beautiful; my aunts well and happy to see us, and a letter from my mother lying ready for me on the drawing-room table, which I seized with my usual impatience for her letters. My aunt Mary just stopped my hand, saying, 'I hope that letter may not contain any bad news; but have you heard lately anything of Mary Anne Fox?'

"We said my mother had only mentioned her being ill, and we supposed she was quite well by this time. I opened my mother's letter; we had missed the intermediate one; the first words shocked me more than I can express. Dead! absolutely gone for ever, that poor young creature[1]—two sisters gone since we left Ireland!

[1] Mary Anne, second daughter of Colonel Fox, of Foxhall, who had

and my poor mother to have this unforeseen misfortune. We are most impatient to be at home with her."

"*Edgeworthstown, July* 7, 1819.

"My dear Aunt,

"I cannot be happy without writing a few lines to you, though I have nothing new to tell you. Lovell is still in Dublin suffering from leech-bites; the last importation of leeches from France were of a poisonous kind; a lady applied one to her gum for a slight tooth-ache, and her head swelled I can't tell you how large. I hope you received a letter from me, in which I thanked you for Foster's education. I need not say that I am hard at work at the Life every day.

"At Longford last Sunday we heard an excellent sermon by a Mr. McLelland, the first he ever preached; a terrible brogue, but full of sense and spirit. Some odd faults—quoting the 'Quarterly Review'—citing 'Hogarth's Idle Apprentice'—'the Roman poet tells us,' &c.; but it was altogether new and striking, and contained such a fine address to the soldiers present on the virtues of peace, after the triumphs of war, as touched every heart. The soldiers all with one accord looked up to the preacher at the best passages."

"*July* 26.

"I send by Mrs. O'Farrell a box containing a vase for Mrs. Dillon, which you will have the goodness to present to her and say as you will know how to do for me. I have not time or eyes (but my eyes are strengthening) to *write* to her. The box contains also a tiny white *vasikin,* in which there is incense, not 'kindled at

come on a visit to Edgeworthstown, and died after a few days' fever. Her eldest sister had died the preceding Christmas, at Farnham.

the muse's flame,' and certainly never heaped on the shrine of luxury and pride."

To Miss Ruxton.

"*Sept.* 13.

"I want to send to you Maurice and Berghetta by Mr. Parnell, of which I very much want your opinion, and I would give a little bit of my little finger, which is a great deal too short already, that you could tell me that you wrote the best written and most instructive book I have read for many years: 'Dialogues on Botany, explaining the structure and physiology of plants.'[1] Give my love to Richard, and tell him that I will shut my eyes the next time I am in his company, which is tantamount to a vow that I will never see him again —if he does not buy this book. You see I write to you by my dear Fanny's hand to save my eyes. She has copied above 250 pages of our work for me. Whether it is to be out at Christmas or in spring is not yet settled. We had a letter from Lovell yesterday; he has been benefited by Cheltenham; he must, as he is sheriff, be home for the election."

To Mrs. Sneyd Edgeworth, at Paris.

"*Edgeworthstown, Sept.* 15, 1819.

"I rejoice that you and Sneyd are well enough to enjoy the pleasures of Paris. I do not know what Sneyd can have done to make Madame Recamier laugh:

[1] This book, by my sister, Miss Beaufort, was published without her name, by Hunter, Maria's bookseller, dedicated to her and sent over by him. Maria had not, when she wrote the above praises, the slightest idea who was the author.

in my time she never went beyond the smile prescribed by Lord Chesterfield as graceful in beauty. Her niece asks me for a book to translate: by the first opportunity I will send the 'Son of a Genius.' You ask if 'Popular Tales' have been translated: yes, once by Madame de Roissy, and once by some nameless person.

"This last week we have had the pleasure of having our kind friends Mrs. and Miss Carr: Mr. Carr was detained in Dublin. Except the first day, which was Irish rainy, every day has been sunshiny, and my mother has taken advantage of the shrievalty four horses and two yellow jackets to drive about. They went to Baronston, where there is a link of connection with the Carrs through an English friend, Mrs. Benyon. Lady Sunderlin and Miss Catherine Malone did the joint honours of their house most amiably, and gave as fine a collation of grapes, nectarines, and peaches as France could supply.

"Another morning we took a tour of the tenants. Hugh Kelly's house and parlour and gates and garden, and all that should accompany a farm-house, as nice as any England could afford: James Allen, though grown very old, and in a forlorn black shag wig, looked like a respectable yeoman, 'the country's pride,' and at my instance brought out as fine a group of grandchildren as ever graced a cottage lawn.

"In driving home at the cross-roads by Corbey we had the good fortune to come in for an Irish dance, the audience or spectators seated on each side of the road on opposite benches; all picturesque in the sunshine of youth and age, with every variety of attitude and expression of enjoyment. The dancers, in all the vivacity and graces of an Irish jig, delighted our English friends;

and we stood up in the landau for nearly twenty minutes looking at them. It reminded me of Charlotte's admirable drawing.

"Lord Longford luckily came here one day to breakfast whilst the Carrs were with us. Miss Carr is Lady Byron's intimate friend, and Lord Longford and all the Pakenhams are much attached to her, though she had the misfortune to refuse Sir Edward. Mrs. Carr was charmed with Lord Longford."

To Miss Ruxton.

"*Oct.* 14.

"We have been much interested in the life and letters of that most excellent, amiable, and unpretending Lady Russell. There are touches in these letters which paint domestic happiness, and the character of a mother and a wife with beautiful simplicity. I even like Miss Berry much the better for the manner in which she has edited this book."

"*Nov.* 5.

"Have you the fourth number of 'Modern Voyages and Travels,' which contains Chateauvieux's travels in Italy? I have been so much delighted with it, and feel so sure of its *transporting* my aunt, that I had hardly read the last words before I was going to pack it off, post haste to Black Castle, but Prudence, in the shape of Honora, in a lilac tabinet gown, whispered, 'Better wait till you hear whether they have read it.'

"Have I mentioned to you Bassompiere's Memoir's? a new edition, with notes by Croker, which make the pegs on which they hang gay and valuable. What an extraordinary collection of strange facts, and strange

thoughts are dragged together in the 'Quarterly Review' of the Cemeteries and Catacombs of Paris; the Jewish *House of the Living;* the excommunicated skeletons coming into the church to parley with the Bishop; and the Parisian sentimentalist in the country who sent for barrels of ink from Paris to put his trees in mourning for the death of his mother; and the fountain, called the *weeping eye,* for the death of his wife, by the Dane. I hope, my dear friends, that you have been reading these things, and that they have struck you as they did me; there are few things pleasanter than these 'jumping thoughts.'

"Now that I have a little time, and eyes to read again, I find it delightful, and I have a voracious appetite, and a relish for food, good, bad, and indifferent, I am afraid, like a half famished, shipwrecked wretch."

"28*th.*

"Such a scene of lying and counter-lying as we have had with the cook and her accuser, the kitchen maid! The cook was dismissed on the spot. One expression of Peggy Tuite's I must tell you—with her indignant figure of truth defending herself against falsehood—when Rose, the vile public accuser, said, in part of her speech, recollecting from Peggy Tuite's dress, who came clean from chapel, that it was Sunday, 'And it's two masses I have lost by you already!' to which Peggy replied, 'Oh, Rose, the mass is in the heart, not in the chapel! only speak the truth.'"

Maria's steadiness in resting her eyes, neither reading nor writing for nearly two years, was rewarded by

their complete recovery; and she was able to read, write, and work with ease and comfort all the rest of her life.

This autumn of 1819 we were all made happy by the return of the two Miss Sneyds from England to Edgeworthstown, where they continued to reside as long as they lived.

To Miss Ruxton.

"*Edgeworthstown, Jan.* 1, 1820.

"The first day of the new year I must write to my dear Sophy, who has added so much to the happiness of so many years. Poor Lucy has suffered much. I have been reading 'Evelina' to her, which has amused her. It is a great advantage to young people not to swallow down entertaining books too early, for then nothing is left for the solace of illness. I wish you could see Lovell's school. Poor Mrs. Billamore is confined to bed with an asthmatic attack, and I fear for her. Have you seen a life of Madame de Stael by that Madame Neckar de Saussure, of whom Madame de Stael said, when some one asked, 'What sort of woman is she?' 'Elle a tous les talens qu'on me suppose, et toutes les virtues qui me manquent.' Is not that touching and beautiful?"

"*Jan.* 14.

"Poor Kitty Billamore breathed her last this morning at one o'clock. A more faithful, warm-hearted, excellent creature never existed. How many successions of children of this family she has nursed, and how many she has attended in illness and death, regardless

of her own health! I am glad that sweet, dear little feeling Francis, her darling, was spared being here at her death. Harriet, who, next to him, had always been a great favourite, was with her to the last. All the poor people loved her, and will long feel her loss. Lovell intends that she should be buried in the family vault, as she deserves, for she was more a friend than a servant, and he will attend her funeral himself. She often spoke of her visit to Black Castle, and all your kindness to her."

Having finished the memoirs of her father's life, and settled that it should be published at Easter, Maria determined to indulge herself in what she had long projected—a visit to Paris with two of her young sisters, Fanny and Harriet. They set out on the 3rd of April, going to Black Castle on their way to Dublin.

To Mrs. Edgeworth.

"*Mrs. Waller's*, 31, *Merrion Street*,
"*April* 8, 1820.

"Your two letters delighted our eyes this morning at Mr. Shore's door, where we stopped to inquire for letters before we left Navan. Were not we wise? and were not we good children, to be off so early from dear Black Castle? My aunt was so much touched at taking leave of us last night, that it was very affecting; but you know I am a hopeful creature.

"Mr. Hutton sent the carriage: it is nice-looking. John Bristow came as I had appointed: all right."

To Miss Lucy Edgeworth.

"*Dublin, April* 10, 1820.

"In my letter to my mother of the 8th I forgot —no, I had not time to say that we had a restive mare at Dunshaughlin, who paid me for all I ever wrote about Irish posting, and put me in the most horrible and reasonable apprehension that she would have broken my aunt's carriage to pieces against the corner of a wall. The crowd of people that assembled, the shouts, the 'never fears,' the scolding of the landlord and postillions, and the group surveying the scene, was beyond anything I could or can paint. The stage coach drove to the door in the midst of it, and ladies and bandboxes stopped, and all stood to gaze.

"There was also a professional fool in his ass cart with two dogs, one a white little curly dog, who sat upon the ass's head behind his ears, and another a black, shaggy mongrel, with longish ears, who sat up in a begging attitude on the hinder part of the ass, and whom the fool-knave had been tutoring with a broken crutch, as he sat in his covered cart. Fanny made a drawing of him, and he and his dogs *sat* for a fivepenny, which I honestly gave him for his and his dog's tricks.

"Crampton's knock at the door. He stayed an hour and a half. Oh, how I love and feel obliged to him!"

Steamboats had only begun to ply between Dublin and Holyhead in 1819, and Maria's first experience of a steamboat was in crossing now to Holyhead. She

disliked the *jigging* motion, which she said was like the shake felt in a carriage when a pig is scratching himself against the hind wheel while waiting at an Irish inn door.

To Miss Honora Edgeworth.

"*Mrs. Watt's, Heathfield,*
"*April,* 1820.

"I was much surprised at finding that the postillion who drove us from Wolverhampton could neither tell himself, nor learn from any one up the road, along the heath, at the turnpike, or even in the very suburbs of Birmingham, the way to Mr. Watt's! I was as much surprised as we were at Paris in searching for Madame de Genlis; so we went to Mr. Moilliet's, and stowed ourselves next day into their travelling landau, as large as our own old, old delightful coach, and came here.

"Oh, my dear Honora, how melancholy to see places the same—persons, and such persons gone! Mrs. Watt, in deep mourning, coming forward to meet us alone in that gay trellice, the same books on his table, his picture, his bust, his image everywhere, HIMSELF nowhere upon this earth. Mrs. Watt has, in that poor little shattered frame, a prodigiously strong mind; indeed she could not have been so loved by such a man for such a length of time if she had not superior qualities. She was more kind than I can express, receiving Fanny and Harriet as if they had been of her own family.

"Mr. James Watt, Mr. Tuffin, and the Moilliets dined here. Mr. Tuffin told us of a premium left by a

London citizen of the name of So for the best epitaph on his name—

> "'As *So* lived, so did *So* die,
> So, so! did he so? *So* let him lie.'

"The following, which Mr. Watt avers to be on a real tombstone in a churchyard in Birmingham, even Irish confusion of head and heart could hardly surpass:—

> "'Oh, Death, how couldst thou be so unkind,
> For to take her, and to leave me behind?
> To have taken both, or to have left neither,
> Would have been better for the survivor.'

"Emulous of this, Mr. Tuffin tried to match it by an inscription on a board set up by a London shoemaker:—

> "'Such are these cruel taxing times of yore,
> Which our forefathers never knew before.'

"In the morning I fell to penning this letter, as we were engaged to breakfast at Mr. James Watt's, at Aston Hall. You remember the fine old brick palace? *Our* Lady Holte affronted the lady of Sir Leicester Holte, and hence it was left away from her. Mr. Watt has fitted up half of it so as to make it superbly comfortable: fine hall, breakfast room, Flemish pictures, Bolton and Watt at either end. After breakfast, at which was Mr. Priestly, an American, son of Dr. Priestly, we went over all the habitable and uninhabitable parts of the house: the banqueting room, with a most costly, frightful ceiling, and a chimney-piece carved up to the cornice with monsters, one with a nose covered with scales, one with human face on a tarantula's body. Varieties of little staircases, and a garret gallery called Dick's haunted gallery; a blocked up

room called the King's room; then a modern dressing-room, with fine tables of Bullock's making, one of wood from Brazil—Zebra wood—and no more to be had of it for love or money.

"But come on to the great gallery, longer than that at Sudbury,—about one hundred and thirty-six feet long,—and at the furthest end we came to a sort of oriel, separated from the gallery only by an arch, and there the white marble bust of the great Mr. Watt struck me almost breathless. What everybody went on saying I do not know, but my own thoughts, as I looked down the closing lines of this superb gallery, now in a half ruined state, were very melancholy, on life and death, family pride, and the pride of wealth, and the pride of genius, all so perishable."

To Miss Ruxton.

"*Sittingbourne, April* 20, 1820.

"My dear Sophy,

"You gave me but one commission, which I certainly will not forget—that was, to bring some carnation seed for you from Paris. Meanwhile I send you twenty-five yearling carnations, which I purchased to-day from an honest-looking gardener whom I saw at work in one of the gay gardens at Richmond. I stopped the carriage, and made him take up fifty of his best carnations for me, half of which I send to my mother, and half to you. He would have told me all their fine names, but I had not time to hear them. I only hope they may be pretty, and if you like any three better than the rest, pray call them the Fanny, the Harriet, and the little Maria. If, on the contrary, they turn

out good for nothing, you must call them the *Richmond Flams*.

"Hitherto our journey has been in every way agreeable—convenient carriage, delightful weather, gratifying reception from our friends the Moilliets and the Watts; and my object of establishing John Bristow[1] at Mr. Watt's works has been accomplished, and a great favour I feel it, done in the most handsome manner by Mr. Watt. This was very near my heart, it having been one of my father's bequests to his family to take care of this young man."

To Mrs. Edgeworth.

"*Canterbury, April 21st.*

"I wrote to your dear father the history of our visit to Mr. Wren's at Wroxall Abbey, and Kenilworth, and Warwick, and Stratford-upon-Avon, and our pleasant three hours at Oxford with our very agreeable guide Mr. Biddulph, to whom Dr. Russell gave us a note of introduction. When we were looking at the theatre, he told us, that when all the Emperors and Kings came with the Regent, the theatre was filled in every part; but such was the hush you could have heard a pin drop till the Prince put his foot upon the threshold, when the whole assembly rose with a tremendous shout of applause. The Prince was supremely gratified, and said to the Emperor of Russia, 'You heard the London mob hoot me, but you see how I am received by the young gentlemen of England!'

[1] Son of our old, faithful George and Molly Bristow. This young man had shown a great taste for mechanics, and Mr. Edgeworth had a high opinion of him. He continued in the Watts' works till his death in 1840.

"When Lord Grenville was installed as chancellor, he was, the instant he took his seat, assailed with loud hisses and groans. Mr. Biddulph said he admired the dignity with which Lord Grenville behaved, and the presence of mind of the Bishop of Peterborough (Parsons,) who said in Latin, 'Either this disturbance must instantly cease, or I dismiss you from this assembly!' Dead silence ensued.

"We have been to see the Cathedral. The civil master of this excellent inn, the King's Head, said that many travellers who go to see this Cathedral on their way to the Continent, tell him on their return that they have not seen anything abroad that struck them so much. I never was so much impressed by the sight of any cathedral: the great antiquity of the earlier part, even in my ignorant mind, increased the awful effect, by marking the length of time, the lapse of generations, the idea of such successive numbers of human creatures, of all variety of views and interests, joining in the same religious sentiment century after century till the work was completed, produces an effect of the moral sublime, I think, beyond what could be raised by any regular order of architecture."

"*Calais, Quillac's, formerly Dessin's Hotel,*
"*April 23rd.*

"We arrived here last night at half-past seven. Fanny and Harriet sat on deck; I sat in Mrs. Moilliet's carriage. We spent Saturday at Dover with them; they go on now direct to Geneva. I have been to the Douane this morning with M. Quilliac: they did not even *tumble* our things."

"*Paris, Place du Palais Bourbon,*
"*April* 29.

"One moment of reward for two days of indescribable hurry I have at this quiet interval after breakfast, and I seize it to tell you that Fanny is quite well: so far for health. For beauty, I have only to say that I am told by everybody that my sisters are *lovely* in English, and *charmante* in French. Last night was their *début* at Lady Granard's—a large assembly of all manner of lords, ladies, counts, countesses, princes and princesses, French, Polish, and Italian: Marmont and Humboldt were there. I was told by several persons of rank and taste—Lady Rancliffe, the Countess de Salis, Lady Granard, Mrs. Sneyd Edgeworth, *and* a Polish Countess, that my sister's dress, the grand affair at Paris, was *perfection*, and I believed it! Humboldt is excessively agreeable, but I was twice taken from him to be introduced to grandeurs just as we had reached the most interesting point of conversation."

"*May* 3*rd.*

"On Sunday we went with the Countess de Salis and the Baronne de Salis, who is also Chanoinesse, but goes into the world in roses and pink ribbons nevertheless, and is very agreeable, moreover, and M. Le Baron, an officer in the Swiss guards, an old bachelor, to St. Sulpice, to hear M. Fressenus: he preached in the Kirwan style, but with intolerable monotony of thumping eloquence, against *les Liberales*, Rousseau, &c.; it seemed to me old stuff, ill embroidered, but it was much applauded. *Mem.:* the *audience* were not half so attentive or silent at St. Sulpice as they were at the Théâtre François the night before.

"After Church a visit to Madame de Pastoret. Oh, my dear mother, think of my finding her in that very boudoir, everything the same! Fanny and Harriet were delighted with the beauty of the house till they saw her, and then nothing could be thought of but her manner and conversation. They are even more charmed with her than I expected: she is little changed.

"After a ball at the Polish Countess Orlowski's, (the woman who is charmed with 'Early Lessons,' &c.,) where Fanny and Harriet were delighted with the children's dancing—they waltzed like angels, if angels waltz—after this ball I went with the Count and Countess de Salis and La Baronne—I was told that the first time it must be without my sisters—to the Duchesse d'Escars, who *receives* for the King at the Tuilleries: mounted a staircase of one hundred and forty steps—I thought the Count's knees would have failed while I leaned on his arm; my own ached. A long gallery, well lighted, opened into a suite of *little* low apartments, most beautifully hung, some with silk and some with Cashmere, some with tent drapery, with end ottomans: lamps in profusion. These rooms, with busts and pictures of kings, swarmed with old nobility, with historic names, stars, red ribbons, and silver bells at their button holes: ladies in little white satin hats and *toques*, with a profusion of ostrich or, still better, *marabout* powder-puff feathers; and the roofs were too low for such lofty heads.

"After a most fatiguing morning at all the impertinent and pertinent dressmakers and milliners, we finished by the dear delight of dining with Madame Gautier at Passy: drive there delicious: found her with her Sophie, now a matron mother with her Caro-

line, like what Madame Gautier and her Sophie were in that very room eighteen years ago. All the Delessert family that remain were assembled except Benjamin, who was detained by business in Paris. Madame Benjamin is very handsome, nearer the style of Mrs. Admiral Pakenham than anybody I know; François the same as you saw him, only with the additional crow's-feet of eighteen years, sobered into a husband and father, the happiest I ever saw in France. They have three houses, and the whole three terraces form one long pleasure-ground: Judas-tree, like a Brobdignag almond-tree, in full flower; lilacs and laburnums in abundance. Alexandre Delessert takes after the father —good, sensible, commercial conversation. He made a panegyric on the Jews of Hamburgh, who received him at their houses with the utmost politeness and liberality. This was apropos of Walter Scott's Jewess, and, vanity must add, my own Jew and Jewess, who came in for more than their due share.

"Bank-notes were talked of: François tells me that the forging of bank-notes is almost unknown at Paris: the very best artists—my father's plan—are employed.

"Tuesday we were at the Louvre: many fine pictures left. Dined at home: in the evening to Madame de Pastoret's, to meet the Duchesse de Broglie: very handsome, little, with large, soft, dark eyes: simple dress, winning manner, soft Pastoret conversation: speaks English better than any foreigner I ever heard: not only gracious, but quite *tender* to me.

"After Madame de Pastoret's we went to the Ambassador's: received in the most distinguished manner. Crowds of fine people: saw and conversed with Talleyrand, but he said nought worth hearing."

"*May* 20.

"Paris is wonderfully embellished since we were here in 1803. Fanny and Harriet are quite enchanted with the beauty of the Champs Elysées and the Tuilleries gardens: the trees out in full leaf, and the deep shade under them is delightful. I had never seen Paris in summer, so I enjoy the novelty. Some of our happiest time is spent in driving about in the morning, or returning at night by lamp or moonlight.

"Lady Elizabeth Stuart has been most peculiarly civil to 'Madame Maria Edgeworth et Mesdemoiselles ses sœurs,' which is the form on our visiting tickets, as I was advised it should be. The Ambassador's Hotel is the same which Lord Whitworth had, which afterwards belonged to the Princess Borghese: delightful! opening into a lawn-garden, with terraces and conservatories, and a profusion of flowers and shrubs. The dinner splendid, but not formal; and nobody can *represent* better than Lady Elizabeth. She asked us to go with her and Mrs. Canning to the opera, but we were engaged to Madame Recamier; and as she is no longer rich and prosperous, I could not break the engagement.

"We went to Madame Recamier's, in her convent, L'Abbaye aux bois, up seventy-eight steps; all came in with the asthma: elegant room, and she as elegant as ever. Matthieu de Montmorenci, the ex-Queen of Sweden, and Madame de Boigne, a charming woman, and Madame la Marechale de Moreau, a battered beauty, smelling of garlic, and screeching in vain to pass for a wit.

"Yesterday we had intended to have killed off a

great many visits, but the fates willed it otherwise. Mr. Hummelaur, attached to the Austrian Embassy, came; and then Mr. Chenevix, who converses delightfully, but all the time holding a distorting magnifying glass over French character, and showing horrible things where we thought everything was delightful. While he was here came Madame de Villeneuve and Madame de Kergolay, Lovell's friends, who spoke of him with real affection. Scarcely were they all gone, when I desired Rodolphe to let no other person in, as the carriage had been ordered at eleven, and it was now near two. '*Miladi!*' cried Rodolphe, running in with a card, 'voilà une dame qui me dit de vous faire voir son nom.'

"'Madame de Roquefeuille,' with her bright, benevolent eyes: much agreeable conversation about Lovell. There is a great deal of difference between the manners, tone, pronunciation, and quietness of demeanour of Madame de Pastoret, Madame de Roquefeuille, and the little old Princess de Broglie Revel, old nobility, and the striving, struggling of the new, with all their riches and titles, who can never attain this indescribable, incommunicable charm. But to go on with Saturday: Madame de Roquefeuille took leave, and we caparisoned ourselves, and went to Lady de Ros. She at her easel, copying very well a portrait of Madame de Grignan: very agreeable half hour. Lady de Ros and her daughter are very agreeable people. She has asked Fanny to meet her at the Riding-House three times a week, where she goes to take exercise.

"We were engaged to Cuvier's in the evening, and went first to M. Jullien's, in the Rue de *l'Enfer*, not far from the Jardin des Plantes, and there we saw one of the most extraordinary of all the extraordinary per-

sons we have seen—a Spaniard, squat, black-haired, black-browed, and black-eyed, with an infernal countenance, who has written the History of the Inquisition, and who related to us how he had been sent to a monastery *en penitence* by the Inquisition, and escaped by presenting a certain number of kilogrammes of good chocolate to the monks, who represented him as very penitent. But I dare not say more of this man, lest we should never get to Cuvier's, which, in truth, I thought we never should accomplish alive. Such streets! such turns! in the old, old parts of the city: lamps strung at great distances: a candle or two from high houses, making darkness visible: then bawling of coach or cart men, 'Ouais! ouais!' backing and scolding, for no two carriages could by any possibility pass in these narrow alleys. I was in a very bad way, as you may guess, but I let down the glasses, and sat as still as a frightened mouse: once I diverted Harriet by crying out, 'Ah, mon *cher* cocher, arretez;' like Madame de Barri's 'Un moment, *Monsieur* le Bourreau.' It never was so bad with us that we could not laugh. At last we turned into a porte-cochere, under which the coachman bent literally double: total darkness: then suddenly trees, lamps, and buildings; and one, brighter than the rest by an open portal, illuminating large printed letters, 'Collège de France.'

"Cuvier came down to the very carriage door to receive us, and handed us up narrow, difficult stairs into a smallish room, where were assembled many ladies and gentlemen of most distinguished names and talents. Prony, as like an honest water-dog as ever; Biot ('et moi aussi je suis père de famille') a fat, double volume of himself—I could not see a trace of the young père

de famille we knew—round-faced, with a bald head and black ringlets, a fine-boned skull, on which the tortoise might fall without cracking it. When he began to converse, his superior ability was immediately apparent. Then Cuvier presented Prince Czartorinski, a Pole, and many compliments passed; and then we went to a table to look at Prince Maximilian de Neufchatel's Journey to Brazil, magnificently printed in Germany, and all tongues began to clatter, and it became wondrously agreeable; and behind me I heard English well spoken, and this was Mr. Trelawny, and I heard from him a panegyric on the Abbé Edgeworth, whom he knew well, and he was the person who took the first letter and news to the Duchesse d'Angoulême at Mittau, after she quitted France. She came out in the dead of the night in her nightgown to receive the letter.

"Tea and supper together: only two-thirds of the company could sit down, but the rest stood or sat behind, and were very happy, loud, and talkative: science, politics, literature, and nonsense in happy proportions. Biot sat behind Fanny's chair, and talked of the parallax and Dr. Brinkley. Prony, with his hair nearly in my plate, was telling me most entertaining anecdotes of Buonaparte; and Cuvier, with his head nearly meeting him, talking as hard as he could: not *striving* to show learning or wit—quite the contrary; frank, open-hearted genius, delighted to be together at home, and at ease. This was the most flattering and agreeable thing to me that could possibly be. Harriet was on the off side, and every now and then he turned to her in the midst of his anecdotes, and made her completely one of us; and there was such a prodigious noise nobody could

hear but ourselves. Both Cuvier and Prony agreed that Buonaparte never could bear to have any answer but a *decided* answer. 'One day,' said Cuvier, 'I nearly ruined myself by considering before I answered. He asked me, 'Faut-il introduire le sucre de betrave en France?' 'D'abord, Sire, il faut songer si vos colonies—' 'Faut-il avoir le sucre de betrave en France?' 'Mais, Sire, il faut examiner—' 'Bah! je le demanderai à Berthollet.'"

"This despotic, laconic mode of insisting on learning everything in two words had its inconveniences. One day he asked the master of the woods at Fontainbleau, 'How many acres of wood here?' The master, an honest man, stopped to recollect. 'Bah!' and the under master came forward and said any number that came into his head. Buonaparte immediately took the mastership from the first, and gave it to the second. 'Qu' arrivait-il?' continued Prony; 'the rogue who gave the guess answer was soon found cutting down and selling quantities of the trees, and Buonaparte had to take the rangership from him, and reinstate the honest hesitater.'

"Prony is, you know, one of the most absent men alive. 'Once,' he told me, 'I was in a carriage with Buonaparte and General Caffarelli: it was at the time he was going to Egypt. He asked me to go. I said, I could not; that is, I would not; and when I had said those words I fell into a reverie, collecting in my own head all the reasons I could for not going to Egypt. All this time Buonaparte was going on with some confidential communication to me of his secret intentions and views; and when it was ended, le seul mot, Arabie, m'avait frappé l'oreille. Alors, je voudrais m'avoir ar-

raché les cheveux,' making the motion so to do, 'pour pouvoir me rapeller ce qu'il venait de me dire. But I never could recall one single word or idea.'

"'Why did you not ask Caffarelli afterwards?'

"'I dared not, because I should have betrayed myself to him.'

"Prony says that Buonaparte was not obstinate in his own opinion with men of science about those things of which he was ignorant; but he would bear no contradiction in tactics or politics."

"*May* 29.

"Madame Recamier has no more taken the veil than I have, and is as little likely to do it. She is still beautiful, still dresses herself and her little room with elegant simplicity, and lives in a convent only because it is cheap and respectable. M. Recamier is living; they have not been separated by anything but misfortune.

"We have at last seen a comedy perfectly well acted —the first representation of a new piece, 'Les Folliculaires:' it was received with thunders of applause, admirably acted in every character to the life. It was in ridicule of journalists and literary young men."

"*La Celle, M. de Vindé's Country house,*
"*June* 4.

"Is it not curious that, just when you wrote to us, all full of Mrs. Strickland at Edgeworthstown, we should have been going about everywhere with Mr. Strickland at Paris? I read to him what you said about his little girl and Foster as he was going with us to a breakfast at Cuvier's, and he was delighted even to tears.

"We breakfasted at Passy on our way here: beautiful views of Paris and its environs from all the balconied rooms; and Madame François showed us all their delightful comfortable rooms—the bed in which Madame Gautier and Madame François had slept when children, and where now her little Caroline sleeps. There is something in the duration of these family attachments which pleases and touches one, especially in days of revolution and change.

"We arrived here in good time. La Celle is as old as Clotwold, the son of Clovis, who came here to make a hermitage for himself—La Cellule. Wonderfully changed and enlarged, it became the residence of Madame de Pompadour. Rooms wainscoted: very large croissées opening upon shrubberies, with rose acacias and rhododendrons in profuse flower: the garden surrounded by lime-trees thick and high, and cut like the beech-walk at Collon, at the end into arches through the foliage, and the stems left so as to form rows of pillars, through which you see, on one side, fine views of lawn and distant country, and on the other the lime-grove is continued in arcades, eight or nine trees deep.

"To each bed-room and dressing-room there are little dens of closets and ante-chambers, which must have seen many strange exits and entrances in their day. In one of these, ten feet by six, the white wainscot—now very yellow—is painted in grey, with monkeys in men and women's clothes in groups in compartments, the most grotesque figures you can imagine. I have an idea of having read of this cabinet of monkeys, and having heard that the principal monkey who figures in it was some real personage.

"The situation of La Celle is beautiful, and the

country about it. The grounds, terraces, orchards, farmyard, dairy, &c., would lead me too far, so I shall only note that, to preserve the hayrick from the incursion of rats, the feet of the stand, which is higher than that in our back yard, are not only slated, but at the part next the hay covered with panes of glass: this defies climbing reptiles.

"M. and Madame de Vindé are exactly what you remember them; and her granddaughter, Beatrice, the little girl you may remember, is as kind to Fanny and Harriet as M. and Madame de Vindé were to their sister.

"Mr. Hutton wrote to me about a certain Count Brennar, a German or Hungarian—talents, youth, fortune—assuring me that this transcendental Count had a great desire to be acquainted with us. I fell to work with Madame Cuvier, with whom I knew he was acquainted, and he met us at breakfast at Cuvier's; and I asked Prony if M. and Madame de Vindé would allow me to ask the Count to come here; and so yesterday Prony came to dinner, and the Count at dessert, and he ate cold cutlets and good salad, and all was right; and whenever any of our family go to Vienna, he gave me and mine, or yours, a most pressing invitation thither—which will never be any trouble to him.

"I have corrected before breakfast here all of the second volume of 'Rosamond,'[1] which accompanies this letter. We have coffee brought to us in our rooms about eight o'clock, and the family assemble at breakfast in the dining-room about ten: this breakfast has consisted of mackerel stewed in oil; cutlets; eggs,

[1] The sequel, or last part, of "Rosamond."

boiled and poached, *au jus;* peas stewed; lettuce stewed, and rolled up like sausages; radishes; salad; stewed prunes; preserved gooseberries; chocolate biscuits; apricot biscuits—that is to say, a kind of flat tartlet, sweetmeat between paste; finishing with coffee. There are sugar-tongs in this house, which I have seen nowhere else except at Madame Gautier's. Salt-spoons never to be seen, so do not be surprised at seeing me take salt and sugar in the natural way when I come back.

"Carriages about twelve, and drive about seeing places in the neighbourhood—afterwards go to our own rooms or to the salon, or play billiards or chess. Dinner at half-past five; no luncheon and no dressing for dinner. I will describe one dinner—Bouilli de bœuf—large piece in the middle, and all the other dishes round it—rôtie de mouton: ris de veau piqué—maquereaux—patis de cervelle—salad. 2nd service; œufs aux jus—petits poix—lettuce stewed—gâteaux de confitures—prunes. Dessert; gâteaux, cerises—confiture d'abricot et de groseille.

"Wash hands at side table; coffee in the saloon: men and women all gathering round the table as of yore. But I should observe, that a great change has taken place; the men huddle together now in France as they used to do in England, talking politics with their backs to the women in a corner, or even in the middle of the room, without minding them in the least, and the ladies complain and look very disconsolate, and many ask, 'if this be Paris?' and others scream *ultra* nonsense or *liberal* nonsense, to make themselves of consequence and to attract the attention of the gentlemen.

"But to go on with the history of our day. After coffee, Madame de Vindé sits down at a round table in the middle of the room, and out of a work basket, which is just the shape of an antediluvian work basket of mine,[1] made of orange paper and pasteboard, which lived long in the garret; she takes her tapestry work: a chair-cover of which she works the little blue flowers, and M. Morel de Vindé, pair de France, ancien Conseiller de Parlement, &c., does the ground! He has had a cold, and wears a black silk handkerchief on his head and a hat over it in the house; three waistcoats, two coats, and a spencer over. Madame de Vindé and I talk, and the young people play billiards.

"When it grows duskish we all migrate at a signal from Madame de Vindé, 'Allons, nous passerons chez M. de Vindé;' so we all cross the billiard-room and dining-room, and strike off by an odd passage into M. de Vindé's study, where, almost in the fire, we sit round a small table playing a game called Loto, with different coloured pegs and collars for these pegs, and whoever knows the game of Loto will understand what it is, and those who have never heard of it must wait till I come home to make them understand it. At half-past ten to bed; a dozen small round silver hand-candlesticks, bougeoirs, with wax candles ready for us. Who dares to say French country houses have no comforts? Let all such henceforward except La Celle.

"The three first days we were here M. de Prony and Count de Brennar were the only guests, the Count only for one day. M. de Prony is enough without any other person to keep the most active mind in conver-

[1] It still exists. It was made by Maria during one of her holidays, when at Mrs. Latafiere's school.

sation of all sorts, scientific, literary, humorous. He is less changed than any of our friends. His humour and good-humour are really delightful; he is, as Madame de Vindé says, the most harmless good creature that ever existed; and he has had sense enough to stick to science and keep clear of politics, always pleading 'qu'il n'était bon qu'à cela.' He accompanied us in our morning excursions to Mal Maison and S. Germain.

"Mal Maison was Josephine's, and is still Beauharnais's property, but is now occupied only by his steward. The place is very pretty—profusion of rhododendrons, as underwood in the groves, on the grass, beside the rivers, everywhere, and in the most luxuriant flower. Poor Josephine! Do you remember Doctor Marcet telling us that when he breakfasted with her, she said, pointing to her flowers: 'These are my subjects; I try to make them happy.'

"The grounds are admirably well taken care of, but the solitude and silence and the continual reference to the dead were strikingly melancholy, even in the midst of sunshine and flowers, and the song of nightingales. In one pond we saw swimming in graceful desolate dignity two black swans, which, as rare birds, were once great favourites. Now they curve their necks of ebony in vain.

"The grounds are altogether very small, and so is the house, but fitted up with exquisite taste. In the saloon is the most elegant white marble chimney-piece my eyes ever did or ever will behold, a present from the Pope to Beauharnais. The finest pictures have been taken from the gallery; the most striking that remains is one of General Dessain, reading a letter, with a calm and absorbed countenance—two mamelukes eagerly ex-

amining his countenance. In the finely parqueted floor great holes appear; the places from which fine statues of Canova's were, as the steward told us, dragged up for the Emperor of Russia. This the man told under his breath, speaking of his master and of the armies without distinctly naming any person, as John Langan used to talk of the robbles (rebels.) You may imagine the feelings which made us walk in absolute silence through the library, which was formerly Napoleon's: the gilt N.s and J.s still in the arches of the ceilings: busts and portraits all round—that of Josephine admirable.

"At S. Germain's, that vast palace which has been of late a barrack for the English army, our female guide was exceedingly well informed; indeed, Francis I., Henry IV., Mary de Medicis, Louis XIV., and Madame de la Valiere seem to have been her very intimate acquaintances. She was in all their secrets: showed us Madame de la Valiere's room, poor soul! all gilt—the gilding of her woe. This gilding, by accident, escaped the revolutionary destruction. In the high, gilt dome of this room, the guide showed us the trap-door through which Louis XIV. used to come down. How they managed it I don't well know: it must have been a perilous operation, the room is so high. But my guide, who I am clear saw him do it, assured me his Majesty came down very easily in his arm-chair; and as she had great keys in her hand, and is as large nearly as Mrs. Liddy, I did not hazard a contradiction or doubt.

"Did you know that it was Prony who built the Pont Louis XVI.? Perronet was then eighty-four, and Prony worked under him. One night, when he had supped at Madame de Vindé's, he went to look at his

bridge, when he saw—but I have not time to tell you that story.

"During Buonaparte's Spanish war he employed Prony to make logarithm, astronomical and nautical tables on a magnificent scale. Prony found that to execute what was required would take him and all the philosophers of France a hundred and fifty years. He was very unhappy, having to do with a despot who *would* have his will executed, when the first volume of 'Smith's Wealth of Nations' fell into his hands. He opened on the division of labour, our favourite pin-making: 'Ha, ha! voilà mon affaire; je ferai mes calcules comme on fait les épingles!' And he divided the labour among two hundred men, who knew no more than the simple rules of arithmetic, whom he assembled in one large building, and there these men-machines worked on, and the tables are now complete."

"*Paris, June* 9.

"All is quiet here now, but while we were in the country there have been disturbances. Be assured that, if there is any danger, we shall decamp for Geneva."

"*June* 22.

"We have spent a day and a half delightfully with M. and Madame Molé at Champlatreux, their beautiful country place. He is very sensible, and she very obliging. Madame de Ventimille there, and very agreeable and kind; Madame de Nansouti and Madame de Bezancourt, granddaughter of Madame d'Houtitot: all remember you most kindly."

"*June* 24.

"You ask for Dupont de Fougeres—alas! he has

been dead some years. I went to see Camille Jordan, who is ill, and unable to leave his sofa; but he is fatter and better-looking than when we knew him—no alteration but for the better. He has got rid of all that might be thought a little affected—his vivacity elevated into energy, and his politeness into benevolence; his pretty little good wife sitting beside him.

"Everybody, of every degree of rank or talent, who has read the 'Memoirs,' speaks of them in the most gratifying and delightful manner. Those who have fixed on individual circumstances have always fixed on those which we should have considered as most curious. Mr. Malthus this morning spoke most highly of it, and of its useful tendency both in a public and private light. Much as I dreaded hearing it spoken of, all I have yet heard has been what best compensates for all the anxiety I have felt."

To Mrs. Mary and Charlotte Sneyd.

"*Paris, July 7,* 1820.

"It is a great refreshment to me, my dearest Aunt Mary and Charlotte, to have a quiet half hour in which to write to you, while Fanny and Harriet are practising with M. Deschamp, their dancing master, in the next room.

"We had a delightful breakfast at Degerando's, in a room hung round with some very valuable pictures: one in particular, which was sent to Degerando by the town of Pescia, as a proof of gratitude for his conduct at the time when he was in Italy under Buonaparte—sent to him after he was no longer in power. There was an Italian gentleman, Marchese Ridolfi, of large

fortune and benevolent mind, intent on improving his people. We also met Madame de Villette, Voltaire's 'belle et bonne:' she has still some remains of beauty, and great appearance of good-humour. It was delightful to hear her speak of Voltaire with the enthusiasm of affection, and with tears in her eyes beseeching us not to believe the hundred misrepresentations we may have heard, but to trust her, the person who had lived with him long, and who knew him best and last. After breakfast she took us to her house, where Voltaire had lived, and where we saw his chair and writing-desk turning on a pivot on the arm of the chair: his statue, smiling, keen-eyed, and emaciated, said to be a perfect resemblance; in one of the hands hung the brown and withered crown of bays, placed on his head when he appeared the last time at the Théâtre Français. She showed us some of his letters—one to his steward, about sheep, &c., ending with, 'Let there be no drinking, no rioting, no beating of your wife.' The most precious relic in this room of Voltaire's is a little piece carved in wood by an untaught genius, and sent to Voltaire by some peasants, as a proof of gratitude. It represents him sitting, listening to a family of poor peasants, who are pleading their cause: it is excellent.

"Two of the Miss Lawrences are at Paris. They are very sensible, excellent women. They brought a letter from Miss Carr, begging me to see them; and I hope I have had some little opportunity of obliging them, for which they are a thousand times more grateful than I deserve. Indeed, next to the delight of seeing my sisters so justly appreciated and so happy at Paris, my greatest pleasure has been in the power of introducing people to each other, who longed to meet,

but could not contrive it before. We took Miss Lawrence to one of the great schools here established on the Lancastrian principles, and we also took her to hear a man lecture upon the mode of teaching arithmetic and geometry which my father has recommended in 'Practical Education:' the sight of the little cubes was at once gratifying and painful. Harriet has written to Lovell an account of this man's method. Tell him that the school of Enseignement Mutuel which I have seen is not at all equal to his: too much noise, and too little attention.

"I have just heard from Hunter that he is printing 'Rosamond,' and that my friends at home will correct the proofs for me: God bless them! We spent a very pleasant day at dear Madame de Roquefeuille's, at Versailles; and, returning, we paid a *latish* visit to the Princess Potemkin. What a contrast the tone of conversation and the whole of the society from that at Versailles!

"Certainly, no people can have seen more of the world than we have done in the last three months. By seeing the world I mean seeing varieties of characters and manners, and being behind the scenes of life in many different societies and families. The constant chorus of our moral as we drive home together at night is, 'How happy we are to be so fond of each other! How happy we are to be independent of all we see here! How happy that we have our dear home to return to at last!'

"But to return to the Princess Potemkin: she is Russian, but she has all the grace, softness, and winning manners of the Polish ladies—oval face, pale, with the finest, softest, most expressive *chestnut* dark eyes. She

has a sort of politeness which pleases peculiarly—a mixture of the ease of high rank and early habit with something that is sentimental without affectation. Madame Le Brun is painting her picture: Madame Le Brun is sixty-six, with great vivacity as well as genius, and better worth seeing than her pictures; for though they are speaking, she speaks, and speaks uncommonly well.

"Madame de Noisville, dame d'honneur to the Princess Potemkin, educated her and her sisters: the friendship of the pupil and the preceptress does honour to both. Madame de Noisville is a very well-bred woman, of superior understanding and decided character, very entertaining and agreeable. She told us that Rostopchin, speaking of the Russians, said he would represent their civilization by a naked man looking at himself in a gilt-framed mirror.

"The governor of Siberia lived at Petersburgh, and never went near his government. One day the Emperor, in presence of this governor and Rostopchin, was boasting of his far-sightedness. 'Commend me,' said Rostopchin, 'to M. le Gouverneur, who sees so well from Petersburgh to Siberia.' Good-bye."

At the time the Miss Lawrences, who are mentioned in the foregoing letter, were at Paris, the Duchess of Orleans asked Maria to recommend to her an English governess. Maria asked Miss Lawrence, who, with her sisters, had a large school at Liverpool, if she would undertake the situation. The offer was tempting, but Miss Lawrence, after some consideration declined it. Maria thought the decision wise; but she had been eager to secure such a preceptress for the Duchess, who appeared so anxious and so judicious in the care

of her children. One evening which Maria spent at Neuilly en famille impressed her with their unaffected happiness. The Duke showed her the picture of himself teaching a school in America: Mademoiselle d'Orleans pointed to her harp, and said she superintended the lessons of her nieces; both she and her brother acknowledging how admirably Madame de Genlis had instructed them. The Duchess sat at a round table working, and in the course of the evening, the two eldest little boys ran in from an Ecole d'Enseignment mutuel which they attended in the neighbourhood, with their school-books in their hands, and some prizes they had gained, eager to display them to their mother. A happy simple family party.

To Mrs. Ruxton.

"*Paris, July,* 1820.

"Well as you know my inmost soul, my dearest aunt, you can scarcely conceive the pleasure which the letter I have just received from you has given me, as I was so anxious to know what you and Sophy thought of the PUBLISHED 'Memoirs:' the irremediable words once past the press, I knew the happiness of my life was at stake. Even if all the rest of the world had praised it, and you had been dissatisfied, how miserable I should have been!

"From what I have seen of the Parisians, I am convinced that they require, if not a despot, at least an absolute monarch to reign over them; but, leaving national character to shift for itself, I will go on with what will interest you more—our own history. We have been much pleased, interested, and instructed at

Paris by all that we have seen of the arts, have heard of science, and have enjoyed of society. The most beautiful work of art I have seen at Paris, next to the façade of the Louvre, is Canova's Magdalene. The *prettiest* things I have seen are Madame Jacotot's miniatures, enamelled on porcelain—La Valiere, Madame de Maintenon, Moliere, all the celebrated people of that time; and next to these, which are exquisite, I should name a porcelain table, with medallions all round of the marshals of France, by Isabey, surrounding a full-length of Napoleon in the centre. This table is generally supposed to have been broken to pieces, but by the favour of a friend we saw it in its place of concealment.

"We have twice dined at the Duchesse Douairière d'Orleans' little Court at Ivry, and we shall bring Mr. William Everard there, as you may recollect he knew her at Port Mahon. She has a benevolent countenance, and good-natured, dignified manners, and moves with the air of a princess. Her striking likeness to Louis XIV. *favours* this impression. One of her dames d'honneur, la Marquise de Castoras, a Spaniard, is one of the most interesting persons I have conversed with.

"Yesterday William Everard went with us to the Chapelle Royale, where we saw Monsieur, the Duchesse d'Angoulême, and all the Court. In the evening we were at a *fête de village* at La Celle, to which Madame de Vindé had invited us, as like an Irish *pattern* as possible, allowing for the difference of dress and manner. The scene was in a beautiful grove on each side of a romantic road leading through a valley. High wooded banks: groups of gaily-dressed village belles and beaux seen through the trees, in a quarry, in the

sand-holes, everywhere where there was space enough to form a quadrille. This grove was planted by Gabrielle d'Etrées, for whom Henry IV. built a lodge near it. Fanny and Harriet danced with two gentlemen who were of our party, and they all danced on till dewfall, when the lamps—little glasses full of oil and a wick suspended to the branches of the trees—were lighted, and we returned to La Celle, where we ate ice and sat in a circle, playing *trouvez mon ami*—mighty like 'why, when, and where'—and then played loto till twelve. Rose at six, had coffee, and drove back to Paris in the cool of the delicious morning. To-day we are going to dine again at Neuilly with the other Duchess of Orleans, daughter-in-law of the good old Duchess, who by-the-bye spoke of Madame de Genlis in a true Christian spirit of forgiveness, but in a whisper, and with a shake of her head, allowed 'qu'elle m'avait causée bien des chagrins.'

"Among some of the most agreeable people we have met are some Russians and Poles. Madame Swetchin, a Russian, is one of the cleverest women I ever heard converse. At a dinner at the young and pretty Princess Potemkin's, on entering the dining-room, we saw only a round table covered with fruit and sweetmeats, as if we had come in at the dessert; and so it remained while, first, soup, then cutlets, then fish, one dish at a time, ten or twelve one after another, were handed round, ending with game, sweet things, and ice.

"A few days ago I saw, at the Duchesse d'Escar's Prince Rostopchin, the man who burned Moscow, first setting fire to his own house. I never saw a more striking Calmuck countenance. From his conversation as well as from his actions, I should think him a man

of great strength of character. This *soirée* at Madame d'Escar's was not on a public night, when she *receives* for the King, but one of those *petits comités*, as they call their private parties, which I am told the English seldom see. The conversation turned, of course, first on the Queen of England, then on Lady Hester Stanhope, then on English *dandies*. It was excessively entertaining to hear half-a-dozen Parisians all speaking at once, giving their opinions of the English *dandies* who have appeared at Paris, describing their manners and imitating their gestures, and sometimes by a single gesture giving an idea of the whole man; then discussing the difference between the *petit marquis* of the old French comedy and the present dandy. After many attempts at definition, and calling in Madame d'Arblay's Meadows, with whom they are perfectly acquainted, they came to 'd'ailleurs c'est inconcevable ça.' And Madame d'Escars, herself the cleverest person in the room, summed it up: 'L'essential c'est que notre dandy il veut plaire aux femmes s'il le peut; mais votre dandy Anglais ne le voudrait, même s'il le pourrait!'

"Pray tell Mrs. General Dillon I thank her for making us acquainted with the amiable family of the Creeds, who have been exceedingly kind, and who, I hope, like us as much as we like them. The Princess de Craon, too, I like in another way, and Mademoiselle d'Alpy: they have introduced us to the Mortemars—Madame de Sevigné's 'Esprit de Mortemar.'"

Society had, as Maria observes, very much changed its tone since our visit in 1803. At that time, under the First Consul's reign, when all freedom of discussion

on public affairs was dangerous, and when all parties were glad to forget the horrors of the revolutionary days, conversation was limited to literary or scientific subjects, and was therefore much more agreeable to foreigners: now, in 1820, the verb *politiquer*, to talk politics, had been invented, and the Liberal or Constitutional party were divided from the Ultras, as they were then called, by a strong line of demarcation, the society of the two parties was almost quite distinct. Some few individuals were met both at the houses of the returned Emigrés and at those of the Constitutionals, as they delighted to call themselves—really inventors of imaginary constitutions—the Liberals, as they were contemptuously called by those who clung to the Bourbon traditions of government. Maria was amused at hearing a lady say, "Moi je ne suis d'aucune partie, je ne suis que bon Royaliste."

As a stranger, Maria had of course nothing to do with these different parties, and she found much entertainment in hearing the different opinions and the totally different views taken by the company she met on the same evening at the houses of returned Emigrants and at those of Liberals. The Emigrants spoke of Liberals with the bitterest detestation as revolutionary monsters; the Liberals spoke of Ultras as bigoted idiots. As one of them said of a lady celebrated in 1803 as a wit and brilliant converser, "Autrefois elle avait de l'esprit, mais elle est devenue Ultra, dévote et bête."

Maria did not sympathise with the violence of either party, but made her own diversion, and drew her own moral from it. She saw that neither party knew their own position, all having been so changed since the return of the Bourbons from what it had been during Buona-

parte's rule, and all so different from what it had been in the old days which the Bourbon party remembered. She perceived that neither the men who clustered together apart from the ladies, nor the ladies who screamed politics to attract their notice, understood what they were talking about; and she always made them agreeable to her and to themselves by turning whoever she conversed with away from Ultraism and Liberalism to wit, science, or literature. She spoke French with so much ease and spirit, that her powers appeared as brilliant as if she was using her native language. One night, when she had been very entertaining on turns of French expression and masculine and feminine words, a lady rather rudely exclaimed, "Elle fait des calemboures dans notre langue!"

Several of the old aristocracy were charmed by Maria's knowledge of old French classic literature, which brought out all their own best powers of conversation, and opened their hearts to tell her much of their adventures and misfortunes in the revolutionary days. Her ready sympathy and real interest in what people told of themselves seemed always to induce those with whom she conversed to confide to her not only the story of their lives, but their thoughts and feelings. This real sympathy and real interest in what she was listening to formed one of her especial charms to those who were at first struck by her wit and genius—it surprised French talkers to find her so able a listener. Her hereditary taste for science brought her into company with all the distinguished men of science at Paris; and as many of these had been well acquainted with Buonaparte, her just appreciation of his character and her admiration of his genius, expressed 'si nettement,' gained

the confidence of those who had been his friends, and they were glad to pour out the mingled feelings of regret at his loss, and of relief from his imperiousness. The manner in which she entered into and understood this mixed feeling made the conversation of which Maria was the centre more real and less conventional than was to be heard in any other part of an assembly; but the most singular of her powers of attraction at Paris was the delight which young men of fashion took in her company—those of both the styles then in vogue: the gay—what used to be especially French—the light, easy, enjoying-the-world style, and what was then becoming the mode, melancholy and Byronic. One night, coming from one room to another with her party at a large assembly, they interrupted a *tête-à-tête* between a very beautiful lady and one of the gay style of fashionable youths. Though Parisians, they were a little disconcerted; but Maria seemed at once the friend of both, addressing each with so much readiness and playfulness as to put them and the rest of the company at ease immediately. This young gentleman was always at her service, and delighted to be of her society. Another, one of the Byron and melancholy fashion, appeared to be fascinated by Maria, though she laughed at his anti-French-nature efforts to be "triste," and ridiculed his fondness for "le vague" in poetry. The fascination was his perceiving that while she ridiculed his affectation, she valued his abilities and his good qualities.

Maria undervalued the power of memory in general, and her own in particular; but though she often reproached herself with having missed the right recollection at the right time, she had a most happy memory

of what would please the person she addressed. Quite unexpectedly, one day at dinner at Madame Suard's, she met M. de Maintbiron, who had years before written a clever Essay on Prejudice. She remembered him and it instantly, and delighted him, though he was in a great fright, as there had been disturbances in the streets, and he had come through a mob, and the gens-d'armes were firing—somewhere. At every shot one of the company took the trouble to turn round and say, "Pooh!" and Madame Suard sat with her knife and fork upright, too much alarmed to eat, or even help her guests. The riots were about "La Charte," but were, as she says in her letter of June 9, easily suppressed.

All had so changed from what it had been when Mr. Edgeworth was banished from Paris because Buonaparte supposed him to be the Abbé Edgeworth's brother, that now being considered connections of the Abbé de Firmont was a passport for Maria and her sisters to many of the houses of the *ancienne noblesse;* and they were specially invited to see a picture at Madame de Caumont's of the Duchesse d'Angoulême attending the Abbé Edgeworth's death-bed. Of this society was a Monsieur Constant, a young officer who was to accompany Maria and some friends to St. Leu, and she wrote to one of the party, "Nous aurons aussi M. Constant (non Benjamin,)" which "non Benjamin" charmed her correspondent, who was Ultra.

They always spoke of the Abbé Edgeworth as the Abbé de Firmont, which name he had taken because of the difficulty the French found in the *w* and *th*—Edge*v*at*z* being the usual attempt at the name. At one house a valet, after Maria had several times repeated to

him "Edgeworth," exclaimed, "Ah! je renonce à ça," and throwing open the door of the saloon, announced Madame Maria et Mesdemoiselles ses sœurs.

A debate on the different nature of English and French eloquence, between Maria and M. de Pastoret, at the Duchesse Douairière d'Orleans', was, my daughters told me, so able and lively, with such good quotations from each, and the merits and defects of the French *style noble* and of English popular speaking so entertainingly brought out, the whole dialogue might have been printed as it was spoken.

Maria having been long engaged to pay Mr. and Mrs. Moilliet a visit at Geneva, left Paris with her sisters the 18th of June on her way to Switzerland.

To Miss Ruxton.

"*Passy, July* 19.

"Most comfortably, most happily seated at a little table in dear Madame Gautier's cabinet, with a view of soft acacias seen through half-open Venetian blinds, with a cool breeze waving the trees of this hanging garden, and the song of birds and the cheerful voices of little Caroline Delessert and her brother playing with bricks in the next room to me, I write to you, my beloved friend. I must give you a history of one of our last days at Paris—

"Here entered Madame Gautier with a sweet rose and a sprig of verbena and mignionette—so like one of the nosegays I have so often received from dear Aunt Ruxton, and bringing gales of Black Castle to my heart. But to go on with my last days at Paris.

"Friday, July 14.—Dancing-master nine to ten;

and while Fanny and Harriet were dancing, I paid bills, saw tradespeople, and cleared away some of that necessary business of life which must be done behind the scenes. Breakfasted at Camille Jordan's: it was half-past twelve before the company assembled, and we had an hour's delightful conversation with Camille Jordan and his wife in her spotless white muslin and little cap, sitting at her husband's feet as he lay on the sofa, as clean, as nice, as fresh, and as thoughtless of herself as my mother. At this breakfast we saw three of the most distinguished of that party who call themselves *Les Doctrinaires*—and say they are more attached to measures than to men. Camille Jordan himself has just been deprived of his place of Conseiller d'Etat and one thousand five hundred francs per annum, because he opposed government in the law of elections. These three Doctrinaires were Casimir Perrier, Royer Collard, and Benjamin Constant, who is, I believe, of a more violent party. I do not like him at all: his countenance, voice, manner, and conversation are all disagreeable to me. He is a fair, *whithky*-looking man, very near-sighted, with spectacles which seem to pinch his nose. He pokes out his chin to keep the spectacles on, and yet looks over the top of his spectacles, *squinching* up his eyes so that you cannot see your way into his mind. Then he speaks through his nose, and with a lisp, strangely contrasting with the vehemence of his emphasis. He does not give me any confidence in the sincerity of his patriotism, nor any high idea of his talents, though he seems to have a mighty high idea of them himself. He has been well called Le *hero* des Brochures. We sat beside one another, and I think felt a mutual antipathy. On the other side of me was

Royer Collard, suffering with toothache and swelled face; but, notwithstanding the distortion of the swelling, the natural expression of his countenance, and the strength and sincerity of his soul made their way, and the frankness of his character and plain superiority of his talents were manifest in five minutes' conversation.

"Excellent Degerando gave me an account of all he had done in one district in Spain, where he succeeded in employing the poor and inspiring them with a desire to receive the wages of industry, instead of alms from hospitals, &c. At Rome he employed the poor in clearing away many feet of earth withinside the Colosseum, and discovered beneath a beautiful pavement; but when the Pope returned the superstition of the people took a sudden turn, and conceiving that this earth had been consecrated, and ought not to have been removed, they set to work and filled in all the rubbish again over the pavement!

"After this breakfast we went to the Duchesse d'Uzé —little, shrivelled, thin, high-born, high-bred old lady, who knew and admired the Abbé Edgeworth, and received us with distinction as his relations. Her great-grandfather was the Duc de Chatillon, and she is great-granddaughter, or something that way, of Madame de Montespan, and her husband grand-nephew straight to Madame de la Valiere: their superb hotel is filled with pictures of all sizes, from miniatures by Petitôt to full-lengths by Mignard, of illustrious and interesting family pictures—in particular, Mignard's La Valiere en Magdalene; we returned to it again and again, as though we could never see it enough: a full-length of Madame de Montespan, prettier than I wished. After a view of these pictures and of the garden, in

which there was a catalpa in splendid flower, we departed.

"This day we dined with Lord Carrington and his daughter, Lady Stanhope: the Count de Noé, beside whom I sat, was an agreeable talker. In the evening we received a note from Madame Lavoisier—Madame de Rumford, I mean, telling us that she had just arrived at Paris, and warmly begging to see us. Rejoiced was I that my sisters should have this glimpse of her, and off we drove to her; but I must own that we were disappointed in this visit, for there was a sort of *chuffiness*, and a sawdust kind of unconnected cutshortness in her manner, which we could not like. She was almost in the dark, with one ballooned lamp and semicircle of black men round her sofa, on which she sat cushioned up, giving the word for conversation—and a very odd course she gave to it—on some wife's separation from her husband; and she took the wife's part, and went on for a long time in a shrill voice, proving that, where a husband and wife detested each other, they should separate, and asserting that it must always be the man's fault when it comes to this pass! She ordered another lamp, that the gentlemen might, as she said, see my sisters' pretty faces; and the light came in time to see the smiles of the gentlemen at her matrimonial maxims. Several of the gentlemen were unknown to me. Old Gallois sat next to her, dried, and in good preservation, tell my mother; M. Garnier ('Richesses des Nations,') and Cuvier, with whom I had a comfortable dose of good conversation. Just as we left the room Humboldt and the Prince de Beauveau arrived, but we were engaged to Madame Recamier.

"15th.—We breakfasted with Madame de l'Aigle,

sister to the Duc de Broglie. (Now Madame Gautier is putting on her bonnet, to take us to La Bagatelle.) I forgot to tell you that Prince Potemkin is nephew to *the* famous Potemkin. He has just returned from England, particularly pleased with Mr. Coke, of Norfolk, and struck by the noble and useful manner in which he spends his large fortune. This young Russian appears very desirous to apply all he has seen in foreign countries to the advantage of his own.

"After our breakfast at Madame de l'Aigle's, we went home, and met Prince Edmond de Beauveau by appointment, and went with him to the Invalides: saw the library, and plans and models of fortifications, for which the Duc de Coigny, unasked, sent us tickets, and there we met his secretary, a warm Buonapartist, whom we honoured for his gratitude and attachment to his old master.

"Dined at Passy, and met Mrs. Malthus, M. Garnier, and M. Chaptal—the great Chaptal—very interesting man. In the evening at the Princesse de Beauveau's and Lady Granard's.

"Sunday with the Miss Byrnes to Notre Dame, and went with them to introduce them to Lady (Sidney) Smith: charming house, gardens, and pictures. To Madame de Rumford's, and she was very agreeable this morning. Dined at Mr. Creed's, under the trees in their garden, with Mr. and Mrs. Malthus, and Mrs. and Miss Eyre, friends of Anna's, fresh from Italy—very agreeable.

"Now we have returned from a very pleasant visit to La Bagatelle. What struck me most there was the bust of the Duc d'Angoulême, with an inscription from his own letter during the Cent Jours, when he was de-

tained by the enemy: 'J'espere—j'exige même que le Roi ne fera point de sacrifice pour me ravoir; je crains ni la prison ni la mort.'

"Yesterday we went to Sevres—beautiful manufacture of china, especially a table, with views of all the royal palaces, and a vase six feet and a half high, painted with natural flowers.

"Louis XV. was told that there was a man who had never been out of Paris: he gave him a pension, provided he never went out of town: he quitted Paris the year after! I have not time to make either prefaces or moral. We breakfast at Mr. Chenevix's on Monday, and propose to be at Geneva on Saturday."

To Miss Lucy Edgeworth.

"*Passy, July* 23, 1820.

"I hope this will find you under the tree in my garden, with Sophy Ruxton near you, and my mother and Sophy and Pakenham, who will run and call my aunts, for whom Honora will set chairs; and Lovell will, I hope, be at home too: so I picture you to myself all happily assembled, and you have had a good night, and all is right, and Honora has placed my Aunt Mary with her back to the light—AND Maria is very like Mr. Fitzherbert, who always tells his friends at home what *they* are doing, instead of what he is doing, which is what they want to know.

"Yesterday we dined—for the last time, alas! this season—with excellent Benjamin Delessert. The red book which you will receive with this letter was among the many other pretty books lying on the table before dinner, and I was so much delighted with it, and

wished so much that Pakenham was looking at it with me, that dear François Delessert procured a copy of 'Les Animaux savants' for me the next morning. We never saw Les Cerfs at Tivoli, but we saw a woman walk down a rope in the midst of the fireworks, and I could not help shutting my eyes. As I was looking at the picture of the stag rope-dancer in this book, and talking of the wonderful intelligence and feeling of animals, an old lady who was beside me told me that some Spanish horses she had seen were uncommonly proud-spirited, resenting always an insult more than an injury. One of these, who had been used to be much caressed by his master, saw him in a field one day talking to a friend, and came up, according to his custom, to be caressed. The horse put his head in between the master and his friend, to whom he was talking; the master, eager in conversation, gave him a box on the ear: the horse withdrew his head instantly, took it for an affront, and never more would he permit his master to caress or mount him again.

"The little *dessert* directed for Pakenham was picked out for him from a dish of bonbons at the last dessert at Benjamin's. It is impossible to tell you all the little exquisite instances of kindness and attention we have received from this excellent family. The respect, affection, and admiration with which, *à propos* to everything great and small, they remember my father and mother, is most touching and gratifying.

"Yesterday morning we had been talking of Mrs. Hofland's 'Son of a Genius,' which is very well translated under the name of 'Ludovico.' I told Madame Gautier the history of Mrs. Hofland, and then went to look for the lines which she wrote on my father's birth-

day. Madame Gautier followed me into this cabinet to read them. I then showed to her Sophy's lines, which I love so much.

"Sophy! I see your colour rising; but trust to me! I will never do you any harm.

"Madame Gautier was exceedingly touched with them. She pointed to the line

'Those days are past which never can return,'

and said in English, 'This is the day on which we all used to celebrate my dear mother's birthday, but I never *keep* days now, except that, according to our Swiss custom, we carry flowers early in the morning to the grave. She and my father are buried in this garden, in a place you have not seen: I have been there at six o'clock this morning. You will not wonder, then, my dear friend, at my being touched by your sister Sophy's verses. I wish to know her; I am sure I shall love her. Is she most like Fanny or Harriet?' This led to a conversation on the difference between our different sisters and brothers; and Madame Gautier, in a most eloquent manner, described the character of each of her brothers, ending with speaking of Benjamin. 'Men have often two kinds of consideration in society; one derived from their public conduct, the other enjoyed in their private capacity. My brother Benjamin has equal influence in both. We all look up to him; we all apply to him as to our guardian friend. Besides the advantage of having such a friend, it gives us a pleasure which no money can purchase—the pleasure of feeling the mind elevated by looking up to a character we perfectly esteem, and that repose which results from perfect confidence.'

"I find always, when I come to the end of my paper, that I have not told you several entertaining things I had treasured up for you. I had a history of a man and woman from Cochin China, which must now be squeezed almost to death. Just before the French Revolution a French military man went out to India, was wrecked, and with two or three companions made his way, Lord knows how, to Cochin China. It happened that the King of Cochin China was at war, and was glad of some hints from the French officer, who was encouraged to settle in Cochin China, married a Cochin Chinese lady, rose to power and credit, became a mandarin of the first class, and within the last month has arrived in France with his daughter. When his relations offered to embrace her, she drew back with horror. She is completely Chinese, and her idea of happiness is to sit still and do nothing, not even to blow her nose. I hope she will not half change her views and opinions while she is in France, or she would become wholly unhappy on her return to China. Her father is on his word of honour to return in two years.

"I send by Lord Carrington a cutting of cactus, for my mother, from this garden: it is carefully packed, and will, I think, grow in the greenhouse."[1]

To Mrs. Ruxton.

"*At Mr. Moilliet's, Pregny, Geneva,*
"*August* 5, 1820.

"Whenever I feel any strong emotion, especially of pleasure, you, friend of my youth and age,—you, dear

[1] This cactus is still in my greenhouse, grown to a great height, and when covered with flowers looks magnificent. This year (1864,) from some blast, it is sickly and drooping.

resemblance of my father,—are always present to my mind; and I always wish and want immediately to communicate to you my feelings.

"I did not conceive it possible that I should feel so much pleasure from the beauties of nature as I have done since I came to this country. The first moment when I saw Mont Blanc will remain an era in my life—a new idea, a new feeling, standing alone in the mind.

"We are most comfortably settled here: Dumont, Pictet, Dr. and Mrs. Marcet, and various others dined and spent two most agreeable evenings here; and the fourth day after our arrival we set out on our expedition to Chamouni with M. Pictet, as kind, as active, and as warm-hearted as ever. Mrs. Moilliet was prevented, by the indisposition of Susan, from accompanying us; but Mr. Moilliet and Emily came with us at five o'clock in the morning in Mr. Moilliet's landau: raining desperately—great doubts—but on we went: rain ceased—the sun came out, the landau was opened, and all was delightful.

"My first impression of the country was that it was like Wales; but snow-capped Mont Blanc, visible everywhere from different points of view, distinguished the landscape from all I had ever seen before. Then the sides of the mountains, quite different from Wales indeed—cultivated with garden care, green vineyards, patches of blé de Turquie, hemp, and potatoes, all without enclosure of any kind, mixed with trees and shrubs: then the garden-cultivation abruptly ceasing—bare white rocks and fir above, fir measuring straight to the eye the prodigious height. Between the foot of the mountain and the road a border-plain of verdure, about the breadth of the lawn at Black Castle between

the trellis and Suzy Clarke's, rich with chestnut and walnut trees, and scarlet barberries painting the green.

"The inns on the Chamouni road are much better than those on the road from Paris: we grew quite fond of the honest family of the hotel at Chamouni. Pictet knows all the people, and wherever we stopped they all flocked round him with such cordial gratitude in their faces, from the little children to the grey-headed men and women; all seemed to love 'Monsieur le Professor.' The guides, especially Pierre Balma and his son, are some of the best-informed and most agreeable men I ever conversed with. Indeed for six months of the year they keep company with the most distinguished travellers of Europe. With these guides, each of us armed with a long pole with an iron spike, such as my uncle described to me ages ago, and which I never expected to wield, we came down La Flegiere, which we mounted on mules. In talking to an old woman who brought us strawberries, I was surprised to hear her pronounce the Italian proverb, 'Poco a poco fa lontano nel giorno.' I thought she must have been beyond the Alps—no, she had never been out of her own mountains. The patois of these people is very agreeable—a mixture of the Italian fond diminutives and accents on the last syllable—Septembré, Octobré.

"Our evening walk was to the arch of ice at the source of the Arveron, and we went in the dusk to see a manufactory of cloth, made by a single individual peasant—the machinery for spinning, carding, weaving, and all made, woodwork and ironwork, by his own hands. He had in his youth worked in some manufactory in Dauphiny. The workmanship was astonishing, and the modesty and philosophy of the man still more astonishing.

When I said, 'I hope all this succeeds in making money for you and your family,' he answered, 'Money was not my object: I make just enough for myself and my family to live by, and that is all I want; I made it for employment for ourselves in the long winter evenings. And if it lasts after me, it may be of service to some of them; but I do not much look to that. It often happens that sons are of a different way of thinking from their fathers: mine may think little of these things, and if so, no harm.'

"The table-d'hôte at Chamouni—thirty people—was very entertaining. We had a most agreeable addition to our party in M. and Madame Arago: he was very civil to us at Paris, and very glad to meet us again. As we were walking to a cascade, he told me most romantic adventures of his in Spain and Algiers, which I will tell you hereafter; but I must tell you now a curious anecdote of Buonaparte. When he had abdicated after the battle of Waterloo, he sent for Arago, and offered him a considerable sum of money if he would accompany him to America. He had formed the project of establishing himself in America, and of carrying there in his train several men of science! Madame Bertrand was the person who persuaded him to go to England. Arago was so disgusted at his deserting his troops, he would have nothing more to do with him.

"We returned by the beautiful valley of Sallenches and S. Gervais to Geneva. I forgot to mention about a dozen cascades, one more beautiful than the other, and I thought of Ondine, which you hate, and 'mon Oncle Friedelhausen.' We had left our carriage at S. Martin, and travelled in char-à-bancs, with which you and Sophy made me long ago acquainted—

cousin-german to an Irish jaunting-car. We were well drenched by the rain; and as we had imprudently lined our great straw hats with green, we arrived at S. Gervais with chins and shoulders dyed green. The hotel at S. Gervais is the most singular-looking house I ever saw. You drive through a valley, between high pine-covered mountains that seem remote from human habitation—when suddenly in a scoop-out in the valley you see a large, low, strange wooden building round three sides of a square—half Chinese, half American-looking, with galleries, and domes, and sheds—the whole unpainted wood. Under the projecting roof of the gallery stood a lady in a purple silk dress, plaiting straw, and various other figures in shawls, and caps, and flowered bonnets, some looking very fine, others deadly sick—all curious to see the new-comers. M. Goutar, the master, reminded me of Samuel Essington: full of gratitude to M. Pictet, who had discovered these baths for him, he whisked about with his round, perspiring face, eager to say a hundred things at once, with a tongue too large for his mouth, and a goitre which impeded his utterance, and showed us his douches and contrivances, and spits turned by water—very ingenious, and reminding me of Mr. Corry. Dinner in a long, low, narrow room—about fifty people; and after dinner we were ushered into a room with calico curtains, very smart—a select party let in. Many unexpected compliments on 'Patronage' from a Dijon Marquise, who was at the baths to get rid of a redness in her nose. Enter, a sick, but very gentlewomanlike Prussian Countess, 'Patronage' again: Walter Scott's novels, as well known as in England, admirably criticised. She promised me a letter to Madame de Montolieu.

"At Chamouni there is a little museum of stones and crystals, &c., where MM. Moilliet and Pictet contrived to treat their geological souls to seven napoleons' worth of specimens. An English lady was buying some baubles, when her husband entered: 'God bless my soul and body, *another* napoleon gone!'

"At the inn at Bonneville—*shackamarack* gilt dirt, Irish-French. Pictet bought a sparrow some boys in the street threw up at the window, and said he would bring it home for his little grandson. It was ornamented with a topping made of scarlet cloth. He put it in his hat, and tied a handkerchief over it; and hatless in the burning sun he brought it to Geneva."

"*August* 6.

"The day after our return we dined at Mrs. Marcet's with M. Dumont, M. and Madame Prevost, M. de la Rive, M. Bonstettin, and M. de Candolle, the botanist, a particularly agreeable man. He told us of many experiments on the cure of goitres. In proportion as the land has been cultivated in some districts the goitres have disappeared. M. Bonstettin told us of some Cretins, the lowest in the scale of human intellect, who used to assemble before a barber's shop and laugh immoderately at their own imitations of all those who came to the shop, ridiculing them in a language of their own."

To Mrs. Edgeworth.

"*Pregny, Aug.* 10, 1820.

"I wrote to my Aunt Ruxton a long—much too long an account of our Chamouni excursion, since which

we have dined at Pictet's with his daughters, Madame Prevost Pictet and Madame Vernet, agreeable, sensible, and the remains of great beauty; but the grandest of all his married daughters is Madame Enard. M. Enard is building a magnificent house, the admiration, envy, and *scandal* of Geneva; we have called it the Palais de la Republique.

"Dumont, tell Honora, is very kind and cordial; he seems to enjoy universal consideration here, and he loves Mont Blanc next to Bentham, above all created things: I had no idea till I saw him here how much he enjoyed the beauties of nature. He gave us a charming anecdote of Madame de Stael when she was very young. One day M. Suard, as he entered the saloon of the hotel Necker saw Madame Necker going out of the room, and Mademoiselle Necker standing in a melancholy attitude with tears in her eyes. Guessing that Madame Necker had been lecturing her, Suard went towards her to comfort her, and whispered, 'Un caresse du papa vous dedommagera bien de tout ça.' She immediately wiping the tears from her eyes, answered, 'Eh! oui Monsieur, mon père songe à mon bonheur present, maman songe à mon avenir.' There was more than presence of mind, there was heart and soul and greatness of mind in this answer.

"Dumont speaks to me in the kindest, most tender and affectionate manner of our Memoirs; he says he hears from England, and from all who have read them, that they have produced the effect we wished and hoped; the MS. had interested him, he said, so deeply, that with all his efforts he could not then put himself in the place of the indifferent public.

"M. Vernet, Pictet's son-in-law, mentioned a compli-

ment of a Protestant curé at Geneva to the new Catholic Bishop which French politeness might envy, and which I wish that party-spirit in Ireland and all over the world could imitate. 'Monseigneur, vous êtes dans un pays où la moitié du peuple vous ouvre leurs cœurs, et l'autre moitié vous tendent les bras.'

"We have taken a pretty and comfortable caleche for our three weeks' tour with the Moilliets. But I must tell you of our visit to M. and Madame de Candolle; we went there to see some volumes of drawings of flowers which had been made for him. I will begin from the beginning; Joseph Buonaparte, who has been represented by some as a mere drunkard, did, nevertheless, some good things, he encouraged a Spaniard of botanical skill to go over to Mexico and make a Mexican Flora; he employed Mexican artists, and expended considerable sums of money upon it; the work was completed, but the engraving had not been commenced when the revolution drove Joseph from his throne. The Spaniard withdrew from Spain, bringing with him his botanical treasure, and took refuge at Marseilles, where he met De Candolle, who, on looking over his Mexican Flora, said it was admirably well done for Mexicans, who had no access to European books, and he pointed out its deficiencies; they worked at it for eighteen months, when De Candolle was to return to Geneva, and the Spaniard said to him, 'Take the book —as far as I am concerned, I give it to you, but if my government should reclaim it, you will let me have it.' De Candolle took it and returned to Geneva, where he became not only famous but beloved by all the inhabitants. This summer he gave a course of lectures on botany, which has been the theme of universal admira-

tion. Just as the lectures finished, a letter came from the Spaniard, saying he had been unexpectedly recalled to Spain, that the King had offered to him the Professorship he formerly held, that he could not appear before the King without his book; and that, however unwilling, he must request him to return it in eight days. One of De Candolle's young-lady pupils was present when he received the letter, and expressed his regret at losing the drawings: she exclaimed, 'We will copy them for you.' De Candolle said it was impossible—1500 drawings in eight days! He had some duplicates however, and some which were not peculiar to Mexico he threw aside, this reduced the number to a thousand, which were distributed among the volunteer artists. The talents and the industry shown, he says, were astonishing; all joined in this benevolent undertaking without vanity, and without rivalship; those who could not paint drew the outlines; those who could not draw, traced; those who could not trace made themselves useful by carrying the drawings backwards and forwards. One was by an old lady of eighty. We saw thirteen folio volumes of these drawings done in the eight days! Of course some were much worse than others, but even this I liked, it showed that individuals were ready to sacrifice their own amour propre in a benevolent undertaking.

"De Candolle went himself with the original Flora to the frontier; he was to send it by Lyons. Now the custom-house officers between the territory of Geneva and France, are some of the most strict and troublesome in the universe, and when they saw the book they said, 'You must pay 1500 francs for this.' But when the chief of the Douane heard the story, he caught the

enthusiasm, and with something like a tear in the corner of his eye, exclaimed, 'We must let this book pass. I hazard my place; but let it pass.'"

To Miss Lucy Edgeworth.

"*Pregny, August* 13, 1820.

"My dear Lucy,

"'Ask to see' Lettres Physiques et Morales sur l'histoire de la Terre et de l'homme adressées à la Reine d'Angleterre, par M. de Luc. 1778.

"Ask your mother to send a messenger forthwith to Pakenham Hall, to borrow this book; and if the gossoon does not bring it from Pakenham Hall, next morning at flight of night send off another or the same to Castle Forbes, and to Mr. Cobbe, who, if he has not the book, ought to be hanged, and if he has, drawn and quartered if he does not send it to you. But if, nevertheless, he should not send it, do not rest satisfied under three fruitless attempts; let another—not the same boy, as I presume his feet are weary—gossoon be off at the flight of night for Baronstown, and in case of a fourth failure there, neither to stint nor stay till he reaches Sonna, where I hope he will at last find it. Now if, after all, it should not amuse you, I shall be much mistaken, that's all. Skip over the tiresome parts, of which there are many, and you will find an account of the journey we are going to make, and of many of the feelings we have had in seeing glaciers, seas of ice and mountains.

"I believe I mentioned in some former letter that we had become acquainted with M. Arago, who, in his height and size, reminded us of our own dear Doctor

Brinkley, but I am sure I did not tell what I kept for you, my dear Lucy, that you might have the pleasure of telling it to your mother and all the friends around you.

"When M. Arago was with us in our excursion to Chamouni, he was speaking of the voyage of Captain Scoresby to the Arctic Regions, which he had with him, and was reading with great delight. As I found he was fond of voyages and travels, and from what he said of this book perceived that he was an excellent judge of their merits, I asked if he had ever happened to meet with a book called Karamania, by *a* Captain Beaufort. He knew nothing of our connection with him, and I spoke with a perfect indifference from which he could not guess that I felt any interest about the book, or the person, but the sort of lighting up of pleasure which you have seen in Doctor Brinkley's face when he hears of a thing he much approves, immediately appeared in Monsieur Arago's face, and he said Karamania was, of all the books of travels he had seen, that which he admired the most: that he admired it for its clearness, its truth, its perfect freedom from ostentation. He said it contained more knowledge in fewer words than any book of travels he knew, and must remain a book of reference—a standard book. Then he mentioned several passages that he recollected having liked which proved the impression they had made; the Greek fire, the amphitheatre at Sidé, &c. He knew the book as well as we do, and alluded to the parts we all liked with great rapidity and delight in perceiving our sympathy. He pointed out the places where an ordinary writer would have given pages of amplification. He was particularly pleased with the manner in which the affair of

the sixty Turks is told, and said, 'That marked the character of the man and does honour to his country.'

"I then told him that Captain Beaufort was uncle to the two young ladies with me!

"He told me he had read an article in the Journal des Sçavans in which Karamania is mentioned and parts translated. I have recommended it to many at Paris who wanted English books to translate, but I am sorry to say that little is read there besides politics and novels. Science has, however, a better chance than literature.

"Whenever any one in your Book Society wants to bespeak a book, perhaps you could order 'Recueil des Eloges par M. Cuvier.' They contain the *Lives* not merely the *Eloges* of all the men of science since 1800 beautifully written, and with an excellent introduction. The lives of Priestley and Cavendish are written with so much candour towards the English philosophers that even Mr. Chenevix cannot have anything to complain of."

To Miss Honora Edgeworth.

"*Berne, August* 19, 1820.

"The day we set out from Pregny we breakfasted at Coppet; from some misunderstanding M. de Stael had not expected us and had breakfasted, but as he is remarkably well-bred, easy, and obliging in his manners he was not *put out*, and while our breakfast was preparing he showed us the house. All the rooms once inhabited by Madame de Stael, we could not think of as common rooms—they have a classical power over the mind, and this was much heightened by the strong at-

tachment and respect for her memory shown in every word, and look, and *silence* by her son and by her friend, Miss Randall. He is correcting for the press Les dix années d'Exil. M. de Stael after breakfast took us a delightful walk through the grounds which he is improving with good taste and judgment. He told me that his mother never gave any work to the public in the form in which she had originally composed it; she changed the arrangement and expression of her thoughts with such facility, and was so little attached to her own first views of the subject that often a work was completely re-modelled by her while passing through the press. Her father disliked to see her make any formal preparation for writing when she was young, so that she used to write often on the corner of the chimney-piece, or on a pasteboard held in her hand, and always in the room with others, for her father could not bear her to be out of the room—and this habit of writing without preparation she preserved ever after wards.

"M. de Stael told me of a curious interview he had with Buonaparte when he was enraged with his mother who had published remarks on his government—concluding with 'Eh! bien vous avez raison aussi. Je conçois qu'un fils doit toujours faire la defense de sa mère, mais enfin, si Monsieur veut écrire des libelles, il faut aller en Angleterre. Ou bien s'il cherche la gloire c'est en Angleterre qu'il faut aller. C'est Angleterre, ou la France—il n'y a que ces deux pays en Europe—dans le monde.'

"Before any one else at Paris, Miss Randall told me, had the MS. de S. Helène, a copy had been sent to the Duke of Wellington, who lent it to Madame de Stael;

she began to read it eagerly, and when she had read about half, she stopped and exclaimed, 'Where is Benjamin Constant? we will wait for him.' When he came she began to give him an account of what they had been reading; he listened with the indifference of a person who had already seen the book, and when she urged him to read up to them, he said he would go on where they were. When it was criticized, he defended it, or writhed under it as if the attack was personal. When accused of being the author, he denied it with vehemence, and Miss Randall said to him, 'If you had simply denied it I might have believed you, but when you come to swearing, I am sure that you are the author.'

"M. de Stael called his little brother, Alphonse Rocca, to introduce him to us; he is a pleasing gentle-looking, ivory-pale boy with dark-blue eyes, not the least like Madame de Stael. M. de Stael speaks English perfectly, and with the air of an English man of fashion. After our walk he proposed our going on the lake—and we rowed for about an hour. The deep, deep blue of the water, and the varying colours as the sun shone and the shadows of the clouds appeared on it were beautiful. When we returned and went to rest in M. de Stael's cabinet, Dumont, who had quoted from Voltaire's Ode on the Lake of Geneva, read it to us. Read it and tell me where you think it ought to begin.

"We slept at Morges on Tuesday, and arrived late and tired at Yverdun. Next morning we went to see Pestalozzi's establishment; he recognized me and I him; he is, tell my mother, the same wild-looking man he was, with the addition of seventeen years. The

whole superintendence of the school is now in the hands of his masters; he just shows a visitor into the room, and re-appears as you are going away with a look that pleads irresistibly for an obole of praise.

"While we were in the school, and while I was stretching my poor little comprehension to the utmost to follow the master of mathematics, I saw enter a benevolent-looking man with an open forehead and a clear kind eye. He was obviously an Englishman, and from his manner of standing I thought he was a captain in the Navy. My attention was called away and I was intent upon an account of a school for deaf and dumb, which I was interested in on account of William Beaufort, when a lady desired to be introduced to me; she said she had been talking to Mrs. Moilliet taking her for Miss Edgeworth—she was 'the wife of Captain Hillyar, Captain Beaufort's friend.' What a revolution in all our ideas! We almost ran to Captain Hillyar, my benevolent-looking Englishman, and most cordially did he receive us, and insisted upon our all coming to dine with him. When I presented Fanny and Harriet to him as Captain Beaufort's nieces he did look so pleased, and all the way home he was praising Captain Beaufort with such delight to himself. 'But I never write to the fellow, Faith! I'll tell you the truth, I can't bring myself to sit down and write to him, he is such a superior being, I can't do it, what can I have to say worth his reading? Why, look at his letters, one page of them contains more sense than I could write in a volume.'

"While my companions were arranging themselves before dinner, I sat down at Captain Hillyar's desk, and wrote to Captain Beaufort an account of his friend.

"At dinner, turning to Fanny and Harriet, he drank 'Uncle Francis' health;' and when we took leave he shook us by the hand at the carriage door. 'You know we sailors can never take leave without a hearty shake of the hand. It comes from the heart, and I hope will go to it.'

"From Yverdun our evening drive by the Lake of Neufchatel was beautiful, and mounting gradually we came late at night to Paienne, and next day to Fribourg, at the dirtiest of inns, as if kept by chance, and such a mixture of smells of onions, grease, dirt, and dunghill! But, never mind! I would bear all that, and more, to see and hear Père Gerard. But this I keep for Lovell, as I shall tell him all about Pestalozzi, Fellenburg, and Père Gerard's schools. You shall not even know who Père Gerard is.

"So we go on to Berne. The moment we entered this canton we perceived the superior cultivation of the land, the comfort of the cottagers, and their fresh-coloured, honest, jolly, independent, hardworking appearance. Trees of superb growth, beech and fir, beautifully mixed, on the sides of the mountains. On the road here we had the finest lightning I ever saw flashing from the horizon. Berne is chiefly built of a whitish stone, like Bath stone, and flagged walks arched over, like Chester. A clear rivulet runs through the middle of each street: delightful public walks. On Sunday we saw the peasants in their holiday costume, very pretty, &c.

"I have kept to the last that M. de Stael and Miss Randall spoke in the most gratifying terms of praise of my father's Life. Thank you, my dear Honora, for all you are doing for 'Rosamond.' I will write and send

to you a short address to the reader, to say what age the book is intended for."

To Miss Waller.

"*Coppet, Sept.* 1, 1820.

"I am sure that you have heard of us, and of all we have done and seen from Edgeworthstown as far as Berne: from thence we went to Thun: there we took char-à-bancs, little low carriages, like half an Irish jaunting car, with four wheels, and a square tarpaulin awning over our heads. Jolting along on these vehicles, which would go over a house, I am sure, without being overturned or without being surprised, we went—the Swiss postillion jolting along at the same round rate up and down, without ever looking back to see whether the carriages and passengers follow, yet now and then turning to point to mountains, glaciers, and cascades. The valley of Lauterbrunn is beautiful; a clear, rushing cascady stream rushes through it: fine chestnuts, walnuts, and sycamores scattered through, the verdure on the mountains between the woods fresh and bright. Pointed mountains covered with snow in the midst of every sign of flowery summer strike us with a sense of the sublime which never grows familiar. The height of the Staubach waterfall, which we saw early in the morning, astonished my mind, I think, more than my eyes, looking more like thin vapour than water—more like *strings* of water; and I own I was disappointed, after all I had heard of it.

"We went on to the valley of Grindelwald, where we saw, as we thought two fields off, a glacier to which we wished to go; and accordingly we left the char-à-bancs,

and walked down the sloping field, expecting to reach it in a few minutes, but we found it a long walk—about two miles. To this sort of deception about distances we are continually subject, from the clearness of the air, and from the unusual size of the objects, for which we have no points of comparison, and no previous habits of estimating. We were repaid for our walk, however, when we came to the source of the Lutzen, which springs under an arch of ice in the glacier. The river runs clear and sparkling through the valley, while over the arch rests a mountain of ice, and beside it a valley of ice; not smooth or uniform, but in pyramids, and arches, and blocks of immense size, and between them clefts and ravines. The sight and the sound of the waters rushing, and the solemn immovability of the ice, formed a sublime contrast.

"On the grass at the very foot of this glacier were some of the most delicious wood-strawberries I ever tasted.

"At Interlaken we met Sneyd and Henrica in a very pleasant situation in that most beautiful country. We parted on the banks of the lake of Brienz. On this lake we had an hour's delightful sailing, and *put into* a little bay and climbed up a mountain to see the cascade of the Giesbach, by far the most beautiful I ever beheld, and beyond all of which painting or poetry had ever given me any idea. Indeed it is particularly difficult, if not absolutely impossible, to give a representation of cascades which depend for effect upon the height from which they fall, the rush of motion, the sparkling and foam of the water in motion, and the magnitude of the surrounding objects.

"After passing the lake of Brienz, we came to the far-

famed valley of Meyringen, which had been much cried up to us; but, whether from the usual perverseness of human nature, or from being spoiled by the luxury of cascades, valleys, and Alps we had previously seen, we were disappointed in it, though, to do it justice, it has nine cascades.

"We slept at a wooden inn, and rose at three; and, before four, mounted on our horses, set off for the Brunig; and after having gone up La Flegiere at Chamouni, the crossing the Brunig was a small consideration. Brava! brava!

"But—something happened to me and my horse; the result being that I went up the Brunig and down the Brunig on my two legs instead of on the horse's four, and was not the least tired with my three hours' scramble up and scramble down. At the little town of Sarnin we ate eggs and drank sour wine, and Mr. Moilliet, Fanny, and Harriet remounted their horses; Mrs. Moilliet, Emily, Susan, and I went in a char-à-banc of a different construction; not sitting sideways, but two phaeton seats, one behind the other, facing the horses. Such jolting, such *trimming* from side to side; but we were not overturned, and got out at the town of Stanzstadt, where, after seeing in the dirtiest inn's dirtiest room a girl with a tremendous black eye, besides the two with which nature had favoured her, we took boat again about sunset, and had a two hours' delicious rowing across the lake of Lucerne, which I prefer to every other I have seen. The moon full and placid on the waters, the stars bright in the deep blue sky, the town of Lucerne shadowed before us with lights here and there in the windows. The air became still, and the sky suddenly clouded over; thunder was heard; bright flashes

of lightning darted from behind the mountains and across the town, making it at intervals distinctly visible for a moment. It was dark when we landed, and we had to pass through two or three streets, servants, guides, bag, and baggage, groping our way; and oh, wretched mortals, went to the wrong place, and before we could reach the right one, down poured a water-spout of a shower on our devoted heads and backs. In five minutes, running as hard as we could, we were wet through; and Fanny, in crossing the street and plucking at the guide's bundle for a cloak for me, was nearly run over, but stood it; and, all dripping, we reached our inn, Le Cheval Blanc. An hour spent in throwing off wet clothes and putting on dry—tea, coffee—bed—bugs, and sleep, nevertheless.

"We rejoined our landau and caleche at Lucerne, and proceeded in them to Zug, where there is a famous convent or frauenkloster, which escaped being destroyed during the Revolution, because the abbess and nuns established a school for the female children of the neighbourhood, where they still continue to teach them to read and work: Madame Gautier had desired us to go and see it, and to it we walked: rang at the bell, were told that the nuns were all in the refectory, and were asked to wait. The nuns' repast was soon finished, and one came with a very agreeable, open countenance and fresh, brown complexion, well fed and happy-looking, becomingly dressed in snow-white hood and pelerine and brown gown. Bowing courteously, she by signs—for she could speak neither French nor English—invited us to follow her, and led us through cloister and passage to the room of the boarders; not nuns, only there for their education. A pretty Italian

girl, with corkscrew ringlets of dark hair, rose from her pianoforte to receive us, and spoke with much grace and self-complacency Italian-French, and accompanied by way of interpreter our own conductress, who *motioned* us to the sitting-room, where nuns and pensioners were embroidering, with silk, cotton, chenille, and beads, various pretty, ugly, and fantastical, useless things. Luckily, none were finished at that moment, and their empty basket saved our purses and our taste from danger or disgrace.

"I had spied in the corner of the Italian interpreter's apartment a daub of a print of the King and Queen of France taking leave of their family, with a German inscription; and thinking the Abbé Edgeworth had a good right to be in it, and as a kind of German notion of an Abbé appeared in the print, and something like Edgewatz in the German words, I put my finger on the spot, and bade the interpreter tell the nuns and the abbess, who now appeared, that we were nearly related to the Abbé Edgeworth, Louis XVI.'s confessor. This with some difficulty was put into the Italian's head, and through her into the nuns', and through them, in German, into the abbess' superior head. I heard a mistake in the first repetition, which ran, no doubt, through all the editions, viz., that we were *proches parens,* not to the King's confessor, but to the King! The nuns opened the whites of their eyes, and smiled regularly in succession as the bright idea reached them and the abbess—a good-looking soul, evidently of superior birth and breeding to the rest, all gracious and courteous in demeanour to the strangers.

"A thought struck me—or, as Mr. Barrett, of Navan, expressed it, 'I took a notion, ma'am'—that Fanny

would look well in a nun's dress; and boldly I went to work with my interpreter, who thought the request at first too bold to make; but I forced it through to nun the first, who backed and consulted nun the second, who at my instigation referred in the last appeal to the abbess, who, in her supreme good-nature, smiled, and pointed upstairs; and straight our two nuns carried Fanny and me off with them up stairs and stairs, and through passages and passages, to a little nun's room—I mean a nun's little room—nice with flowers and scraps of relics and religious prints. The nuns ran to a press in the wall, and took out ever so many plaited coifs and bands, and examined them all carefully as birthnight beauty would have done, to fix upon one which was most becoming. Nun the second ran for the rest of the habiliments, and I the while disrobed Fanny of her worldly sprigged cambric muslin and straw hat, which, by the bye, nun the second eyed with a fond admiration which proved she had not quite forgotten this world's conveniences. The eagerness with which they dressed Fanny, the care with which they adjusted the frontlet, and tucked in the ringlets, and placed the coif on her head, and pulled it down to exactly the right becoming sit, was exceedingly amusing. No coquette dressing for Almack's could have shown more fastidious nicety, or expressed more joy and delight at the toilette's triumphant success. They exclaimed in German, and lifted up hands and eyes in admiration of Fanny's beautiful appearance in nun's attire. The universal language of action and the no less universal language of flattery was not lost upon me: I really loved these nuns, and thought of my Aunt Ruxton's nuns, who were so good to her. Down corridors and stairs we

now led our novice, and the nuns showed her how to hold her hands tucked into her sleeves, and asked her name; and having learned it was Fanny, Frances, Sister Frances, were again overjoyed, because one of them was named Frances, the other was Agnes. When, between Sister Agnes and Sister Frances the first, Sister Frances the second entered the room, where we had left the abbess, Mrs. Moilliet, Emily, and Susan, they did not know Fanny in the least, and Harriet declared that, at the first moment, even she did not know her. Mrs. Moilliet told me she said to herself, 'What a very graceful nun is coming now!'

"After all had gathered round, and laughed, and admired, the abbess signified to me, through our interpreter, that we could do no less than leave her in the convent with them, and grew so mighty fond of Fanny, that I was in as great a hurry to get her nun's dress off as I had been to get it on; and when I had disrobed her, I could not think of a single thing to give the poor nuns, having no pockets, and my bag left in the carriage! At last, feeling all over myself, I twitched my little gold earrings out of my ears, and gave one, and Fanny gave the other, to the two nuns; and Sister Frances and Sister Agnes fell on their knees to pray for and thank us."

To Mrs. Edgeworth.

"*Pregny, Sept.* 6, 1820.

"On our return home—and I may well call dear, good Mrs. Moilliet's house home—we found all your letters, and I can never sufficiently rejoice that we were out on this tour when your *first* account of Lucy's ill-

ness came, as we were spared the agony of suspense when we could have done no good. As to Crampton, I can only say he is a good angel, and I love and admire and esteem him more than ever. Your account of his sudden appearance, and its effect on your own mind and on that of dear, suffering, patient Lucy, is delightful.

"Nothing can exceed the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Moilliet to us all. Mrs. Moilliet is excessively fond of Fanny and Harriet, and can never settle, thank God! which she likes best.

"The account of the loss of the three guides at Chamouni is, alas! too true: three perished by stepping into the new-fallen snow which covered the crevasses; one was Joseph Carrier, who was Harriet's guide. Mrs. Marcet has just told us that, at a breakfast given by M. Prevost to M. Arago, and many scientific and literary people, a few days after the accident, parties ran high on this as on all affairs: some said it was all M. Hamel's fault; some, that it was all the guides' own fault. One said he wished one of the English gentlemen who was of the party was present, for then they should know the truth. At this moment the servant announced a stranger, 'Monsieur Rumford,' the name sounded like as the man pronounced it, and they thought it was Count Rumford come to life. M. Prevost went out and returned with Mr. Dornford, one of the Englishmen who had been of Dr. Hamel's party, who came, he said, to beg permission to state the plain facts, as he heard they had been told to Dr. Hamel's disadvantage. He, Dr. Hamel, Mr. Henderson, and M. Lelleque, a French naturalist, set out: the guides had not dissuaded them from attempting to go up Mont

Blanc—only advised them to wait till a threatening cloud had passed. When it was gone, they all set out in high spirits; the guides cutting holes in the snow for their feet. This it is supposed loosened the snow newly fallen, and a quantity poured down over their heads. Mr. Dornford had pushed on before the guides; he shook off the snow as it fell, and felt no apprehension: on the contrary, he laughed as he *pawed* it away, and was making his way on, when he heard a cry from his companions, and looking back he saw some of them struggling in the snow. He helped to extricate them, saw a point moving in the snow, went to it, and pulled out Marie Coutay, one of the guides: he was quite purple, but recovered in the air. Looked round—two guides were missing: looked for them in vain, but saw a deep ravine covered with fresh snow, into which they must have fallen."

To Mrs. Ruxton.

"*Lausanne, Sept.* 14, 1820.

"Ages ago I promised myself the pleasure of dating a letter from Lausanne to my dear aunt, and now that I am at the place of which I have so often heard her speak, which I have so often wished to see, I can hardly believe it is not a dream. A fortnight ago we were here, returning from our tour through les Petits Cantons; but at that time we could not enjoy anything, as we had heard from Sneyd, whom we met at Interlaken, of Lucy's terrible illness. What a comfort to my mother to think that she was saved by your Sophy's steadiness and presence of mind, and by Lovell's decision and Crampton's skill and kindness!

"Yesterday we began our tour round the Lake of Geneva—Dumont, Fanny, Harriet, and I—in one of the carriages of the country, a mixture of a sociable and an Irish jingle, with some resemblance to a hearse, from a covered top on iron poles, which keeps off the sun. It was late when we arrived here, and so dark, with only a few lamps strung across the street here and there, we could scarcely see the forms of the great black horses scrambling and struggling up the almost perpendicular streets. How could you ever have borne it, my dear aunt? You must have been in perpetual fear of your life! Lord Bellamont's description of the County of Cavan—all acclivity and declivity, without any intervention of horizontality—I am sure applies to Lausanne. I am sure travelled horses from all parts of the world say to each other when they meet in the stable, 'Were you ever at Lausanne? Don't you hate Lausanne? How could men build a town in such a place? What asses! And how provoking, while we are breaking our backs, to hear them talking of picturesque beauty! I should like to see how they would look if we let them slip, and roll down these picturesque situations!'

"Lausanne is, nevertheless, so full that we could scarcely find room; and after Dumont and his servant had gone back and forward to 'Le Faucon, the 'Lion d'or,' 'Les Balances,' &c. &c., all full to the garrets, we were thankful at finding ourselves in the worst inn's worst room, where, however, the beds were clean and good. We are not grumblers, so we drank coffee and were all very happy; and while the rooms were preparing Dumont read to us a pretty little French piece, 'Le faux Savant.'

"*Sept.* 15.

"Our first object this morning was to see Madame de Montolieu, the author of 'Caroline de Lichfield,' to whom I had a letter of introduction. She was not at Lausanne, we were told, but at her country house, Bussigny, about a league and a half from the town. We had a delicious fine morning, and through romantic lanes and up and down hills, till we found ourselves in the middle of a ploughed field, when the coachman's pride of ignorance had to give up, and he had to beg his way to Bussigny, a village of scattered Swiss cottages high upon rocks, with far-spreading prospects below. In the court of the house which we were told was Madame de Montolieu's we saw a lady, of a tall, upright, active-looking figure, with much the appearance of a gentlewoman; but we could not think that this was Madame de Montolieu, because for the last half-hour Dumont, impatient at our losing our way, had been saying she must be too old to receive us. 'She was very old thirty years ago; she must be quatre-vingt, at least: at last it came to 'quatre-vingt-dix.' This lady did not look above fifty. She came up to the carriage as it stopped, and asked whom we wished to see. The moment I saw her eyes, I knew it was Madame de Montolieu, and stooping down from the open carriage I put into her hand the note of introduction and our card. She never opened the note, but the instant her eye had glanced upon the card, she repeated the name with a voice of joyful welcome. I jumped out of the carriage, and she embraced me so cordially, and received my sisters so kindly, and M. Dumont so politely, that we were all at ease and acquainted and delighted before we were half-way up stairs. While she went into the ante-chamber

for a basket of peaches, I had time to look at the prints hung in the little drawing-room: they had struck me the moment we came in as scenes from 'Caroline de Lichfield.' Indifferent, old-fashioned, provoking figures, Caroline and Count Walstein in the fashions of thirty years ago.

"When Madame de Montolieu returned, she bade me not look at them; 'but I will tell you how they came to be here.' They had been given to her by Gibbon: he was the person who *published* 'Caroline de Lichfield.' She had written it for the entertainment of an aunt who was ill: a German story of three or four pages gave her the first idea of it. 'I never could invent: give me a hint, and I can go on and supply the details and the characters.' Just when 'Caroline de Lichfield' was finished, Gibbon became acquainted with her aunt, who showed it to him: he seized upon the MS., and said it must be published. It ran in a few months through several editions; and just when it was in its first vogue, Gibbon happened to be in London, saw these prints, and brought them over to her, telling her he had brought her a present of prints from London, but that he would only give them to her on condition that she would promise to hang them, and let them always hang, in her drawing-room. After many vain efforts to find out what manner of things they were, Gibbon and curiosity prevailed; she promised, and there they hang.

"She must have been a beautiful woman: she told me she is seventy: fine dark, enthusiastic eyes, a quickly varying countenance, full of life, and with all the warmth of heart and imagination which is thought to belong only to youth.

"We went into a wooden gallery reaching from one side of the house to the other, at one end of which was a table, where she had been writing when we arrived. We often took leave, but were loth to depart. Dumont luckily asked if she could direct us to a fine old chateau in the neighbourhood, which we had been told was particularly well worth seeing—Viernon. 'It is my brother's,' she said, and she would go with us and show it. The carriage was sent round to the high road, and we went by a walk along a river, romantically beautiful. Just as we came to a cascade and a wooden bridge, a little pug dog came running down, and the Baron and Madame de Polier appeared. Madame de Montolieu ran on to her brother, and explained who we were. Madame is an Englishwoman, and, to my surprise, I found she was niece to my father's old friend, Mr. Mundy, of Markeaton. We were all very sorry to part with Madame de Montolieu; however—we returned to Lausanne, and Dumont in the evening read out 'Le Somnambule,'—very laughable when so well read."

"*Pregny, Sept.* 20.

"Next day beautiful drive to Vevay, as you know. After visiting Chillon, where Lord Byron's name and *coat of arms* are cut upon Bonnivar's pillar, I read the poem again, and think it most sublime and pathetic. How can that man have perverted so much feeling as was originally given to him!

"Have you been at S. Maurice? If you have not, I cannot give you an idea of the surprise and delight we felt at the first sight of the view going down through the archway! But what a miserable town! After Fanny had sketched from the window of the inn a

group of children, we finished our evening by hearing Dumont read, incomparably well, 'Les Chateaux d'Espagne.' In the night we were awakened by the most horrible female voice, singing, or rather screeching, in the passage—the voice of a person having a *goître*, and either mad or drunk. There had been a marriage of country people in the house, and this lady had drunk a little too much. We heard Dumont's door open, and he silenced or drove her away.

"Next morning we went on part of the Simplon route which Buonaparte made to S. Gingulph, where we spent some hours on the Lake. Dumont told us he had been there with Rogers, who was so delighted with its beauty, that instead of one he spent six days there.

"Not having met the Moilliets as expected at S. Maurice, we became very anxious about them; but upon our arrival at Pregny next day, found them all very quietly there. Mrs. Moilliet's not being very well kept them at home. Nothing can be kinder than they are to us.

"We dined two days after our return to Pregny at Coppet: the Duke and Duchess de Broglie are now there, and we met M. de Stein, a great diplomatist, and M. Pictet Deodati, of whom Madame de Stael said, if one could take hold of Pictet Deodati's neckcloth, and give him one good shaking, what a number of good things would come out!"

"*Malagny, Dr. Marcet's, Sept.*

"We came here last Friday, and have spent our time most happily with our excellent friend Mrs. Marcet. His children are all so fond of Dr. Marcet, we see that he is their companion and friend. They have all been

happily busy in making a paper fire-balloon, sixteen feet in diameter, and thirty feet high. A large company were invited to see it mount. It was a fine evening. The balloon was filled on the green before the house. The lawn slopes down to the lake, and opposite to it magnificent Mont Blanc, the setting sun shining on its summit. After some heart-beatings about a hole in the top of the balloon, through which the smoke was seen to issue—an evil omen—it went up successfully. The sun had set, but we saw its reflection beautifully on one side of the balloon, so that it looked like a globe half ice, half fire, or half moon, half sun, self-suspended in the air. It went up exactly a mile. I say exactly, because Pictet measured the height by an instrument of a new invention, which I will describe when we meet. The air here is so clear, that at this height we saw it distinctly.

"M. Pictet de Rochemont, brother to our old friend, has taken most kind pains to translate the best passages from my father's memoirs for the 'Bibliothèque Universelle.' We were yesterday at his house with a large party, and met Madame Necker de Saussure—much more agreeable than her book. Her manner and figure reminded us of our beloved Mrs. Moutray: she is deaf, too, and she has the same resignation, free from suspicion, in her expression when she is not speaking, and the same gracious attention to the person who speaks to her."

"*Chateau de Coppet, Sept.* 28,
"8 *a.m.*

"We came here yesterday, and here we are in the very apartments occupied by M. Necker, opening into what is now the library, but what was once that theatre

on which Madame de Stael used to act her own 'Corinne.' Yesterday evening, when Madame de Broglie had placed me next the oldest friend of the family, M. de Bonstettin, he whispered to me, 'You are now in the exact spot, in the very chair where Madame de Stael used to sit!' Her friends were excessively attached to her. This old man talked of her with tears in his eyes, and with all the sudden change of countenance and twitchings of the muscles which mark strong, uncontrollable feeling.

"There is something inexpressibly melancholy, awful, in this house, in these rooms, where the thought continually recurs, Here Genius *was!* here *was* Ambition, Love! all the great struggles of the passions; here was Madame de Stael! The respect paid to her memory by her son and daughter, and by M. de Broglie, is touching. The little Rocca, seven years old, is an odd, cold, prudent, old-man sort of a child, as unlike as possible to the son you would have expected from such parents. M. Rocca, brother to the boy's father, is here: handsome, but I know no more. M. Sismondi and his wife dined here, and three Saladins, father, mother, and daughter. M. de Stael has promised to show to me Gibbon's love-letters to his grandmother, ending regularly with, 'Je suis, mademoiselle, avec les sentimens qui font le desespoir de ma vie,' &c.

"M. de Bonstettin—Gray the poet's friend—told me that in Sweden, about thirty years ago, he saw potatoes in the corner of a gentleman's garden as a curiosity. 'They tell me, sir,' said the gentleman, 'that in some countries they eat the roots of this plant!' Now they are cultivated there, and the people have become fond of them."

To Miss Honora Edgeworth.

"*Pregny, Oct.* 1, 1820.

"My very dear Honora,

"I received your letter about 'Rosamond' late last night, and answer it early this morning. How it could happen that we could all be mistaken in counting off the pages, I do not know; and I was a little provoked with Hunter for not having counted it himself, and for not letting me sooner know the result. But this feeling lasted but a moment, and my mind fixes on what is to be done? It is by no means necessary for me to be at home or in any particular place to invent or to write. You were satisfied with the little Palanquin addition I sent you, and I hope I shall be able to please you with what I shall write now."

While "Rosamond" was printing, Mr. Hunter found that there was not enough MS. to complete two volumes, and Maria instantly set to work to supply the deficiency; and in the midst of all the attractions of a society she particularly enjoyed, where breakfasts, drives, and evening parties seemed to occupy every hour of every day, she wrote with all her usual ease and spirit the beautiful chapters of "The Bracelet of Memory" and "Blind Kate." She was indeed as much at home as if at Edgeworthstown while staying at Pregny with Mr. and Mrs. Moilliet, whose uncommon abilities, cultivated minds, and generous, benevolent hearts understood and sympathised with all her feelings; while in their charming daughters and beautiful little boy Maria took more than the usual interest with which young people always inspired her.

Pregny was a beautiful place, commanding superb views of the lake and Mont Blanc. Beautiful in its situation, it was interesting from its history. It had belonged to Josephine, and the room she usually occupied was pointed out, and the place where she sat when she opened Buonaparte's letters to her. It was a large and excellent house. Maria and her sisters had an apartment of three rooms, besides one adjoining the saloon, where Maria usually wrote in the mornings. She enjoyed the magnificent scenery more than she had ever expected, and she could not but be gratified by the admiration and applause she excited in society. This was, as somebody has said, "the Augustan age of Geneva." An unusual number of distinguished persons were living there at this period, and the mixture of English residents with passing foreigners from all parts of the world gave a piquancy to the reunions, which were sometimes in the freshness of the morning, breakfasts at different country houses, sometimes by moonlight on lawns sloping to the shore of the lake—the company sat under the trees or strolled about, while tea and ice and the famous variety of Geneva cakes were handed round; sometimes in the town houses of the Genevese residents; and at one of these assemblies a listening crowd of five deep surrounded Maria. M. de Candolle asserted that people's views narrowed and their hearts contracted as they grew older. Maria, as well she might, eagerly confuted the notion. Mrs. Marcet said, "You yourself, M. de Candolle, have some grey hairs, and yet your heart is as large, and warm, and benevolent as ever."

It was kindly meant and kindly spoken, but M. de Candolle rather shrank at the mention of the grey

hairs. Maria cited every ancient and modern aged benevolence that was of public celebrity, and showed how often youthful hearts expand only for their own passions and pursuits.

Among the former acquaintance whom Maria met at Geneva was Madame Achard, whom she had known at Paris in 1803, and her daughter, Madame Constant, at whose house one day Maria, Madame Constant, and M. Dumont had, at breakfast, an argument on how far people ought to be swayed in their conduct by the injunctions of a dying friend. M. Dumont held that the circumstance of the advice being on a deathbed ought to have no influence, the person advising having less reason or less command of their mind than at any other time. Madame Constant and Madame Achard warmly opposed this theory, and Maria very eloquently showed M. Dumont that it was vain to appeal to reason in such a case; and that, though all he said was perfectly just and true, people could not, and ought not, to act always like calculating machines. Strong feeling at a time of great grief and anxiety must, she said, have an influence on after life beyond the exact proportion of the scale laid down by reason and prudence. As M. Dumont had himself observed of Madame Necker de Saussure, who wrote Madame de Stael's life, "She never comprehended her cousin: after the most glorious burst of Madame de Stael's enthusiasm, Madame Necker de Saussure would come with her compasses, and say she should go so far, and so far, and no farther;" opening his finger and thumb like a pair of compasses as he spoke.

With M. de Stael and Madame de Broglie Maria was particularly happy. It had been reported that

Madame de Stael had said of Maria's writings "que Miss Edgeworth était digne de l'enthousiasme, mais qu'elle s'est perdue dans la triste utilité." "Ma mère n'a jamais dit ça," Madame de Broglie indignantly declared, "elle était incapable!" She saw, indeed, the enthusiastic admiration which Maria felt for her mother's genius, and she was gratified by the regard and esteem which Maria showed for her and her brother, and the sympathy she expressed in their affection for each other, and in their kindness to their little Rocca brother.

"Comme la Duchesse est charmante!" as Dumont —little given as he was to praise—one night exclaimed, as he was driving home from Coppet with Maria and my daughters. His society, always agreeable, was more than ever delightful at Geneva. He was proud of his country, enthusiastic in his taste for the fine scenery. Cheerful, wise and witty, and full of literary anecdote, his conversation was peculiarly suited to Maria; while he especially gratified her by talking to her sisters, and being to them like a kind old uncle.

To Miss Honora Edgeworth.

"*Lyons, Hotel du Nord, Oct.* 22, 1820.

"Lyons! is it possible that I am really at Lyons, of which I have heard my father speak so much. Lyons! where his active spirit once reigned, and where now scarce a trace, a memory of him remains. The Perraches all gone, Carpentiers no more to be heard of, Bons a name unknown; De la Verpilliere—one descendant has a fine house here, but he is in the country.

"The look of the town and the fine façades of the

principal buildings, and the Place de Bellecour, were the more melancholy to me from knowing them so well in the prints in the great portfolio, with such a radiance thrown over them by his descriptions. I hear his voice saying, La Place de Bellecour and l'Hotel de Ville—these remain after all the horrors of the Revolution—but human creatures, the best, the ablest, the most full of life and gaiety, all passed away.

"It is a relief to my mind to pour out all this to you. I do not repent having come to Lyons; I should not have forgiven myself if I had not.

"I have been writing to dear Mrs. Moilliet—nothing could exceed her kindness and Mr. Moilliet's. Dumont was excessively touched at parting with us, and gave Fanny and Harriet La Fontaine and Gresset, and to me a map of the lake—of the tour we took so happily together."

To Mrs. Edgeworth.

"*Paris, Hotel Vauban,* 366, *Rue St. Honoré,*
"*Oct.* 28, 1820.

"We arrived here yesterday. Good Mrs. Creed, whom we troubled to look out for lodgings for us, has engaged a floor of this hotel, which we have all to ourselves—very comfortable; the woman of the house, respectable and civil, and we have Rodolphe again for our valet de place, and a femme de chambre, whom I like better than our former Josephine; she speaks in a natural voice, no airs, active and underjawed.

"What a pass you must have come to, to read the Queen's doings! We, immaculate innocents, have never looked at a paper, indeed we have none to look at."

M. Dumont to Maria.

"*Genève, Nov.* 7, 1820.

"Je ne sais, mon aimable amie, si je devais vous écrire au moment où j'ai le cœur blessé de cette attaque calomnieuse de Quarterly Review.[1] J'ai eu regret de n'être pas auprès de vous lorsqu'il a paru, je vous aurai aidé peut-être à envisager avec plus de fermeté une agression qui doit faire plus de tort à ses auteurs qu'à vous, et je ne crains que la première expression de chagrin, dès que vous aurez le loisir de la reflexion vous sentirez que tout ce qui respecte l'honneur, la decence, le sentiment filial, partagera votre indignation. Si par hazard vous n'aviez pas lu cette infame article je vous conseillerai de ne pas le lire, et de l'abandonner au mépris public."

Maria to Mrs. Ruxton.

"*Paris, Nov.*, 1820.

"My dearest Aunt,

"Never lose another night's sleep or another moment's thought on the Quarterly Review—I have never read and never will read it.

"I write this merely to tell you that I have at last had the pleasure of seeing Madame la Comtesse de Vaudreuil, the daughter of your friend; she is an exceedingly pleasing woman, of high fashion, with the remains of great beauty, courteous and kind to us beyond all expectation. She had but a few days in Paris, and she made out two for us; she took us to the Conciergerie

[1] A silly article on Maria's Memoirs of her Father, which I should not have noticed, except to show the generous sympathy of her friend.

to see, by lamp-light, the dungeon where the poor Queen and Madame Elizabeth were confined, now fitted up as little chapels. In the Queen's is an altar inscribed with her letter to the King, expressing forgiveness of her enemies. Tears streamed from the eyes of the young Countess de Vaudreuil, the daughter-in-law, as she looked at this altar, and the place where the Queen's bed was. Who do you think accompanied us to this place? Lady Beauchamp, Lady Longford's mother, a great friend of Madame de Vaudreuil's, with whom we dined the next day, and who had procured for us the Duc de Choiseul's box at the Théâtre Français, when the house was to be uncommonly crowded to see Mademoiselle Duchenois in Athalie 'avec tous les Chœurs,' and a most striking spectacle it was! I had never seen Mademoiselle Duchenois to perfection before."

Mrs. Marcet to Maria.

"*Malagny, Nov.* 15, 1820.

"I cannot make up my mind, my dear friend, to take my departure[1] for a still more distant country without again bidding you adieu. I have hesitated for some time past, 'Shall I or shall I not write to Miss Edgeworth?' for I felt that I could not write without touching on an article in the 'Quarterly'—a subject which makes my blood boil with indignation, and which rouses every feeling of contempt and abhorrence. I might indeed refrain from the expression of these sentiments, but how could I restrain all those feelings of the warmest interest, the tenderest sympathy, and the softest pity for

[1] Mrs. Marcet was just setting out for Italy.

your wounded feelings? I well remember the wish you one day so piously expressed to me that your father could look down from heaven and see the purity and zeal of your intentions in writing his memoirs; I am sure your HEAVENLY FATHER does see them. And I feel that this unjust, unchristian, inquisitorial attack will not only develope fresh sentiments of the tenderest nature in your friends, but also rally every human being of sound sense around you."

To Mrs. Edgeworth.

"*Paris, Nov.* 15, 1820.

"You would scarcely believe, my dear friends, the calm of mind and the sort of satisfied resignation I feel as to my father's Life. I suppose the two years of doubt and extreme anxiety that I felt, exhausted all my power of doubting. I know that I have done my very best, I know that I have done my duty, and I firmly believe that if my dear father could see the whole he would be satisfied with what I have done.

"We have seen Mademoiselle Mars twice or thrice rather, in the Mariage de Figaro and in the little pieces of Le Jaloux sans amour, and La jeunesse de Henri Cinq, and admire her exceedingly. En petit comité the other night at the Duchesse d'Escars, a discussion took place between the Duchesse de la Force, Marmont, and Pozzo di Borgo, on the bon et mauvais ton of different expressions—bonne société is an expression bourgeoise—you may say bonne compagnie or la haute société. 'Voilà des nuances,' as Madame d'Escars said. Such a wonderful jabbering as these grandees made about these small matters. It put me in mind of a conversation in

the World on good company which we all used to admire.

"We have seen a great deal of our dear Delesserts, and of Madame de Rumford, who gave us a splendid and most agreeable dinner. And one evening with the Princess Potemkin, who is—take notice—only a Princess by courtesy, as she has married a Potemkin, who is not a Prince, and though she was born Princess Galitzin, she loses her rank by marrying an inferior, according to Russian and French custom, and they are, with reason, surprised at our superior gallantry, once a lady always a lady. But whether Princess or not Princess, our Madame Potemkin is most charming, and you may bless your stars that you are not obliged to read a page of panegyric upon her. She was as much delighted to see us again, as we were to see her; she was alone with Madame de Noisville, that happy mixture of my Aunt Fox and Mrs. Lataffiere. We went from Madame Potemkin to Madame d'Haussonville's, with her we found Madame de Bouillé playing at billiards, just in the attitude in which we had left her three months ago. Saturday I had a bad headache, but recovered in the evening; and Monday we dined at Madame Potemkin's, where we met her aunt, a Princess Galitzin, a thin, tall, odd, very clever woman, daughter to that Prince Shuvaloff, to whom Voltaire wrote eternally, and she is *imbued* with anecdotes of that period, very well bred, and quick in conversation. She is always afraid of catching cold, and always wears a velvet cap, and is always wrapt up in shawls and pelisses in going from house to house—à cela près, a reasonable woman.

"After leaving Madame Potemkin's we went to see —whom do you think? Guess all round the breakfast

table before you turn over the leaf; if anybody guesses right, I guess it will be Aunt Mary.

"Madame de la Rochejacquelin—She had just arrived from the country, and we found ourselves in a large hotel, in which all the winds of heaven were blowing, and in which, as we went up stairs and crossed the antechambers, all was darkness, except one candle which the servant carried before us. In a small bed-room, well furnished, with a fire just lighted, we found Madame de la Rochejacquelin lying on a sofa—her two daughters at work—one spinning with a distaff, and the other embroidering muslin. Madame is a large fat woman, with a broad round fair face, with a most open benevolent expression, as benevolent as Molly Bristow's or as Mrs. Brinkley's. Her hair cut short, and perfectly grey, as seen under her cap; the rest of her face much too young for such grey locks, not at all the hard weather-beaten look that had been described to us, and though her face and bundled form and dress all *squashed* on a sofa, did not at first promise much of gentility; you could not hear her speak or see her for three minutes without perceiving that she was well-born and well-bred. She had hurt her leg, which was the cause of her lying on the sofa. It seemed a grievous penance, as she is of as active a temper as ever. She says her health is perfect, but a nervous disease in her eyes has nearly deprived her of sight—she could hardly see my face, though I sat as close as I could go to the sofa.

"'I am always sorry,' said she, 'when any stranger sees me, parceque je sais que je detruis toute illusion. Je sais que je devrais avoir l'air d'une heroine, et surtout que je devrais avoir l'air malheureuse ou épuisé au moins—rien de tout cela, helas!'

"She is much better than a heroine—she is benevolence and truth itself. She begged her daughters to take us into the salon to show us what she thought would interest us. She apologised for the cold of these rooms —and well she might; when the double doors were opened I really thought Eolus himself was puffing in our faces; we shawled ourselves well before we ventured in. At one end of the salon is a picture of M. de Lescure, and at the other, of Henri de la Rochejacquelin, by Gérard and Girardet, presents from the King. Fine military figures. In the boudoir is one of M. de la Rochejacquelin, much the finest of all—she has never yet looked at this picture. Far from being disappointed, I was much gratified by this visit."

The only person with whom Maria felt disappointment was M. de Talleyrand. She mentions in one of her letters, when at Paris in the summer, that she had seen him, but had heard nothing but the merest commonplaces from him. She met him very often afterwards; and though there was nothing alarming or exigeante in her manner, he seemed as if he was determined not to converse with her. However, she saw him only in public assemblies; she never had an opportunity of meeting him in small society, where they could have talked uninterruptedly.

During her two visits to Paris several persons had been introduced to Maria as translators, or would-be translators of her works; among these was Mademoiselle Swinton, now Madame Belloc, Irish by descent, Parisian by birth and education, at this time a very young lady, in whom Maria was extremely interested, and with whom she kept up an uninterrupted correspondence in after

years. Madame Belloc made incomparable translations of several of Maria's works, and from her, I and my family have at different times received much kindness.

To Miss Lucy Edgeworth.

"*Calais, Dec.* 5, 1820.

"It is a great satisfaction to me, my dear Lucy, to feel that we are now so much nearer to you, and that before I finish this little note we shall be still nearer to you in the same United Kingdom, so that in eight days we can have an answer to questions about you; what a difference from the three long weeks we used to wait at Geneva.

"And now, my dear Lucy, I must employ you to break to my mother an important secret. Choose a proper time for speaking to her on the subject, when she is not very busy, when her mind is at ease, that is, when you are pretty well. My Aunts and Honora may be in the room, if you think proper. Begin by saying that I know both my mother and Lovell are so kind and have such confidence in me that I am sure they will not hastily object to the introduction of a new person into the family, though they may perhaps feel a little surprised at hearing of my having actually decided upon such a measure without writing first to consult them. I have actually brought with me from Paris, and intend, unless I am actually forbidden, to bring with me to Edgeworthstown, a French washerwoman. I cannot expect that Lovell should build a house for her, though I know he has long had it in contemplation to build a laundry; but my little French woman does not require a house, she can live in our house, if he and

my mother, and my aunts please, and I will engage that she shall give no sort of trouble, and shall cost nothing. She is a sourde et muette, an elderly woman with a very good countenance, always cheerful, and going on with her own business without minding other people's. She was recommended to me by Madame François Delessert, and has lived for some time in their family, much liked by all, especially by the children, for whom she washed constantly, till one of her legs was hurt, so that she cannot work now quite as well as formerly. But still she washed so as to give general satisfaction. Fanny and Harriet like her washing, and I am sure my aunts will like it and her very much; and I think she might till some other place be found for her, sleep in my mother's dressing-room.

"And here, my dear Lucy, I beg you will pause and hear what everybody says about this washerwoman and this plan.

"And after five minutes given to deliberation, go on and say, that if no better place can be found for my washerwoman, she may stand on my mother's chimney-piece![1]

"No more nonsense at present."

To Mrs. Edgeworth.

"*Calais, Dessin's Hotel, Dec.* 5, 1820.

"Coming back to this place, to the same room where we were seven months ago, the whole seems to me and to my companions like a delightful dream, but in waking from Alps, and glaciers, and cascades, and *Mont Blanc,*

[1] A pretty little French toy given by Madame François Delessert.

and troops of acquaintance in splendid succession and visionary confusion, in waking from this wonderful dream the sober certainty of happiness remains and assures us that all which has passed is not a dream. All our old friends at Paris, still more our friends than ever, and many new ones made. Every expectation, every hope that I had formed for this journey has been more than gratified, far surpassed by the reality; and we return with thorough satisfaction to our own country, looking to our dear home for permanent happiness, without a wish unsatisfied or a regret for anything we have left behind, except our friends."

To Miss Honora Edgeworth.

"*London, Dec.* 8, 1820.

"All you so kindly planned about Rosamond, my dear Honora, has succeeded perfectly and exactly as you intended. We wrote from Dover to Captain Beaufort to meet us at Hunter's—arrived half an hour before him. Received your letter; read the proof-sheets, looked at the MS. you have corrected, and approved of all your corrections, except the erasure of the pricked map,[1] which I own I rather liked, but thought it not worth while replacing. I have in my possession, and shall take down with me to Clifton to re-consider, the Print Gallery; we shall read it in the carriage, and if we think as you do, I shall either mend or make a new one.

"The second edition of the Memoirs is printing; all our corrections came in time."

[1] Maria had made Rosamond prepare a map of the streets in London through which Kate was to pass, marked by raised pricks in the paper on the same principle as the books now printed for the blind.

To Miss Ruxton.

"*Mall, Clifton, Dec.* 17, 1820.

"We have spent a week here with Emmeline, and very happy I am that we were able to give her this pleasure. Zoe and Emmeline are very nice-looking girls, pleasing in their manners and affectionate in their dispositions.

"We are not, tell my aunt, likely to be drawn in to talk or take any part about the Queen, as we know nothing of her trial. She sent notice to Lady Elizabeth Whitbread that she would dine with her if she knew the hour. Lady Elizabeth answered that her hour varied from five to nine, as it suited her son's convenience. The Queen took it as it was meant, as a refusal."

To Miss Honora Edgeworth.

"*Bowood, Dec.* 20, 1820.

"I write to you sitting in the bow (or beau, or bay) window of the room with yellow furniture with black stars, into which we were first shown by Lady Lansdowne. Oh, my dear Honora, how everything here reminds me of you!

"Lady Lansdowne's reception of us was most cordial. She had been out walking, and came to us only half dressed, with a shawl thrown over her. Lord Lansdowne is at Bath, at an agricultural meeting. Mr. and Mrs. Ord and their son, an Eton youth, are here; Lady Elizabeth and Captain Fielding—he is very gentlemanlike and agreeable; Mr. Hallam; the two Mr. Smiths, whom you remember, and Mr. Fazakerley—

very clever; and best of all, Miss Vernon and Miss Fox: she introduced to Fanny and Harriet her niece, Miss Fox, very handsome and agreeable—not come out."

"*Easton Grey, Dec.* 26.

"I intended this frank for my mother, but Mr. Ricardo turned it into Miss instead of Mrs.; and why I asked for a frank at all I cannot tell, except for the honour and glory of having one from David Ricardo. He has been here one whole day, and is exceedingly agreeable. This house is delightful, in a beautiful situation, fine trees, fine valleys, and soft verdure, even at this season: the library-drawing-room with low sofas, plenty of moveable tables, open bookcases, and all that speaks the habits and affords the means of agreeable occupation. Easton Grey might be a happy model of what an English country gentleman's house should be; and Mrs. Smith's kind, well-bred manners, and Mr. Smith's literary and sensible conversation, make this house one of the most agreeable I ever saw. Mrs. Smith has given to me a book that belonged to my dear Mrs. Chandler.

"At Bowood there was a happy mixture of sense and nonsense. Lord Lansdowne was talking to me on the nice little sofa by the fire very seriously of Windham's life and death, and of a journal which he wrote to cure himself of indecision of character. Enter suddenly, with a great burst of noise from the breakfast-room, a tribe of gentlemen neighing like horses. You never saw a man look more surprised than Lord Lansdowne.

"Re-enter the same performers on all-fours, grunting like pigs.

"Then a company of ladies and gentlemen in dumb-

show, doing a country visit, ending with asking for a frank, curtseying, bowing, and exit.—'*Neighbour.*'

"Then enter all the gentlemen, some with their fingers on their eyes, some delighted with themselves. —'*I.*'

"Then re-enter Lord Lansdowne, the two Mr. Smiths, Mr. Hallam, and Mr. Fazakerley, each with little dolls made of their pocket handkerchiefs, nursing and playing with them.—'*Doll.*'

"Exit, and re-enter, carrying, and surrounding, and worshipping Mrs. Ord in an arm-chair.—'*Idol.*'

"This does not do for sober reading, but it produced much laughter."

"*27th.*

"We have been at Badminton: magnificent: library delightful. Here, as at Trentham, a gallery opens into the chapel, also the village church, and here is a great curiosity—Raphael's first chalk sketch of the Transfiguration; that is, of all the figures in the lower part: wonderfully fine, the woman kneeling, and the boy possessed, and the man holding him—admirable. Some fine pictures, too, though not a professed collection. Saw in the park a fine herd of red deer, the finest, it is said, in England. How shall I find room to tell you of the Roman pavements and Roman town found near this place, much better worth than all I have been penning! For nonsense I always have time and space."

After spending some time with Mr. and Mrs. Moilliet at Smethwick Grove, Maria returned to Ireland; but she caught cold on the journey, and at Holyhead had an attack of erysipelas. Her sisters were alarmed, and

sent for a medical man, who informed them that crossing the sea would "rather do the lady good than otherwise." She did cross the sea, but was seriously ill for some days in Dublin at the house of Major and Mrs. Taylor, old Scotch friends of her father's, and thence she and her sisters went to Black Castle, where Maria got quite well before she and my daughters returned home, after not quite a year's absence.

To Mrs. Ruxton.

"*Edgeworthstown, March* 3, 1821.

"I am very glad that you like poor little 'Rosamond,' with all her faults. Through Richard and Bess you hear all Dublin news; therefore you know that the Lord Mayor has announced that His Majesty intends to visit Dublin and Cork in May. Great fears are entertained in this part of the country lest His Majesty should visit Mullingar; for many hold their leases 'till the King comes to Mullingar.'

"I shall go on with 'Frank' soon, and as for the fairies,[1] my dear aunt, I have no particular fancy for them; they have revelled their hour in my imagination, and vanish at the first dawn of adverse light you throw across their path. You know that they are very delicate in their fears of having their path crossed. More than one cottage in our neighbourhood has been thrown down, because their owners thought they had built across their path, and offended *the good people.*

"Foster sends his love, and has much increased mine for him by nearly throwing me down with his joy as

[1] Mrs. Ruxton had suggested to Maria the writing an Irish fairy drama.

I was getting out of the carriage the night I came home."

"*March* 21.

"The Archbishop of Tuam breakfasted here this morning, and sat with Lucy in her room: he said he thought he should be the better all his life for having seen such an example of patience and resignation in so young a person. He says he was amused during the Queen's trial by the sight of the processions in honour of Her Majesty: the glass manufactures with their brilliant wares, ladies in landaus with feathers, the most extraordinary figures; and the Queen complains that her garden has been destroyed and all her furniture broken by her polite visitors.

"Thank you for your corrections, dear, lenient critic. Three people looked for 'shutting the door *on*:' William at last found it, and it is altered."

"*March* 29.

"*So* you like to hear of all our little doings, *so* I will tell you that, about eight o'clock, Fanny being by that time up and dressed, and at her little table, Harriet comes and reads to me Madame de Sevigné's letters, of which I never tire; and I almost envy Fanny and Harriet the pleasure of reading them for the first time. After breakfast I take my little table into Lucy's room, and write there for an hour; she likes to have me in her room, though she only hears the scribble, scribble: she is generally reading at that hour, or doing Margaret's delight—algebra. I am doing the 'Sequel to Frank.' Walking, reading, and talking fill the rest of the day. I do not read much, it tires my eyes, and I have not yet finished the Life of Wesley: I think it a

most curious, entertaining, and instructive book. A life of Pitt by the Bishop of Winchester is coming out: he wrote to Murray about it, who asked his friends, 'Who is George Winton, who writes to me about publishing Pitt's Life?'"

"*April* 21.

"Enclosed is a letter[1] from our friend the American Jewess, written in a spirit of Christian charity and kindness which it were to be wished that all Christians possessed. It has given me exquisite pleasure; and you know I never feel great pleasure without instantly wishing that you should share it. Lovell has asked this good Jewess and her *futur* to come here, if she should visit Europe. He is at home now, and kind as ever to every creature within reach of his benevolence.

"We have been reading 'Fleury's Memoirs of Napoleon.' Get it in French: it is very interesting, or we never could have got through it in the wretched translation to which we were doomed.

"Tell Sophy that Peggy Tuite, who turned into Peggy Mulheeran, has had a dead child. When my mother said to her brother, 'Do not let people crowd in and heat her room,' 'Oh, ma'am, sure I am standing at the door since three in the morning, sentinel, to keep them out,' the tears dropping from his eyes fast on the ground as he spoke. And all the time the old *ould* mother Tuite (who doats on Mrs. Ruxton-dear) was sitting rocking herself to and fro, and 'crying under the big laurel, that Peggy might not hear her.'

"You may all praise erysipelas as much as you please, but I never desire to see or feel it again. Our boy,

[1] On Maria's Life of her father.

Mick Duffy, has been ill with it these ten days. Honora said to his father, Brian, 'How can you be so fond of Michael, now that he lives with us; you hardly ever see him?' 'Oh, how could I but be fond of him, the crater that sends me every guinea he gets!'"

"*July* 8.

"So Buonaparte is dead! and no change will be made in any country by the death of a man who once made such a figure in the world! He who commanded empires and sovereigns, a prisoner in an obscure island, disputing for a bottle of wine, subject to the petty tyranny of Sir Hudson Lowe! I regret that England permitted that trampling upon the fallen. What an excellent dialogue of the dead might be written between Buonaparte and Themistocles!

"Ages ago I sent 'Bracebridge Hall' to Merrion Street for you: have you got it? Next week another book will be there for you—an American novel Mrs. Griffith sent to me, 'The Spy;' quite new scenes and characters, humour and pathos, a picture of America in Washington's time; a surgeon worthy of Smollett or Moore, and quite different from any of their various surgeons; and an Irishwoman, Betty Flanagan, incomparable."

"*August* 3.

"What do you think is my employment out of doors, and what it has been this week past? My garden? no such elegant thing; but making a gutter! a sewer and a pathway in the street of Edgeworthstown; and I do declare I am as much interested about it as I ever was in writing anything in my life. We have never here

yet found it necessary to have recourse to public contribution for the poor, but it is necessary to give some assistance to the labouring class; and I find that making the said gutter and pathway will employ twenty men for three weeks.

"Did you ever hear these two excellent *Tory* lines made by a celebrated *Whig?*

> 'As bees alighting upon flowerets cease to hum,
> So, settling upon places, Whigs grow dumb.'"

"*August* 8.

"We are all in the joy of Francis' arrival: Pakenham at the tea-table has been standing beside him feeding him with red currants well sugared, and between every currant he told us, as well as he could, the history of his journey. 'Talbot,' Lord Talbot's son, who is his schoolfellow at the Charterhouse, was so kind as to go outside, that Francis might have an inside place at night. He met with so much good-nature from first to last in his journey, he wonders how people can be so good-natured."

Many of Maria's friends in England having invited her to visit them, she determined to spend the winter there, and set out in October with her former travelling companions, my two eldest daughters.

To Mrs. Edgeworth.

"*Kenioge, Oct.* 23, 1821.

"We have had a most delightful day, after sleeping well at Gwindu: we were in the carriage and off before

the clock had finished striking six. In an interval of showers in a bright gleam of sunshine we passed Bangor Ferry: breakfasted nobly. Mr. Jackson, the old, old man, who some years ago was all pear-shaped stomach, and stupid, has wonderfully shrunk and revived, and is walking, alert and civil; and his fishy eyes brightened with pleasure on hearing of his friend, Mr. Lovell. Fine old waiter, a match in age and civility for the master; and a fine old dog, Twig, a match for both, and as saucy as Foster; for Mrs. Twig would not eat toast, unless buttered, forsooth!

"Then on to Mrs. Worthington: excellent, motherly woman, the Mrs. Brinkley of the slate quarries. Her first question about you and William won my heart: she seemed so to have seen into you with that penetration of the heart, which is full as quick as that of the head, if there be any difference. She furnished us each with a pair of Devonshire clogs, that fitted each as if made for us; and as young Mr. Worthington was disappointed by a sore throat of the pleasure of accompanying us, he gave us a note to Mr. Williams at the Quarries; and good, dear Mrs. Williams, in her white gown and worked borders, trampoozed with us through the splish splash to all the yards, and with her master of the works showed us the saw-mills, and the mill for grinding flint, and for the china works.

"Waiving the description of all this, I will not tell you of the quarries and the glaciers of slates, because I wish Harriet to write her own fresh account of her first impressions. I feel that she was even more pleased than I expected; and I rejoice that this first sight, which I had promised myself the pleasure of showing her, is secure.

"This day's drive through Wales has been charming: a few showers, but always at the best time for us. I have at different times of my life seen Wales at all seasons of the year, and after all I prefer the autumn view of it. The withering red brown fern is a great addition of beauty on the white and grey rocks, and often so resembles the tint of autumn on beech trees, that you cannot at a distance tell ferns on the mountains from young plantations, touched by autumn colour.

"We have just dined at this delightful inn, where you and Fanny slept in 1818, kept as I am sure you remember by two sisters with sweet, good-humoured countenances: most active, obliging people. I think the most discontented of travellers—old growling Smollett himself, if he could come from the grave in a fit of the gout—could not be discontented at this inn. Fanny, Harriet, and I have just determined that, if ever we are reduced to earn our bread, we will keep an inn like this.

"Lest you should think that all the little sense I had is gone to nonsense, I must tell you that, during part of this day, we have been very wise. When there came ugly bits of the road, Harriet read out Humboldt's fifth volume; and I was charmed with it, and enjoyed it the more from the reflection that Lucy can share this pleasure with us. She has Humboldt, I hope; if not, pray get it for her. The account of the venomous flies which *mount guard* at different hours of the day is most curious. Humboldt is the Shakespear of travellers; as much superior to other travellers as Shakespear is to other poets. He seems to have at once a *vue d'oiseau* of one half of the world, and a perfect recollection of the other half, so as to bring together from all parts of

the earth, and from all times, observations on the largest scale, from which he draws the most ingenious and the most useful conclusions. I will write to Madame Gautier to beg Humboldt to send to me portraits of the insects which appear on the Orinoco at different hours of the day and night, by which the natives mark the hours: it will make a fine contrast to the Watch of Flora."

To Miss Honora Edgeworth.

"*Smethwick Grove, Oct.* 25, 1821.

"Here we are, my dear Honora, once more at the dear, hospitable Moilliets'; Emily making tea at the same well-furnished board, with her near-sighted, beautiful eyes picking her way among the cups.

"We have seen John Bristow, wonderfully altered by a wig, fatter, Englified, sobered and steadied, and, more than I thought possible, formalised into the Birmingham man-machine sort. But in talking to him the Irishman wakened within him, and came through the English case-hardening, lighting up his eyes; and John Bristow was himself again. He likes his situation, and his master likes him; and if I was to tell you everybody he asked for, and all his exclamations and inquiries, I should not go to bed to-night.

"We missed, by not arriving last night, a Frenchman who has been seventeen years learning to play on the flute, and cannot play, and who has been ten years learning to speak English, and yet told Mrs. Moilliet that he had a letter to Lord Porcelain, to whom his mother is related, meaning the Duke of Portland. He left this, determined to see the residence of 'Lord Mal-

brouke.' Mrs. Moilliet endeavoured to put him right, and to put the song, 'Va-t-en Malbrouke' out of his head; but he quoted it with the authority of an old legend. 'Blenheim,' Mr. Moilliet told him, was the name of the Duke of Marlborough's place. 'Ah! oui, yes; Blenheim, I know that is the inn.' He would have 'Malbroke' as the name of the place."

To Mrs. Edgeworth.

"*Wycombe Abbey, Oct.* 30, 1821.

"We spent two days instead of one at Smethwick. Nothing could be kinder than the Moilliets were to us; nevertheless, as dearest friends must part, we parted from them, and had a delightful drive to Woodstock. Fanny and Harriet will tell you of Blenheim; they were pleased, and you may be sure I was happy. At Oxford by twelve: found letter from Lord Carrington—most punctual of men—appointing the 29th. But no letter from Mr. Russell: sent the porter with note to him: 'Mr. Russell gone to see his brother at the Charterhouse.' Porter trudged again with two notes, one to Tom Beddoes—'not come up this term:' another note to Mr. Biddulph—most civil and best of College cicerones, arrived almost as soon as the porter returned with his 'very happy;' and he walked us about to all those halls and gardens which we had not seen before. Balliol and University gardens beautiful: at Corpus Christi beautiful altar-piece. Rested at Mr. Biddulph's most comfortable rooms at Maudlin: we went to Evening Service in the chapel: going in from daylight, chapel lighted with many candles: dim light through brown saints in the windows: chanting good, anthem

very fine: two of the finest voices I ever heard, one of a young boy. Good tea at Tetsworth: amused ourselves next morning reading like ladies, and watching from our gazabo window the arrival and departure of twelve stage-coaches, any one of which would have been a study for Wilkie, besides the rubbing down of a horse with a besom: at first we thought the horse would have been affronted—no, quite agreeable. The dried flakes of yellow mud, first besomed and then brushed, raised such a dust, that in the dust, man and horse were lost.

"Arrived here just at dressing-time. Lord Carrington had asked the Lushingtons and Dr. Holland—can't come. Count and Countess Ludolf expected to-morrow: he is ambassador from Sicily. Fanny says you and she met them at Lady Davy's."

To Mrs. Ruxton.

"*Wycombe Abbey, Nov.* 2, 1821.

"It is impossible to be kinder than Lord Carrington is to us: he wrote to invite everybody that he thought we should like to meet. We have had Mr. Wilberforce for several days, and I cannot tell you how glad I am to have seen him again, and to have had an opportunity of hearing his delightful conversation, and of seeing the extent and variety of his abilities. He is not at all anxious to show himself off; he converses, he does not merely talk. His thoughts flow in such abundance, and from so many sources, that they often cross one another; and sometimes a reporter would be quite at a loss. As he literally seems to speak all his thoughts as they occur, he produces what strikes him on both sides of any question. This often puzzles his hearers, but to me it is a proof of can-

dour and sincerity; and it is both amusing and instructive to see him thus balancing accounts aloud. He is very lively, and full of odd contortions: no matter. His indulgent, benevolent temper strikes me particularly: he makes no pretension to superior sanctity or strictness. He spoke with much respect and tenderness for my feelings, of my father, and of the Life.

"We have had, besides, Mr. Manning and his son, very unaffected and agreeable; and Mr. Abel Smith, a nephew of Lord Carrington's; and Mr. Hales, an old bachelor diplomatist, who told me the name which the Abbé de Pradt gave to Buonaparte—Jupiter-Scapin. Does not this name contain a volume?"

To Miss Lucy Edgeworth.

"*Wycombe Abbey, Nov.* 4, 1821.

"God bless Mr. King! My dear Lucy, we have the best hopes now that your admirable patience and fortitude will be rewarded, and soon. We regretted the three-quarters of an hour Mr. King might have spent with you which were wasted at the coach office, but these are among the *minnikin* miseries of human life. You must often wonder how people in health, and out of pain, and with the use of their limbs and all their locomotive faculties, can complain of anything. But man is a grumbling animal, not woman.

"We are reading Madame de Stael's 'Dix Années d'Exil' with delight. Though there may be too much egotism, yet it is extremely interesting; and though she repeats too often, and uses too many words, yet there are so many brilliant passages, and things which no one but herself could have thought or said, that it

will last as long as the memory of Buonaparte lasts on earth. Pray get it and read it; not the plays or poetry which make up the last volume—why will *friends* publish all the trash they can scrape together of celebrated people?

"Mr. Hales, my dry diplomatist, tells me that Madame Stael, he was assured by the Swedish minister, provoked Buonaparte, by intriguing to set Bernadotte on the throne of France, and that letters of hers on this subject were intercepted. You will not care much about this, but you may tell it to some of your visitants, who will be in due time as full of Madame de Stael's 'Dix Années d'Exil' as I am at this moment.

"Here is an old distich which my dry diplomatist came out with yesterday at dinner, on the ancestor of Hampden. The remains of the Hampden estate are in this neighbourhood, and as we were speaking of our wish to see the place in which the patriot lived, Mr. Hales observed that it is curious how the spirit of dislike to kings had run in the blood of the Hampdens some centuries before Charles' time: they lost three manors in this county, forfeit for a Hampden having struck the Black Prince.

> 'Tring, Wing, and Ivanhoe,
> Old Hampden did forego,
> For striking the Black Prince a blow.'

"When this is read you will say he deserved to lose three manors for striking such a Prince.

"Besides two spacious bed-chambers and a dressing-room, munificent Lord Carrington would insist upon our having a sitting-room to ourselves, and we have one that is delightful: windows down to the ground, and

prospect—dark woods and river, so pretty that I can scarcely mind what I am saying to you.

"Yesterday arrived a Mr. Hay, very well-informed about mummies and Egypt, talks well, and as if he lived with all the learned and all the fashionable in London: his account of the unrolling of a mummy which he lately saw in London was most entertaining. All the folds of the thinnest linen which were unwound were laid more smoothly and dextrously, as the best London surgeons declared, than they can now apply bandages: they stood in amazement. The skin was quite tough, the flesh perfect: the face quite preserved, except the bridge of the nose, which had fallen in. Count Ludolf, who has been a fine painter in his day, says he has used mummy pitch, or whatever it is in which mummies are preserved, as a fine brown paint, like bistre, 'only bitter to the taste when one sucks one's brush.'

"I received yesterday the pamphlet which accompanies this from Mr. Bowdich. It will form a good supplement to Bruce, which you have just finished.

"Mr. Hay, I find, is private secretary to Lord Melville. It is too much to have a Mr. *Hales* and a Mr. *Hay*."

To Mrs. Edgeworth.

"*Gatcombe Park, Nov.* 9, 1821.

"We arrived here on Wednesday evening to tea—beautiful moonlight night. At the gate, the first operation was to lock the wheel, and we went down, down a hill not knowing where it would end or when the house would appear; that it was a beautiful place was clear

even by moonlight. Hall with lights very cheerful—servants on the steps. Mr. Ricardo very glad to see us. Mrs. Ricardo brilliant eyes and such cordial open-hearted benevolence of manner, no affectation, no thought about herself. 'My daughter-in-law, Mrs. Osman Ricardo,' a beautiful tall figure, and fine face, fair, and a profusion of light hair. Mr. Ricardo, jun. and two young daughters, Mary, about fifteen, handsome, and a child of ten, Bertha, beautiful.

"I was frightened about Fanny, tired and giddy after the journey; however, her first answer in the morning, 'much better,' set my heart at ease. A very fine day, all cheerful, a delightfully pleasant house, with up-hill and down-hill wooded views from every window. Rides and drives proposed. I asked to see a cloth manufactory in the neighbourhood. Mrs. Osman Ricardo offered her horse to Fanny, and Mr. Osman rode with her. Mr. Ricardo drove me in his nice safe and comfortable phaeton; Harriet and Mrs. Osman in the seat behind. The horses pretty and strong, and, moreover, quiet, so that though we drove up and down hills almost perpendicular, and along a sort of *Rodborough Semplon*, I was not in the least alarmed. Mr. Ricardo is laughed at, as they tell me, for his driving, but I prefer it to more dashing driving. Sidney Smith, who was here lately, said, that 'a new surgeon had set up in Minchin Hampton since Mr. Ricardo has taken to driving.'

"We had delightful conversation, both on deep and shallow subjects. Mr. Ricardo, with a very composed manner, has a continual life of mind, and starts perpetually new game in conversation. I never argued or discussed a question with any person who argues more fairly or less for victory and more for truth. He gives

full weight to every argument brought against him, and seems not to be on any side of the question for one instant longer than the conviction of his mind on that side. It seems quite indifferent to him whether you find the truth, or whether he finds it, provided it be found. One gets at something by conversing with him; one learns either that one is wrong or that one is right, and the understanding is improved without the temper being ever tried in the discussion; but I must come to an end of this letter. Harriet has written to Pakenham an account of the cloth manufactory which Mr. Stephens explained admirably, and we are going out to see Mrs. Ricardo's school; she has 130 children there, and takes as much pains as Lovell."

"*Nov.* 10.

"Yesterday evening a Mr. and Miss[1] Strachey dined here, nephew and niece of the Mr. Strachey my aunts knew at Lady Holte's: he pleasing, and she with a nice pretty-shaped small head like Honora's, very agreeable voice. Mr. and Mrs. Smith of Easton Grey had come, and there was a great deal of agreeable conversation. An English bull was mentioned: Lord Camden put the following advertisement in the papers: 'Owing to the distress of the times Lord Camden will not shoot himself or any of his tenants before the 4th of October next.'

"Much conversation about cases of conscience, whether Scott was right to deny his novels? Then the Effie Deans question, and much about smugglers. Lord

[1] Miss Strachey told Maria that she was at school with the young ladies who wrote to her about the wedding dresses in the Contrast, and well remembered their delight at her entertaining answer.

Carrington says all ladies are born smugglers. Lady Carrington once staying on the coast of Devonshire wrote to Lord Carrington that his butler had got from a wreck a pipe of wine for £36, and that it was in her cellar. 'Now,' said Lord Carrington to himself, 'here am I in the king's service; can I permit such a thing? No.' He wrote to the proper excise officer and gave them notice, and by the same post to Lady Carrington, but he did not know that taking goods from a wreck was a felony. As pale as death the butler came to Lady Carrington. 'I must fly for it, my lady, to America.' They were thrown into consternation; at last they staved the wine, so that when the excise officers came nothing was to be found. Lord Carrington of course lost his £36 and saved his honour. Mr. Ricardo said he might have done better by writing to apprise the owners of the vessel that he was ready to pay a fair price for it, and the duties."

To Miss Lucy Edgeworth.

"*Gatcombe Park, Nov.* 12.

"I am very glad you found so good a use for the French prints, and I am only sorry that you could have had a moment's doubt of what I should think of your giving them to Mr. King; believe me, that not only on this tiny occasion, but on every other, I wish that you should do entirely what you like with whatever I have given, or may ever give you; very little I am sure it is, I wish it were more.

"We are perfectly happy here; delightful house and place for walking, riding, driving. Fanny has a horse always at her command. I a phaeton and Mr. Ricardo

to converse with. He is altogether one of the most agreeable persons, as well as the best informed and most clever, that I ever knew. My own pleasure is infinitely increased by seeing that Fanny and Harriet are so much liked and so very happy here.

"In the evenings, in the intervals of good conversation, we have all sorts of merry plays. Why, when and where: our words were—*Jack, Bar, Belle, Caste, Plum,* the best.

"We acted charades last night. *Pillion* excellent. Maria, Fanny, and Harriet, little dear, pretty Bertha, and Mr. Smith, the best hand and head at these diversions imaginable. First we entered swallowing pills with great choking: *pill.* Next on all-fours, roaring *lions*; Fanny and Harriet's roaring devouring lions much clapped. Next Bertha riding on Mr. Smith's back. *Pillion.*

"*Coxcomb.*—Mr. Smith, Mr. Ricardo, Fanny, Harriet, and Maria *crowing.* Ditto, ditto, *combing* hair. Mr. Ricardo, solus strutting, a *coxcomb,* very droll.

"*Sinecure.*—Not a good one.

"*Monkey.*—Very good. Mr. Ricardo and Mr. Smith as *monks,* with coloured silk handkerchiefs, as cowls, a laughable solemn procession. Re-enter with *keys.* Mr. Ricardo as *monkey.*

"*Fortune-tellers.*—The best: Fanny as Fortune; unluckily we forgot to blind her, and she had only my leather bag for her purse, but nevertheless, she made a beautiful graceful *Fortune,* and scattered her riches with an air that charmed the world. 2nd scene: Mr. Smith and Harriet *tellers* of the house—'the ayes have it.' Fanny, Maria, and Harriet, *fortune-tellers;* much approved.

"*Love-sick.*—Bertha, with a bow made by Mr. Smith in an instant, with a switch and red tape and a long feathered pen. Bertha was properly blind and made an irresistible Cupid; she entered and shot, and all the company fell: *Love.* 2nd: Harriet, Mr. Smith, and Maria, all very *sick.* 3rd: Fanny, a *love-sick* young lady. Maria, her duenna, scolding, and pitying, and nursing her with a smelling bottle.

"*Fire-eater.*—1st: Harriet and I acted alarm of *fire,* and alarmed Mr. Ricardo so well—he was going to call for assistance. 2nd: I was an epicure, and *eating* always succeeds on the stage. 3rd: Harriet devoured lighted spills to admiration, and only burnt her lip a little.

"In 'conundrum,' Mrs. Osman was a beautiful nun; she is a charming creature, most winning countenance and manner, very desirous to improve herself, and with an understanding the extent and excellence of which I did not at first estimate."

To Mrs. Ruxton.

"*Easton Grey, Nov.* 22, 1821.

"Lady Catherine Bisset came with her two little nieces to call upon us, and Fanny won little Lady Mary-Rose's heart, partly by means of some Madeira and Portuguese figures from the chimney-piece, which she ranged on the table for her amusement, and partly by a whiz-gig, which Fanny plays to admiration.

"And what is a whiz-gig? If you do not know, you must wait till I send you one.

"Lady Catherine, when no one was seeing or looking, laid her hand on my arm most affectionately and looking up in my face said, 'Do you know I have been

half my life trying to be your good French governess. I love her.'

"We went to see her at her cottage, near her brother, Lord Suffolk's, and saw many curiosities from Ceylon made entertaining to us by the comments and anecdotes of Captain Fenwick, who had been years at Ceylon. On our return we stopped to see Malmesbury abbey—beautifully placed; the height of the arch sublime."

"*Bowood, Nov.* 26.

"We were fortunate enough to find Lord and Lady Lansdowne just returned from their tour. They looked at the Pyrenees, but they could not go into Spain, for the yellow fever rages there. A cordon of troops prevent any travellers who might be disposed to brave the danger of the fever, and fire if any attempt is made to pass. Lady Lansdowne would quite satisfy you by her love of the Italian women. Here are Miss Vernon, and Miss Fox, Lord Holland's sister, and Miss Fox, Lord Holland's daughter, and Mr. Ogden, the widower of that beautiful and extraordinary lady whom we met here three years ago. He has a great deal of cool grave gentlemanly humour, and has been amusing us with an account of his visit to Bowles, the poet, yesterday, and his musical sheep-bells and his susceptibility to criticism and his credulity. He wrote with all the simplicity of egotism to Murray to desire him, whenever any one who came into his shop was seen to look into the review of his controversy with Lord Byron on Pope, to pop into his hand his pamphlet by way of antidote.

"Miss Vernon and Miss Fox are both very agreeable, and Miss Fox, the young lady, beautiful, timid, and charming."

To Mrs. Edgeworth.

"*Mall, Clifton, Dec.* 3, 1821.

"Our visit here and its object have been happily accomplished, my dear mother, for my sister and Mr. King seem quite pleased and gratified. Emmeline looks and is in much better health than when I was here before. I must go to breakfast now as the carriage is to be at the door to carry us to see Mr. Miles' pictures."

"*Cirencester, Dec.* 5.

"Our picture day at Leigh Court surpassed our expectations. Poussin's famous Land Storm; S. John, by Domenichino, the most striking, with a divine head of our SAVIOUR, by Leonardo da Vinci, and many others too tantalizing to mention. Mr. King, Emmeline, Mr. Elton, and ourselves, filled the coach. Mr. King in high spirits, talked all the way there and back, and was exceedingly entertaining and instructive. He has great variety of tastes and acquirements, and we were delighted to hear him.

"There was a large party the last night at Clifton, and I heard one new thing, a great deal to hear at one party. This new thing I shall keep for Pakenham; I wakened this morning with an intention of getting up remarkably early to write it for him, and I got up thinking myself a miracle of virtue and peep-o'-day woman; but lo! and behold, it was just nine o'clock. Good-bye to Pakenham and the Deadman's head, of which my own was full two seconds before; all that could be done was to scuffle about the room and rummage the imperials for gowns, frills, shoes, and gloves; all happily found,

and on the right owners, and looking charmingly, ma'am, by breakfast time. Fanny and Harriet in their lilac and maroon tabinets. I am now writing in a delightful arm chair, high-backed antiquity, and modern cushions. Company at dinner yesterday—Lord and Lady Bathurst, Lord Apsley, Mr. William Bathurst, Lady Georgiana, Lady Emily, Lady Georgiana Lennox, Major Colebrook, and Mr. Fortescue, whom we met at Paris, very agreeable, 'melancholy and gentlemanlike.' The conversation goes on here remarkably well: Lady Bathurst is perfectly well-bred and easy; Lord Apsley and Lady Georgiana very agreeable.

"The Duchess of Beaufort's French governess published in 1817 a story called Valoe, which threw all high-bred London into confusion. Everybody, who is anybody in it, under feigned names, the picture of all the persons, manners, and character of all the young ladies who are supposed to file off before the Duke of Devonshire. No wit, but tittle-tattle truths. You can't buy the book if you were to give your eyes for it: all bought up by the Duchess of Beaufort.[1] Lord Apsley, who has a copy with all the names in it, lent it to me. Fanny had a pleasant ride this morning with Lord Bathurst, Mr. Fortescue, Major Colebrook, and Mr. Bathurst, who all returned charmed with her manner of riding, and she with her ride. Harriet and I had driven out with Lady Bathurst and Lady Georgiana—a delightful drive through this magnificent park. The meeting of the pine avenues in a star—superb. 'Who plants like Bathurst?' &c. We saw Pope's seat, and 'Cotswold's wild and Saperton's fair dale'—a most beautiful dale it is.

[1] It was written by a governess whom she had dismissed.

"News from the best authority; probably it will be in the newspapers before you see this: Lord Wellesley is to be Lord Lieutenant, and Mr. Goulburn, secretary."

To Miss Honora Edgeworth.

"*Winchester, Dec.* 12, 1821.

"Lest you should be staying in Dublin, I write this epitome to tell you what we have done. We spent two days at Cirencester, very entertaining. Delightful woods.

"Friday to Doctor Fowler's, Salisbury, and stayed till to-day after breakfast; our four days deliciously spent. We have seen Salisbury cathedral, and Wilton, pictures, and statues, and Lady Pembroke and her children, worth them all.

"We were at Longford castle yesterday; the strangest castle in the world. Finest private collection of pictures I have seen, or at least that in which there are the fewest indifferent ones.

"We have seen Stonehenge! and spend to-morrow with Mrs. Moutray at Mr. Coxe's, Twyford."

"*The Deepdene, Dec.* 19.

"We arrived here on Saturday. The first day there were Lady Mary Bennet, Miss Burrowes, Prince Cariati, a banished Neapolitan, in very long-skirted coat, which he holds up by tucking one hand inside behind; good humoured, and plays all sorts of petits jeux. Mrs. Hope has recovered her beauty, and she and Mr. Hope are as kind as ever, and asked affectionately after you, and so did Henry.

"Mrs. Hogan, excellent Mrs. Hogan, has grown much

older, but in all other respects the same, and next to our own dear Mrs. Billamore the most active and attached person in her station I ever saw. But why waste my time on housekeepers, when I should tell you of Lord Burford and his sisters, Lady Maria and Lady Caroline Beauclerc, who arrived on Monday, and Lady Westmeath and Mr. Smith, (Rejected Addresses,) and Mr. Lock, son of Norbury Park Lock: all *come* to *go* to a ball at Dorking, of which Mr. Hope is one of the stewards.

"The Lady Beauclercs[1] are beautiful, in the Vandyke style, and Lord Burford very handsome, and so is Mr. Lock, with a curly head.

"Fanny danced a great deal, and Harriet two quadrilles and Sir Roger de Coverley, which ended at six in the morning. We met at this ball Mr. Greenough, and Mr. Angerstein, Sneyd's friend, very agreeable, and Mrs. Hibbert, of the beautiful cottage, and Lady Rothes. Mr. Smith excessively entertaining; he sings humorous songs of his own composition inimitably. Alas! he went away yesterday.

"The evening after the ball they played at 'the ring,' a ring held on a string in a circle, and the fool in the middle seeks and challenges any suspected hand. This morning, the moment breakfast was over, they went into the *hall of the marble table,* and there played at *petits pacquets,* (not time to describe,) a great deal of running and laughing among pretty men and pretty maids.

[1] Just before setting out for the ball, Maria met the Lady Beauclercs on the stairs unable to find their maid, and with some indispensable ribbon come off which must be sewed on. Maria ran for her needle and thread and did the job in a moment.

"As I stood at the window with Mr. Hope looking at a ring of company playing French blindman's buff, we agreed we had never seen more beauty, male and female, collected in a circle of fourteen persons.

"I wrote the preface,[1] which I enclose, yesterday; pray send the corrections as soon as possible.

"Mrs. Hogan has just announced the arrival of 'Prince Cimitelli, and another name, ma'am, which I am ashamed to say I can never *twist out* rightly, is to come here to-day.'

"Mr. Smith told Fanny that he had intended to put me into the Rejected Addresses, and had written a part in the character of an Irish labourer, but it was so flat he threw it aside."

To Mrs. Edgeworth.

"*Frognel, Hampstead, Dec.* 29, 1821.

"We read—I mean we have heard read by Mr. Carr, who reads admirably, half the first volume of the Pirate, stopped at the chapter ending with the description of Norma of the Fitful Head. We were much pleased and interested, especially with the beautiful description of Mordaunt's education and employments: the sea-monsters, &c., most poetical, in Scott's master style: the manner in which, by scarcely perceptible touches, he wakens the reader's interest for his hero, admirable, unequalled by all but Shakspear. Wonderful genius; who can raise an interest even on the barren rocks of Zetland. Aladdin could only raise palaces at will, but the mighty master Scott can transport us to the most remote desert corner of the earth, ay, and keep us

[1] Preface to the Sequel to Frank.

there, and make us wish to stay among beings of his own creation. I send a sketch of the room, and how we all sat last night as happy as possible listening to Mr. Carr reading; show this ground plan to Honora, who knows the room, and she will *insense* you."

To Mrs. Ruxton.

"*Frognel, Hampstead, Jan.* 2, 1822.

"We have been enjoying in this family every delight which affection and cultivated tastes, and cheerful tempers can bestow. Upon nearer acquaintance I find Doctor Lushington worthy of the prize he has obtained in a wife, and I have heard from friends, who differ from him in political opinions, such honourable testimony to his integrity and strength of mind that my heart is quite at ease about her happiness.

"I have desired that as soon as they have finished the Pirate at Edgeworthstown they will send it to you. Mr. Carr has read it out to us, and we are charmed with it."

To Miss Ruxton.

"*Frognel, Jan.* 3, 1822.

"My dear Sophy,

"I reproach myself for having written to my aunt yesterday a most stupid letter, but my head was so disordered by the thoughts of her having been ill, that I did the very thing I ought not to have done, shown that I was alarmed, but now that I have had time to sleep upon it, and have had confirming good accounts of her, I am impatient to write and efface the impression of yesterday. I believe I left off where I had mentioned

the Pirate, which I hope you are reading to my aunt. The characters of the two sisters are beautiful. The idea of Brenda not believing in supernatural agency, and yet being afraid, and Minna not being afraid though she believes in Norma's power, is new and natural and ingenious. This was Joanna Baillie's idea. The picture of the sisters sleeping and the lacing scene is excellent, and there are not only passages of beautiful picturesque description, but many more deep philosophical reflections upon the human mind, and the causes of human happiness, than in any of his other works. The satire upon agriculturists imported from one country to another, who set to work to improve the land and the habits of the people without being acquainted with the circumstances of either, is excellent. I am sure my uncle will like and laugh with Magnus Troil. It is wonderful how genius can make even barren Zetland fertile in novelty. I sent a scratch of a ground plan of how we all sat the first night of Mr. Carr's reading. Both Morton and Tom Carr are very amiable and both handsome. Tom dark, like an Italian portrait; Morton fair, with light hair and quick-colouring with every emotion: a high sense of honour, chivalrous sentiments, and delicacy of taste.

"New Year's Day was Mr. and Mrs. Carr's wedding day, and it was kept as it always is, with family rejoicings; Doctor Holland, as he has done for many years, and Joanna Baillie and Miss Mulso, an intimate friend, a niece of Mrs. Chapone's, dined here, which, with the whole family and ourselves, made a party of twenty. Mr. Carr gave many toasts; some so affectionate they made the tears roll down the cheeks of his children. In the evening a merry dance, in which Joanna and her

sister joined, and then as agreed upon, at a given signal, we all ran up to our rooms and dressed in different characters. We did not know what the others were to be, but Fanny was a nun in a white muslin veil and drapery over her black gown—dressed in a moment, and I fell to decking Harriet, a pert travelled young lady just returned from Paris, in the height of the fashion: feathers of all colours, gold diadem, a profusion of artificial flowers, a nosegay of vast size, rose-coloured gauze dress, darkened eyebrows, and ringlets of dark hair which so completely altered her that no creature guessed who she was till Mrs. Carr at last knew her by her likeness to her mother; she supported her character with great spirit. I was an Irish nurse in a red cloak, come all the way from Killogonsawce, 'for my two childer that left me last year for foreign parts.' Little Francis was Triptolemus, in the Pirate, an excellent figure, and Mrs. Carr his sister Baby. Isabella, an old lady in an old-fashioned dress, and Laura as her daughter in a court dress and powder; Anna, a French troubadour singing beautifully and speaking French perfectly; William, the youngest son, a half-pay officer, King of the coffee house; Tom, a famous London black beggar, Billy Waters, with a wooden leg; Morton, Meg Merillies; Doctor Lushington, a housemaid; Miss Mulso, an English ballad singer; Mr. Burrell, (I forgot to mention him, an old family friend at dinner,) as a Spanish gentleman, Don Pedro Velasquez de Tordesillas; very good ruff and feathers, but much wanting a sword when the wooden-legged black trod on his toes. In the scuffle of dressing, for which only ten minutes were allowed, no sword could be found. From the quickness of preparation, and our all being a family party, this

little masquerade went off remarkably well, and was very diverting to the persons concerned.

"I heard yesterday from a friend of Lady Lansdowne's that Miss Kitty Malone has had the operation performed upon her eye; saw the ring on Alexander's finger, and exclaimed, 'How happy you must be, sir, who can give sight to the blind.'"

To Miss Lucy Edgeworth.

"*Miss Baillie's, Hampstead, Jan.* 12, 1822.

"I have been four days resolving to get up half an hour earlier that I might have time to tell you, my dear Lucy, the history of a cat of Joanna and Agnes Baillie's.

"You may, perhaps, have heard the name of a celebrated Mr. Brodie, who wrote on poisons, and whose papers on this subject are to be found in the Transactions of the Royal Society, and reviewed in the Edinburgh Review, in 1811. He brought some of the Woorara poison, with which the natives poison their arrows and destroy their victims. It was his theory that this poison destroys by affecting the nervous system only, and that after a certain time its effects on the nerves would cease as the effects of intoxicating liquors cease, and that the patient might recover, if the lungs could be kept in play, if respiration were not suspended during the trance or partial death in which the patient lies. To prove the truth of this by experiment he fell to work upon a cat; he pricked the cat with the point of a lancet dipped in woorara. It was some minutes before the animal became convulsed, and then it lay, to all appearance, dead. Mr. Brodie applied a tube to its mouth, and blew air into it from time to time; after lying some hours ap-

parently lifeless, it recovered, shook itself and went about its own affairs as usual. This was tried several times, much to the satisfaction of the philosophical spectators, but not quite to the satisfaction of poor puss, who grew very thin and looked so wretched that Doctor Baillie's son, then a boy, took compassion on this poor subject of experiment, and begged Mr. Brodie would let him carry off the cat. With or without consent, he did carry her off, and brought her to his aunts, Joanna and Agnes Baillie. Then puss's prosperous days began. Agnes made a soft bed for her in her own room, and by night and day she was the happiest of cats; she was called Woorara, which in time shortened into Woory. I wish I could wind up Woory's history by assuring you that she was the most attached and grateful of cats, but truth forbids. A few weeks after her arrival at Hampstead she marched off and never was heard of more. It is supposed that she took to evil courses: tasted the blood and bones of her neighbours' chickens, and fell at last a sacrifice to the vengeance of a cook-maid.

"After this cat's departure Agnes took to heart a kitten, who was very fond of her. This kitten, the first night she slept in her room, on wakening in the morning looked up from the hearth at Agnes, who was lying awake, but with her eyes half shut, and marked all puss's motions; after looking some instants, puss jumped up on the bed, crept softly forward and put her paw, with its glove on, upon one of Miss Baillie's eyelids and pushed it gently up; Miss Baillie looked at her fixedly, and puss, as if satisfied that her eyes were *there* and safe, went back to her station on the hearth and never troubled herself more about the matter.

"To finish this chapter of cats. I saw yesterday at a lady's house at Hampstead, a real Persian cat, brought over by a Navy Captain, her brother. It has long hair like a dog, and a tail like a terrier's, only with longer hair. It is the most gentle depressed-looking creature I ever saw; it seems to have the mal du pays, and moreover, had the cholic the morning I saw it, and Agnes Baillie had a spoonful of castor oil poured out for it, but it ran away.

"Joanna quoted to me the other day an excellent proverb applied to health: 'Let well alone.' If the Italian valetudinarian had done this his epitaph would not have arrived at the 'sto quì.'

"Captain Beaufort tells me that they have found out that the wool under the buffalo's long hair is finer than the material of which the Cashmere shawls are made, and they are going to manufacture shawls of buffalo's wool, which are to shame and silence the looms of Cashmere. Would my mother choose to wait for one of these?

"Francis, Harriet, and I went a few nights ago to see a little play at Mr. Frere's;—but I hear that Harriet has just written an account of it to you. This is the first note I have addressed to you these six weeks, but believe me that, whether directed to you or not, to amuse you is my first object in all my letters."

To Mrs. Edgeworth.

"*Hampstead, Jan.* 14, 1822.

"We are come to our last morning at this hospitable house. Most affectionate hospitality has been shown to us by these two excellent sisters. I part with Agnes

and Joanna Baillie, confirmed in my opinion that the one is the most amiable literary woman I ever beheld, and the other one of the best informed and most useful. I wish you had seen Joanna and Agnes each evening laying Fanny's feet up on the sofa, spreading their bright *Stuart* plaid over her, and a silk handkerchief hooded over her head so comfortable and so pretty, as Joanna said, she looked like one of Guido's pictures.

"I am rejoiced at Mr. Bushe's promotion. Mrs. Bushe sent to me through Anne Nangle, a most kind message alluding to our Patronage Chief Justice by *Second Sight*.

"An hour after I had read your letter, arrived the gentleman who franks this letter,[1] one of the most sensible well-bred conversers I ever heard. He began by giving us an account of all Lord Wellesley has been doing in Ireland, and entertained us for three hours with anecdotes of Fox and Mrs. Fox, and Lord Grenville, with whom he has been staying at Dropmore. He said that when he first went there and heard there was no company in the house, he was frightened out of his wits at the idea of a tête-à-tête with silent Lord Grenville; but to his astonishment, he found him tête-à-tête the most communicative and talkative of men; he had only to ask him what he pleased to set him off delightfully, like the Primate; those who can venture to talk to him freely, please him, and conquer his constitutional bashfulness. At breakfast he has three or four spaniels jumping upon him, he feeding, and protecting the newspaper, which he is reading all the time, from them. He is remarkably fond of children. Mr. Abercromby saw him with two little boys, sons of a friend,

[1] Mr. Abercromby—Lord Dunfermline.

and all the morning he was diverting them in the library, hunting for entertaining books and pictures for them. Such a new idea of Lord Grenville!"

"*Sir John Sebright's,*
"*Beechwood Park, Jan.* 16.

"A very fine park it is, with magnificently large beech trees, which well deserve to give their name to the place. The house, a fine-looking house, was a convent in the days of Edward VI. Library forty feet long; books in open shelves, handsome and comfortable. Doctor Wollaston kindly recognised Fanny. Mrs. Marcet—we were glad to secure her. Mrs. Somerville—little, slightly made; fair hair, pink colour; small grey, round, intelligent, smiling eyes; very pleasing countenance; remarkably soft voice, strong, but well-bred Scotch accent; timid, not disqualifying timid, but naturally modest, yet with a degree of self-possession through it, which prevents her being in the least awkward, and gives her all the advantage of her understanding; at the same time, that it adds a prepossessing charm to her manner, and takes off all dread of her superior scientific learning."

To Miss Ruxton.

"*Beechwood Park, Jan.* 17, 1822.

"I have this moment heard an anecdote, which proves beyond a doubt—if any doubt remained—that Walter Scott is the author of the novels. He edited 'The Memorie of the Somervilles,' and in the MS. copy are his marks of what was to be omitted; and among these what suggested to him the idea of Lady

Margaret and the famous *dis*jeune which His Majesty did her the honour to take with her—continually referred to by an ancestor of Lord Somerville's.

"We have spent two days pleasantly here with Dr. Wollaston, Dr. and Mrs. Somerville, Mr. Giles, and Mr. Franks, besides our own dear friend, Mrs. Marcet. Mrs. Somerville is the lady who, La Place says, is the only woman in England who understands his works. She draws beautifully; and while her head is among the stars, her feet are firm upon the earth. Sir John Sebright himself is very entertaining—quite a new character: he amused me incessantly: strong head, and warm heart, and oddity enough for ten. He showed us his pigeons, one which he said he would not part with for a hundred guineas; he took it up in his hands to show me its pretty white head, but I could not see the difference between it and one not worth ten shillings. The pouting pigeons, who have *goîtres*, as Mrs. Marcet said, are frightful; they put in their heads behind these bags of wind, and strut about as if proud of deformity. We saw four Antwerp pigeons, one of which went, Sir John told us, from Tower Hill to Antwerp in six hours."

To Mrs. Edgeworth.

"*Mardoaks, Jan.* 19, 1822.

"We called at Hatfield on our way here: fine pile of old house, many pictures—Burleigh, Cecil, Leicester, and Elizabeth. Do you remember meeting Lady Salisbury at Lady Darnley's? little, lively, good-humoured, very alert and active. What do you think of her fox-hunting, though past seventy? Mr. Franks and Mr. Giles,

whom we met at Beechwood, and all the young men, declare that she is more lively and good-humoured out hunting than any of them. An old groom goes out with her on a hunter a little better than her own, always a little before her, to show her where she may go, and turns to her every now and then, 'Come on! why the d—l don't you leap?' or 'You must not go there! why the d—l do you go there?'

"We arrived here in our usual happy time—firelight, an hour before dinner: most cordially received both by Sir James and Lady Macintosh: house pretty, library comfortable, hall and staircase beautiful: house filled with books.

"I must tell you an anecdote of Wilberforce and a dream of Dr. Wollaston's. Mr. Wilberforce, you know, sold his house at Kensington Gore: the purchaser was a Chinaman, or, I should say, the keeper of a china-shop in Oxford Street—Mr. Mortlock. When the purchase-money was paid, £10,000, and the deeds executed, Mr. Mortlock waited upon Mr. Wilberforce, and said, 'This house suits you, Mr. Wilberforce, so well in every respect, that I am sure your only motive in parting with it is to raise the money: therefore permit me to return these title-deeds. Accept this testimony of esteem, due to your public character and talents.'

"Wilberforce did not accept this handsome offer.

"Dr. Wollaston told us that he was much pleased with his own ingenuity in a dream. He wished to weigh himself, but suddenly fell, and was hurried forward on the ground till he came to a spot where the power of gravity ceased to act. He bethought himself of a spring steelyard, and with the joy of successful invention, wakened. Sir John Sebright, however, would

not allow Wollaston to be proud of this, as it would have occurred to him, or any one acquainted with the principle of a steelyard. We argued this point for a quarter of an hour, and each went away, as usual, of his or her original opinion."

"*Hertford College, Jan.* 23.

"I have asked all your questions, my dear mother, about Pakenham: they have a high opinion of the Charterhouse; and Malthus, Batten, and all the Professors say that the boys from the Charterhouse have distinguished themselves here, and at Oxford and Cambridge. They do not wish to have any boy before he is sixteen.

"Do you recollect a Cornish friend of Davy's who supped with him the night when Lady Darnley and the Russian Prince and the Sneyds were there? and Davy saying that this Cornish friend was a very clever man, and that he was anxious to do him honour, and be kind? This Cornish friend was Mr., now Dr. Batten, at the head of Hertford College. He had with him a rosy-cheeked, happy-looking, open-faced son, of nine years old, whom we liked much, and whose countenance and manner gave the best evidence possible in favour of father and mother.

"Le Bas is as deaf as a post; but that is no matter, as he is professor of mathematics, and deals only in demonstration. He has a very good-natured, intelligent countenance. He laughed heartily at some nonsense of mine which caught his ear, and that broke the mournful gravity of his countenance.

"Fanny had some rides with little Macintosh while

at Mardoaks—Robert, a very intelligent boy of fifteen, little for his age; like his father, but handsomer, and he listens to his conversation with a delight which proves him worthy to be the son of such a father, and promises future excellence better than anything he could say at his age. Sir James is improved in the art of conversation since we knew him; being engaged in great affairs with great men and great women has perfected him in the use and management of his wonderful natural powers and vast accumulated treasures of knowledge. His memory now appears to work less; his eloquence is more easy, his wit more brilliant, his anecdotes more happily introduced. Altogether his conversation is even more delightful than formerly; superior to Dumont's in imagination, and almost equal in wit. In Dumont's mind and conversation, wit and reason are kept separate; but in Macintosh they are mixed, and he uses both in argument, knowing the full value and force of each: never attempting to pass wit for logic, he forges each link of the chain of demonstration, and then sends the electric spark of wit through it. The French may well exclaim, in speaking of him, 'Quelle abondance!'

"He told us that, at Berlin, just before a dinner at which were all the principal ambassadors of Europe, Madame de Stael, who had been invited to meet them, turned to a picture of Buonaparte, then at the height of his power, and addressed it with Voltaire's lines to Cupid:

> 'Qui que ce soit, voici ton maître
> Il est, le fut, ou le doit être.'

"Fanny and Harriet say that Macintosh has far sur-

passed their expectations. The two new persons Fanny wished most to see in England were Ricardo and Macintosh: she has seen them in the best possible manner, in their own families, at leisure not only to be wise and good, but agreeable. Harriet and she have heard more of their conversation than they could in a whole season in London. Think how happy I must feel in seeing them quite satisfied. Sir James and Lady Macintosh seem to like them, and I and they delight in Miss Macintosh: she is one of the best-informed and most unaffected girls I ever knew, with a sweet voice and agreeable conversation."

"*Grove House, Kensington,*
"*Jan.* 27, 1822.

"As if wakening from a long dream, I find myself sitting in exactly the same corner, on the same chair, in the same room where Fanny, and Honora, and I were three years ago! Lady Elizabeth Whitbread looks better than she did when we left her, though much thinner: her kindness and the winning dignity of her manners the same as ever. She was at breakfast with us at half-past nine this morning, when she went to her church and we to Kensington—Mrs. Batty's pew—Harriet and I. Fanny stayed at home for the good of her body, and Lady Elizabeth left with her, for the good of her soul, that wicked 'Cain.'[1]

"Miss Grant will be here on Monday, absent a fortnight nursing Mrs. Nesbitt. A new dog, Jubal: Lady Elizabeth heard one of the little Battys say, 'Lion has *hatched* a new dog,' and the sister correcting her, 'Oh,

[1] Lord Byron's "Cain," which was preached against in Kensington Church by Mr. Rennel.

my dear! *hatched!* you mean *laid!*' Jubal is very like Lion, only younger and handsomer: milk-white, and shorn poodle fashion."

To Mrs. Ruxton.

"*Grove House, Feb.*, 1822.

"I am glad you like the preface to 'Frank:' the engineer and the scientific part will tire you—skip and go on to the third volume. Delightful breakfast to-day at Mr. Ricardo's. We have this last week seen all Calcott's principal pictures, and those by Mulready, an Irish artist: one of a messenger playing truant; the enraged mistress, and the faces of the boys he is playing with, and the little child he had the care of asleep, all tell their story well; but none of these come near the exquisite humour and ingenuity of Hogarth. I have the face of that imbecile, round-eyed, half-drunk friend of ours in the corner of the Election Dinner now before me, and I can never think of it without laughing.

"We have seen Sir Thomas Lawrence's magnificent picture of the King in his coronation robes, which is to be sent to the Pope. He flatters with great skill, choosing every creature's best. An admirable picture of Walter Scott; ditto ditto of Lady Jersey and Lady Cunningham. Lord Anglesea came in while we were with Sir Thomas: he is no longer handsome, but a model for the 'nice conduct' of a wooden leg. It was within an inch of running through Walter Scott's picture, which was on the floor leaning on the wall; but, by a skilful sidelong manœuvre, he bowed out of its way. His grey hair looks much better than his Majesty's flaxen wig—bad taste."

To Mrs. Edgeworth.

"*Kensington Gore, Feb.* 6, 1822.

"A dreadful storm two nights ago, which blew down two fine old trees in the park, and a miserable wet day, in which we made our way to the dentist's, have not given Fanny any fresh cold.

"Colonel Talbot dined here—cast in the same mould as all the other Talbots I have ever seen: his face has been bronzed by hardships, and *scorched* by the reflection from American *snows:* his manner of speaking slow—not too slow, only slow enough to be calmly distinct; and when relating wonders and dangers, gives you at once the certainty of truth, and the belief in his fortitude and intrepid presence of mind. He related the visit from his European friend, when he had built his log house, and was his own servant-of-all-work; and gave us an account of an attack of the Indians upon Fort Talbot. He gives me the idea of the most cool courage imaginable. I could not help looking at him, as if he were Robinson Crusoe come to life again, and continuing stories from his own book. He has now a very good house, or palace I should say; for he is not only lord of all he surveys, but actually king.

"Do you recollect American Mrs. Griffith writing to tell me that Mr. Ralston would come to see us, and my extreme disappointment at his finding in Dublin that Miss Edgeworth was not at home, and so not going down to Edgeworthstown, and not seeing Lovell's school? He has found us out now, and Lady Elizabeth invited him here. He has travelled over half Europe and is going to Spain; but upon my giving him a note

to Macintosh, with a draft upon him for five minutes' conversation, and notes to some other celebrated people, he, like a sensible man, determined to delay his journey on purpose to see them. Lady Elizabeth has been so kind to ask him to dine here to-day, and commissioned me to invite whoever I pleased to meet him. First we wrote to your brother, but he could not come; and then to Dr. Holland, but he was engaged to Holland House. In his note to me he says, 'I have seen Mr. Ralston several times, and have been greatly pleased with his ingenuousness, acquirements, and agreeable manners.' His father and mother are grand—and what is rather better, most benevolent—people in Philadelphia. Meantime I must go and write a letter of introduction for him to Count Edouard de la Grange, who is just returned from Spain to Paris, and may serve him. But I forgot to finish my sentence about the invitations to dinner. My third invitation was to Mr. Calcott, the painter, with whom we made acquaintance a few days ago. He has been more civil than I can tell you, promising us his ticket for the Exhibition, and preparing the way for our seeing pictures at Lord Liverpool's, Sir John Swinburne's, &c.; so I was glad to have this opportunity of asking him, and he breaks an engagement to the Academy to accept of Lady Elizabeth's invitation.

"Now I must 'put on bonnet' to go to Lady Grey's. She is the most touching sight! and Lady Elizabeth's affection and respect for her! She has desired to see Fanny and Harriet to-day."

"*Feb.* 9.

"Like a child who keeps the plums of his pudding

for the last, but who is so tedious in getting through the beginning, that his plate is taken away before he gets to his plums, *so* I often put off what I think the plums of my letters till 'the post, ma'am,' hurries it off without the best part.

"In my hurried conclusion I forgot to tell you that Mr. Ralston has lately become acquainted with Mr. Perkins, the American, who has tried experiments on the compressibility of water, the results of which have astonished all the scientific world.

"Wollaston, as Mr. Ralston affirms, has verified and warrants the truth of these experiments, which have not yet been published. The most wonderful part appeared to me incredible: under a great degree of compression the water, Mr. Ralston said, *turned to gas!*"

"*Feb.* 20.

"Lady Lansdowne was here yesterday while I was in town; she heard that Fanny and Harriet were at home: got out and sat with them: very agreeable. Lady Bathurst has been here, and Lady Georgiana: asked us to a select party—Countess Leven, &c.,—but we declined: could not leave Lady Elizabeth. I do not know that there is any truth in the report that Lady Georgiana is to marry Lord Liverpool: I should think not; for when we were at Cirencester, Lady Bathurst read out of a letter, 'So I hear Lady Georgiana is to be our Prime Minister,' which she would not have done if the thing were really going on; and when I went to Lord Liverpool's a few days ago, he was in deep mourning, the hatchment still up on his house, his note-paper half an inch black border. If he were

courting, surely the black border would diminish, and the hatchment would be taken down. I wish it were true, for I like both parties, and think it would be remarkably well suited."

"*Feb.* 24.

"Yesterday Captain Beaufort walked here to see us, and then walked with Harriet and me to Lady Listowel's, *ci-devant* Lady Ennismore, looking just the same as when we saw her at Kilkenny: excessively civil to us. Two curious pictures there done by an Irish boy, or man, of the name of Grogan, of Cork: one of these is an Irish wake; there is a great deal of original humour and invention in it, of the Wilkie, or, better still, of the Hogarth style.

"But all this time you would be glad to know whether I am likely to have a house over my head or not? it cannot be decided till Tuesday—8, or 12, Holles Street.

"Yesterday we went to see Mrs. Moutray at Mr. Sumner's most comfortable and superb house. She had been to see the poor Queen's pictures and goods, which are now for sale: a melancholy sight; all her dress, even her stays, laid out, and tarnished finery, to be purchased by the lowest of the low. There was a full-length picture of her when she was young and happy; another, beautiful, by Opie or Lawrence, standing screwing up a harp with one hand, and playing with her little daughter with the other.

"We go to Mrs. Taddy's to-morrow."

Mrs. Taddy was niece to our old friend Mrs. Clifford, and married to Serjeant Taddy: they lived at this time

in Great Russell Street, the back windows of which looked upon the British Museum Gardens, the scene of some of Maria's earliest recollections, where she used to play when at the house of her great aunts, the Miss Blakes, of whose fine presence and high-bred manners she had a vivid and romantic remembrance.

To Mrs. Ruxton.

"8, *Holles Street, March* 9.

"We are comfortably settled in this good central situation. We were last Monday at a select early party at Mrs. Hope's. The new gallery of Flemish pictures given to Mr. Hope by his brother is beautifully arranged.

"I have had the greatest pleasure in Francis Beaufort going with us to our delightful breakfasts at Mr. Ricardo's,—they enjoy each other's conversation so much. It has now become high fashion with blue ladies to talk Political Economy, and make a great jabbering on the subject, while others who have more sense, like Mrs. Marcet, hold their tongues and listen. A gentleman answered very well the other day when asked if he would be of the famous Political Economy Club, that he would, whenever he could find two members of it that agree in any one point. Meantime, fine ladies require that their daughters' governesses should teach Political Economy. 'Do you teach Political Economy?' 'No, but I can learn it.' 'O dear, no; if you don't teach it, you won't do for me.'

"Another style of governess is now the fashion,—the *ultra-French:* a lady-governess of this party, and one of the Orleans or *liberaux* met and came to high

words, till all was calmed by the timely display of a ball-dress, trimmed with roses alternately red and white,—'Garniture aux prejugés vaincus.' This should have been worn by those who formerly invented in the Revolution 'Bals aux victimes.'

"Yesterday we breakfasted at Mrs. Somerville's, and sat in her painting-room. Left her at one o'clock, and went by appointment to Lansdowne House. Lady Lansdowne quite affectionate to Fanny and Harriet; had fire and warm air in the superb new statue saloon on purpose for them. Mrs. Kennedy,—Sir Samuel Romilly's daughter,—came in, invited to meet us, very pleasing manners. Mrs. Nicholls,—Lady Lansdowne's niece,—'I like that you should know all I love.'

"Then we went with Captain and Mrs. Beaufort to Belzoni's tomb,—the model first, and then the tomb as large as life, painted in its proper colours,—a very striking spectacle, but I need not describe it; the book represents it perfectly.

"Next door to the tomb are the Laplanders, the man about my size, at work, intently, but stupidly, on making a wooden spoon. The wife was more intelligent: a child of five years, very quiet grey eyes. In the middle of the apartment is a pen full of reindeer,—very gentle and ravenously eager for moss, of which there was a great basket. This moss which they love as well as their own has been found in great quantities on Bagshot Heath.

"We went one night to the House of Commons: Mr. Whitbread took us there. A garret the whole size of the room—the former chapel—now the House of Commons; below, *kitcats* of Gothic chapel windows stopped up appear on each side above the floor: above, roof-

beams. One lantern with one farthing candle, in a tin candlestick, all the light. In the middle of the garret is what seemed like a sentry-box of deal boards and old chairs placed round it: on these we got and stood and peeped over the top of the boards. Saw the large chandelier with lights blazing, immediately below: a grating of iron across veiled the light so that we could look down and beyond it: we saw half the table with the mace lying on it and papers, and by peeping hard two figures of clerks at the further end, but no eye could see the Speaker or his chair,—only his feet; his voice and terrible 'ORDER' was soon heard. We could see part of the Treasury Bench and the Opposition in their places,—the tops of their heads, profiles, and gestures perfectly. There was not any interesting debate,—the Knightsbridge affair and the Salt Tax,—but it was entertaining to us because we were curious to see and hear the principal speakers on each side. We heard Lord Londonderry, Mr. Peel, and Mr. Vansittart; and on the other side, Denman, Brougham, and Bennett, and several hesitating country gentlemen, who seemed to be speaking to please their constituents only. Sir John Sebright was as much at ease as in his own drawing-room at Beechwood: Mr. Brougham we thought the best speaker we heard, Mr. Peel next; Mr. Vansittart the best language, and most correct English, though there was little in what he said. The Speaker, we were told, had made this observation on Mr. Vansittart, that he never makes a mistake in grammar. Lord Londonderry makes the most extraordinary blunders and *malapropos*. Mr. Denman speaks well. The whole, the speaking and the interest of the scene surpassed our expectations, and we felt

proud to mark the vast difference between the English House of Commons and the French Chambre des Deputés. *Nevertheless,* there are disturbances in Suffolk, and Lord Londonderry had to get up from dinner to order troops to be sent there."

To Mrs. Edgeworth.

"8, *Holles Street, March,* 1822.

"It was No. 10 we were in in 1813; this No. 8 is a much better house, and better furnished.

"Your brother Francis is kind to us beyond description, and lets us take him where we will; he dined with us at Mrs. Weddell's,—this dear old lady copied last year in her seventy-second year a beautiful crayon picture of Lady Dundas,—and here we met Lady Louisa Stuart, Mr. Stanley of Alderley, and many others.

"Yesterday we went the moment we had swallowed our breakfast,—N.B. superfine green tea given to us by Mrs. Taddy,—by appointment to Newgate. The private door opened at sight of our tickets, and the great doors and the little doors, and the thick doors, and doors of all sorts, were unbolted and unlocked, and on we went through dreary but clean passages, till we came to a room where rows of empty benches fronted us. A table on which lay a large Bible. Several ladies and gentlemen entered and took their seats on benches at either side of the table, in silence.

"Enter Mrs. Fry in a drab coloured silk cloak, and plain borderless Quaker cap; a most benevolent countenance,—Guido-Madonna face,—calm, benign. 'I must make an inquiry,—Is Maria Edgeworth here? and where?' I went forward; she bade us come and

sit beside her. Her first smile as she looked upon me I can never forget.

"The prisoners came in, and in an orderly manner ranged themselves on the benches. All quite clean faces, hair, caps, and hands. On a very low bench in front, little children were seated and were *settled* by their mothers. Almost all these women, about thirty, were under sentence of transportation, some few only were for imprisonment. One who did not appear was under sentence of death,—frequently women when sentenced to death become ill, and unable to attend Mrs. Fry; the others come regularly and voluntarily.

"She opened the Bible, and read in the most sweetly solemn, sedate voice I ever heard, slowly and distinctly without anything in the manner that could distract attention from the matter. Sometimes she paused to explain, which she did with great judgment, addressing the convicts, '*we* have felt; *we* are convinced.' They were very attentive, unaffectedly interested I thought in all she said, and touched by her manner. There was nothing put on in their countenances, not any appearance of hypocrisy. I studied their countenances carefully, but I could not see any which without knowing to whom they belonged, I should have decided was bad; yet Mrs. Fry assured me that all those women had been of the worst sort. She confirmed what we have read and heard, that it was by their love of their children that she first obtained influence over these abandoned women. When she first took notice of one or two of their fine children, the mothers said that if she could but save their children from the misery they had gone through in vice, they would do anything she bid them. And when they saw the change made in

their children by her schooling, they begged to attend themselves. I could not have conceived that the love of their children could have remained so strong in hearts in which every other feeling of virtue had so long been dead. The Vicar of Wakefield's sermon in prison is, it seems, founded on a deep and true knowledge of human nature,—'the spark of good is often smothered, never wholly extinguished.'

"Mrs. Fry often says an extempore prayer; but this day she was quite silent while she covered her face with her hands for some minutes: the women were perfectly silent with their eyes fixed upon her, and when she said, 'you may go,' they went away *slowly*. The children sat quite still the whole time,—when one *leaned*, the mother behind set her upright.

"Mrs. Fry told us that the dividing the women into classes has been of the greatest advantage, and putting them under the care of monitors. There is some little pecuniary advantage attached to the office of monitor which makes them emulous to obtain it.

"We went through the female wards with Mrs. Fry, and saw the women at various works,—knitting, rug-making, &c. They have done a great deal of needle-work very neatly, and some very ingenious. When I expressed my foolish wonder at this to Mrs. Fry's sister, she replied, 'We have to do, recollect, ma'am, not with fools, but with rogues.'

"There is only one being among all those upon whom she has tried to make salutary impression,—on whom she could make none,—an old Jewess, she is so depraved, and so odiously dirty that she cannot be purified, body or mind; wash her and put clean clothes on, she tears and dirties them, and swarms with vermin

again in twenty-four hours. I saw her in the kitchen where they were served with broth: a horrible spectacle, which haunted me the whole day and night afterwards. One eye had been put out and closed up, and the other glared with malignant passion. I asked her if she was not happier since Mrs. Fry had come to Newgate. She made no direct reply, but said, 'It is hard to be happy in a jail; if you tasted *that* broth you'd find it is nothing but dish-water.' I did taste it, and found it was very good.

"Far from being disappointed with the sight of what Mrs. Fry has effected, I was delighted. We emerged again from the thick, dark, silent walls of Newgate to the bustling city, and thence to the elegant part of the town; and before we had time to arrange our ideas, and while the mild Quaker face and voice, and wonderful resolution and successful exertions of this admirable woman were fresh in our minds, morning visitors flowed in, and common life again went on.

"Three or four of these visitors were very agreeable, Sir Humphry Davy, Major Colebrook, Lord Radstock, and Mrs. Scott,—Mrs. Scott of Danesfort, whom and which we saw when at Lord Carrington's. The Bellman."

"*April 3rd.*

"Fanny and Harriet have been with me at that grand exclusive paradise of fashion, Almack's. Observe that the present Duchess of Rutland who had been a few months away from town, and had offended the Lady Patronesses by not visiting them, could not at her utmost need get a ticket from any one of them, and was kept out to her amazing mortification. This may give you some idea of the importance attached to admission to Almack's.

Kind Mrs. Hope got tickets for us from Lady Gwydir, and Lady Cowper; the Patronesses can only give tickets to those whom they *personally know;* on that plea they avoided the Duchess of Rutland's application, she had not visited them,—'they really did not know her Grace;' and Lady Cowper swallowed a camel for me, because she did not really know me; I had met her, but had never been introduced to her till I saw her at Almack's. Fanny and Harriet were beautifully dressed: their heads by Lady Lansdowne's hairdresser, Trichot: Mrs. Hope lent Harriet a wreath of her own French roses. Fanny was said by many to be, if not the prettiest, the most elegant looking young woman in the room, and certainly 'elegance, birth, and fortune, were there assembled,' as the newspapers would truly say.

"Towards the close of the evening Captain Waldegrave came to me with Mr. Bootle Wilbraham, who has been alternately Wilbraham Bootle and Bootle Wilbraham, till nobody knows how to call him: no matter for me, he came to say he was at our service and our most devoted humble servant to show us the Millbank Penitentiary whenever we pleased. He is a grand man, and presently returned with a grander,—the Marquis of Londonderry, who by his own account had been dying some time with impatience to be introduced to us; talked much of Castle Rackrent, &c., and of Ireland. Of course I thought his manner and voice very agreeable. He is much fatter and much less solemn than when I saw him in the Irish House of Commons. He introduced us to jolly fat Lady Londonderry, who was vastly gracious, and invited us to one of the four grand parties which she gives every

season: *and* it surprised me very much to perceive the rapidity with which a minister's having talked to a person spread through the room. Everybody I met afterwards that night and the next day, *observed* to me that they had seen Lord Londonderry talking to me for a great while!

"We had a crowded party at Lady Londonderry's, but they had no elbows.

"Lady Selkirk has just come in, and stops me."

"*April 4th.*

"I recollect that I left off yesterday in the midst of a wellbred crowd at Lady Londonderry's,—her Marchioness-ship standing at her drawing-room door all in scarlet for three hours, receiving the world with smiles; and how it happened that her fat legs did not sink under her I cannot tell. The chief, I may say the only satisfaction we had at Lady Londonderry's, while we won our way from room to room, nodding to heads, or touching hands, as we passed,—besides the prodigious satisfaction of feeling ourselves at such a height of fashion, &c., was in meeting Mr. Bankes, and Lady Charlotte, and Mr. Lemon behind the door of one of the rooms, and proceeding in the tide along with them into an inner sanctuary, in which we had cool air and a sight of the great Sevres-China vase, which was presented by the King of France to Lord Londonderry at the signing of the peace. Much agreeable conversation from this travelled Mr. Bankes. We heard from Lady Charlotte that her entertaining sister, Lady Harriet Frampton, had just arrived, and when I expressed our wish to become acquainted with her, Mr. Bankes exclaimed, 'She is so eager to know you that she would

willingly have come to you in worsted stockings, just as she alighted from her travelling carriage, with sandwiches in one pocket and letters and gloves stuffing out the other.'

"Enter Mr. and Mrs. Hope. Mr. Hope, characteristically curious in vases, turned me round to a famous malachite vase which was given by the Emperor of Russia to Lord Londonderry—square, upon a pedestal high as my little table; and another, a present of I forget who. So, you see, he has a congress of vases, 'en degire-t-il mieux?'

"Many, many dinners and evening parties have rolled over one another, and are swept out of my memory by the tide of the last fortnight: one at Lady Lansdowne's, and one at Mrs. Hope's, and I will go on to one at Miss White's: Mr. Henry Fox, Lord Holland's son, lame. I sat between him and young Mr. Ord, Fanny between Mr. Milman (the Martyr of Antioch) and Sir Humphry Davy (the Martyr of Matrimony,) Harriet between Dr. Holland and young Ord: Mr. Moore (Canterbury) and old-ish Ord completed this select dinner. In the evening the principal personages were Lord James Stuart and Mrs. Siddons: she was exceedingly entertaining, told anecdotes, repeated some passages from 'Jane Shore' beautifully, and invited us to a private evening party at her house.

"We have become very intimate with Wollaston and Kater, Mr. Warburton, and Dr. and Mrs. Somerville: they and Dr. and Mrs. Marcet form the most agreeable as well as scientific society in London. We have been to Greenwich Observatory. You remember Mr. and Mrs. Pond? I liked him for the candour and modesty with which he spoke of the parallax dispute between

him and Dr. Brinkley, of whom he and all the scientific world here speak with the highest reverence.

"We went yesterday with Lord Radstock to the Millbank Penitentiary, where by appointment we were met by Mr. Wilbraham Bootle. We had the pleasure of taking with us Alicia and Captain Beaufort. Solitary confinement for the worst offences: solitary confinement in *darkness* at first. There are many young offenders; the governors say they are horrid plagues, for they are not allowed to flog them, and they are little influenced by darkness and solitary confinement: oldish men much afraid of it. The disease most common in this prison is scrofula; and it is a curious fact that those who work with their arms at the mills are free from it, those who work with their feet at the treadmills are subject to it.

"Adieu. I must here break off, as Mrs. Primate Stuart has come in, and left me no time for more. The Primate has recovered, and has set out this day with his son for Winchester, to see some haunts of his youth, takes a trip to Bath, and returns in a few days, when I hope we shall see him."

"*April* 6.

"I left off in the Millbank Penitentiary, but what more I was going to say I cannot recollect; so, my dear mother, you must go without that wisdom. All that I know now is that I saw a woman who is under sentence of death for having poisoned her sister. She appeared to me to be insane; but it is said that it is a frequent attempt of the prisoners to sham madness, in order to get to Bedlam, from which they can get out when *cured*. One woman deceived all the medical

people, clergyman, jailor, and turnkeys, was removed to Bedlam as incurably mad, and from Bedlam made her escape. I saw a girl of about eighteen, who had been educated at Miss Hesketh's school, and had been put to service in a friend's family. She was in love with a footman who was turned away: the old housekeeper refused the girl permission to go out the night this man was turned away: the girl went straight to a drawer in the housekeeper's room, where she had seen a letter with money in it, took it, and put a coal into the drawer, to set the house on fire! For this she was committed, tried, convicted, and would have been hanged, but for Sir Thomas Hesketh's intercession: he had her sent to the Penitentiary for ten years. Would you not think that virtue and feeling were extinct in this girl? No: the task-mistress took us into the cell, where she was working in company with two other women; she has earned by her constant good conduct the privilege of working in company. One of the Miss Wilbrahams, when all the other visitors except myself had left the cell, turned back and said, 'I think I saw you once when I was with Miss Hesketh at her school.' The girl blushed, her face gave way, and she burst into an agony of tears, without being able to answer one word.

"Yesterday we breakfasted at Mrs. Somerville's, and I put on for her a blue crape turban, to show her how Fanny's was put on, with which she had fallen in love. We dined at Mrs. Hughan's, niece to Joanna Baillie: select party for Sir William Pepys, who is eighty-two, a most agreeable, lively old gentleman, who tells delightful anecdotes of Mrs. Montague, Sir Joshua, Burke, and Dr. Johnson. Mrs. Montague once whispered to

Sir William, on seeing a very awkward man coming into the room, 'There is a man who would give one of his hands to know what to do with the other.' Excellent house of Mrs. Hughan's, full of flowers and luxuries. In the evening many people; the Baillies, and a Miss Jardine, granddaughter of Bruce, the traveller. We carried Sir William off with us at half-past nine to Mrs. Somerville's, and after we had been gone half-an-hour, Mr. Pepys, a *young* man between forty and fifty, arrived, and putting his glass up to his eye, spied about for his uncle, discovered that he was gone, and could not tell how or where! Miss Milligan, sister to Mrs. Hughan, told him Miss Edgeworth had carried him off. His own carriage arrived at eleven, and carried Mr. Pepys, by private orders, not knowing where he was going, to Mrs. Somerville's. We had brought Sir William there to hear Mrs. Kater sing and play Handel's music, of which he is passionately fond. It was worth while to bring him to hear her singing, he so exceedingly enjoyed it, and so does Wollaston, who sits as mute as a mouse and as still as the statue of a philosopher charmed.

"I forgot to tell you that Lady Elizabeth Belgrave, as pretty and winning as ever, came to see us with Lady Stafford; and yesterday, the third time of calling at her door, I was told by a pimpled, red-blotched doorholder that 'her ladyship was not at home,' but after he had turned the card to another form out of livery, he said, 'My lady is at home to you, ma'am.' So up we went, and she was very entertaining, with fresh observations from Paris, and much humour. She said she was sure there was some peculiar charm in the sound of the clinking of their swords in walking up and

down the gallery of the Tuilleries, which the old stupid ones pace every day for hours. She says she has met with much grateful attention from the royal family, and many of the French whom she had formerly known, but cannot give entertainments because they have not the means. The Count d'Artois apologised; he has no separate dinner—always dined with the King, and '*very* sorry for it.' Lady Stafford asked us all to dinner, but we were engaged to Mr. Morritt. She is to ask again after our return from the Deepdene, where we spend Monday and Tuesday with the dear Hopes."

To Mrs. Ruxton.

"8, *Holles Street, April* 10, 1822.

"My dearest Aunt,

"Your letter rejoiced my heart. The great variety of society in London, and the solidity of the sense and information to be gathered from conversation, strike me as far superior to Parisian society. We know, I think, six different and totally independent sets, of scientific, literary, political, travelled, artist, and the fine fashionable, of various shades; and the different styles of conversation are very entertaining.

"Through Lydia White we have become more acquainted with Mrs. Siddons than I ever expected to be. She gave us the history of her first acting of Lady Macbeth, and of her resolving, in the sleep scene, to lay down the candlestick, contrary to the precedent of Mrs. Pritchard and all the traditions, before she began to wash her hands and say, 'Out, vile spot!' Sheridan knocked violently at her door during the five minutes she had desired to have entirely to herself, to compose

her spirits before the play began. He burst in, and prophesied that she would ruin herself for ever if she persevered in this resolution *to lay down the candlestick!* She persisted, however, in her determination, succeeded, was applauded, and Sheridan begged her pardon. She described well the awe she felt, and the power of the excitement given to her by the sight of Burke, Fox, Sheridan, and Sir Joshua Reynolds in the pit. She invited us to a private reading-party at her own house: present only her daughter, a very pretty young lady, a Mrs. Wilkinson, Mr. Burney, Dr. Holland, Lydia White, Mr. Harness and ourselves. She read one of her finest parts, and that best suited to a private room—Queen Katherine. She was dressed so as to do well for the two parts she was to perform this night, of gentlewoman and queen—black velvet, with black velvet cap and feathers. She sat the whole time, and with a large Shakespear before her; as she knew the part of Katherine by heart, she seldom required the help of glasses, and she recited it incomparably well: the changes of her countenance were striking. From her first burst of indignation when she objects to the Cardinal as her judge, to her last expiring scene, was all so perfectly natural and so touching, we could give no applause but tears. Mrs. Siddons is beautiful even at this moment. Some who had seen her on the stage in this part assured me that it had a much greater effect upon them in a private room, because they were near enough to see the changes of her countenance, and to hear the pathos of her half-suppressed voice. Some one said that, in the dying scene, her very pillow seemed sick.

"She spoke afterwards of the different parts which

she had liked and disliked to act; and when she mentioned the characters and scenes she had found easy or difficult, it was curious to observe that the feelings of the actress and the sentiments and reasons of the best critics meet. Whatever was not natural, or inconsistent with the main part of the character, she found she never could act well.

"We spent three days at Easter at the Deepdene; the company there were Mr. C. Moore, Mr. Philip Henry Hope, Mr. and Miss Burrowes, Mr. Harness, Lord Fincastle, Lady Clare, and Lady Isabella Fitzgibbon, and Lord Archibald Hamilton. Deepdene is beautiful at this time of the year—the hawthorn hedges, the tender green of the larch and the sycamore in full leaf.

"Sir Harry Englefield is dead—which interests us because he has left some of his property to our friend Mrs. Strickland."

On receiving the news of the death of her dear and excellent friend, Mrs. Charlotte Sneyd, at Edgeworthstown, Maria and her sisters left town, and went by Lady Elizabeth Whitbread's kind invitation to stay with her for some time.

To Mrs. Edgeworth.

"*Grove House, Kensington Gore,*
"*April* 18, 1822.

"Late last night, past twelve o'clock, a note which Barry Fox had left at No. 8, Holles Street, reached me here by accident, and this morning by nine of the clock, on our way to Captain Kater's, where we were to breakfast, I called upon him at Fladong's hotel, in Oxford

Street. The waiter's first answer was that Captain Fox was not out of his room. Upon which I sent Gaynor[1] up with a note of invitation from Lady Elizabeth to dine with us this day at Grove House. We waited for some time at the door of the hotel till Gaynor with his indescribable Irish simplicity-surprise face came down.

"'Ma'am, Captain Fox is not there! Ma'am, I went up myself, and into his room, and looked into his bed, and he is not in it.'

"His nod and countenance, and concluding emphasis, seemed to say, 'If you doubt, you may go up and look yourself!' This I did not do, but left my note and said I would call for an answer, which I did; he cannot dine, but will call to-morrow."

"*Holles Street, April* 20.

"We are going at two o'clock, and it is now half-past one, to a private view of Sir John Swinburne's pictures, and we are to dine nine miles out of town, at Plasket House, with Mrs. Fry.

"Barry Fox came yesterday to Grove House, and looked much like a gentleman, as he is, and seemed pleased with his cousins, as well he might be.

"I wish, my dearest mother, you would write a note to Doctor Holland in your next; he has been so kind and sympathizing. Miss Bessy Holland has come to stay some weeks with her brother—good for her, and for us; she is very amiable. I find a card from Jeffrey was left here while we were at Grove House.

"Just returned from water-colour pictures; some of Prout's of old towns abroad, like Chester; met there—

[1] Maria's footman.

not at Chester—Lord Grey, Wilkie, Mulready, Lord Radstock, and the Miss Waldegraves, and Lady Stafford, who has more ready and good five minutes conversation than anybody I know. She says the French have lost all their national recollections; in travelling through France she asked for various places famous in history, of which they had lost all memory.

"Carriage at the door, and I have not begun to dress!"

"*April* 24.

"The day before yesterday we saw Mrs. Tuite at Lady Sunderlin's. They have an admirable house. Miss Kitty Malone sees, and is most grateful for it.

"Mrs. Fry's place at Plasket is beautiful, and she is delightful at home or at Newgate.

"Paid a visit to Lady Derby; full as agreeable as when we saw her, half as fat, and twice as old; asked most kindly for you, and received your daughters with gracious grace.

"Monday, went with Mr. Cohen and Mr. Cockerell to S. Paul's; he showed us his renovations done in excellent taste. Dined at Miss White's with Mr. Luttrell, Mr. Hallam, Mr. Sharpe, and Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Nicholson; she is Lady Davy's half sister. Most agreeable conversation; no dinners more agreeable than Lydia White's. Poor creature! how she can go through it I cannot imagine, she is dying. It is dreadful to look at her!

"In the evening at Miss Stable's, Anna's friend; met there Mrs. Cunliffe, who was Miss Crew, very agreeable and though not regularly handsome, very pleasing in countenance and person.

"Tuesday, spent a happy hour at the Museum. We dined at Mrs. Marcet's, with only herself and children. Then to an 'at home,' at Mrs. Ricardo's merely for ten minutes to see the famous Mr. Hume. Don't like him much; attacks all things and persons, never listens, has no judgment.

"Went to Mrs. Southeby's—great crowd with court-dresses from drawing-room and opera."

"*May* 3.

"Since Harriet last wrote we have been to Harrow to hear the speeches of the first class of boys, our future orators. It was a very interesting scene, attended by many ladies, as well as gentlemen. Two of the speeches were from Henry IV., one the crown tried on, well repeated. The situation of the school is beautiful, the lawn laid out with great taste; the master, Doctor Butler, a very well-informed agreeable man, with a picturesque head. We had a very elegant collation, and I sat beside a very agreeable thin old nobleman of the old school, Lord Clarendon. Upon the whole, after hearing the speeches and recitations of these youths, I said to myself, how much better my father taught to read and recite than any of these masters can."

"*May* 10.

"The sudden death of the Primate and the horrible circumstances attending it have incapacitated me from any more home-writing at this moment. Mrs. Stuart gave him the medicine; he had twice asked for his draught, and when she saw the servant come in she ran down, seized the bottle and poured it out without looking at the label, which was most distinct 'for external

application.' When dying, and when struggling under the power of the opium, he called for a pencil and wrote these words for a comfort to his wife :—'I could not have lived long, my dear love, at all events.'"

"*May* 22.

"I enclose a note from Lady Louisa Stuart, the Primate's sister; it is most touching, especially the account of the feelings of his parishioners.

"We have been at the Caledonian ball—Harriet has written a description of it to Pakenham; and also to a very pleasant dance at Mrs. Shaw Lefevre's, where Fanny and Harriet had good partners.

"I have subscribed £10 to the Irish Poor Subscription. Spring Rice, whom I very much like, tells me he has been touched to the heart by the generous eagerness with which the English merchants and city people have contributed to this fund. A very large sum is already at his disposal, and he has wisely considered that if this money be not judiciously applied it will do more harm than good. He has done me the honour to consult me about his plan, of which I enclose a copy.

"At Captain Kater's breakfast yesterday we met Greenough, Captain Beaufort, Warburton, and young Herschel, a man of great abilities, to whom Sir Humphry Davy paid an elegant compliment the other day in a speech as President to the Royal Society. 'His father must rejoice in such a son, who secures to him a double immortality.'

"Just received yours of the 17th. Curious that you should have been saying to me the same thing I was saying to you about the Irish subscriptions. Poor

Peggy Mulheeran! her letter is most pathetic. Fanny and Harriet are at this moment dining at dear Mrs. Lushington's, and I am going alone to a dinner at *Lydia's*, to meet Sidney Smith—*they* come in the evening. We met Lady Byron lately at Mrs. Lushington's. Dinner at Lord and Lady Darnley's—all manner of attention. Greenough has been most kind; admirable collection of fossils—taking out all his thousand drawers for us. Bellman."

"*May* 28.

"In the hurried life we have led for some weeks past, and among the great variety of illustrious and foolish people we have seen pass in rapid panoramas before us, some remain for ever fixed in the memory, and some few touch the heart. We have just breakfasted with Spring Rice and Lady Theodosia. She has a placid, amiable, and winning countenance—pretty curly-haired children, such as you or Sir Joshua would paint.

"At this breakfast were Mr. Rice's sister, Lady Hunt, a charming woman. Mr. Grant, our late secretary, with sense, goodness, and indolence in his countenance, and Mr. Randolph, the American, very tall and thin, as if a stick instead of shoulders, stretched out his coat; his hair tied behind with a black ribbon, but not pig-tailed, it flows from the ribbon, like old Steele's, with a curl at the end, mixed brown and grey; his face wrinkled like a peach-stone, but all pliable, muscles moving with every sensation of a feeling soul and lively imagination; quick dark eyes, with an indefinable expression of acquired habitual sedateness, in despite of nature; his tone of voice mild and repressed, yet in this voice he speaks thoughts that breathe and words

that burn; he is one of the most eloquent men I ever heard speak, and there is a novelty in his view of things, and in his new world of allusions, in art and nature, which is highly interesting.

"Besides the pleasure we should naturally have taken in his conversation, we have been doubly pleased by his gratifying attention to ourselves, and my dearest mother, still more by the manner in which he distinguished your Francis, who was with us. Spring Rice told us that Mr. Abercromby, who had met him at Joanna Baillie's, told him he was one of the finest and most promising boys he had ever seen.

"Do, for heaven's sake, some good soul or body, write forthwith to Black Castle, and learn whether Aunt Ruxton likes the gown I sent her—grey cloth. If not, I will get her another."

"*Frognel, Hampstead, June* 3.

"A few lines ever so short and hurried are better than none. We gave up our house and paid all our bills on Saturday; left London and came to Frognel—delicious Frognel! Hay-making—profusion of flowers—rhododendrons as fine as four of mine, flowering down to the grass. All our friends with open arms on steps in the verandah to receive us.

"A large party of Southebys, &c., including Mrs. Tuite, put by for future description. Second day: Wollaston, Doctor and Miss Holland. Harriet sat beside Wollaston at dinner, and he talked unusually, veiling for her the terror of his beak and lightning of his eye. He has indeed been very kind and amiable in distinguishing your daughters as worth speaking to.

"To-day I came to town with Mrs. Carr, and my

sisters, and the Miss Carrs, and they went to a Prison Discipline meeting to hear Macintosh speak; but I was not able to go, and have done worlds of business since, including a great half-hour with Lady Harrowby and Lord Sandon, about John Moilliet's admission at Balliol or Oriel.

"We have changed our plans a little: going to Portsmouth first, and to Slough on our return; we were to have gone by Slough, but the Prince of Denmark and the King going to Ascot took up all horses and beds, so we were obliged to go the other road."

"51, *Manchester Street, London,*
"*June* 10.

"We have accomplished, much to our satisfaction, our long intended journey to Portsmouth. On Tuesday, at nine o'clock in the morning, we found ourselves according to appointment, in our own dear carriage, at your brother's door, and he and Francis seated themselves on the barouche seat. The weather was bronzing and melting hot, but your brother would insist on being bronzed and melted there during the heat of the day, in a stoical style disdaining a parasol, though why it should be more unmanly to use a parasol than a parapluie I cannot, for the sense of me, understand.

"Lady Grey, wife of the commissioner—he is away—ordered all the works and dockyard to be open to us, and the Government boat to attend upon us; saw the Nelson—just finished; and went over the Phaeton, and your brother showed us his midshipman's berth and his lieutenant's cabin. And now for the Block machinery, you will say, but it is impossible to describe this in a

letter of moderate or immoderate size. I will only say that the ingenuity and successful performance far surpassed my expectations. Machinery so perfect, appears to act with the happy certainty of instinct and the foresight of reason combined.

"We took a barge to the Isle of Wight—charming day. You take a sociable, and the *Felicity-hunter* goes in it as far as the horses can take him. It was the most gratifying thing to me to see 'Uncle Francis' and all of them so happy. We slept at Steephill; and in the morning went to see Carisbrook castle. Dined at Portsmouth with Sir James and Lady Lyon.

"But oh, my dear mother, at the little pretty flowery-lawned inn where we dined on our way to Slough, as your brother was reading the newspaper he came to the death of our dear Mr. Smith, of Easton Grey. At Sir Benjamin Hobhouse's, a few months ago, he was the gayest of the gay, and she the fondest and happiest of wives.

"At Slough we saw the great telescope—never used now. Drove to Windsor—building and terrace equal to my expectations. At night the clouds were so good as to disperse, and we saw a double star.

"On our return to London found a letter at twelve o'clock at night from Mrs. Sneyd, saying they were in town; so we determined to stay another day to see them."

Maria returned home with my daughters the 27th of June, and "took up the thread of her domestic affairs" as if there had been no interruption, with only the additional entertainment of the many things which, notwithstanding her frequent letters, she had to tell us;

and she immediately set to work on the Sequel to Harry and Lucy.

To Mrs. Ruxton.

"*Edgeworthstown, July* 23, 1822.

"My dear Aunt,

"Thank God you are well! I am sure all has been done for poor Molly Coffy[1] that can be done. Our own Mrs. Billamore was not better attended, and that thought is always a comfort.

"Honora is staying at Lough Glyn with Mr. and Mrs. Strickland; they are making judicious and incessant exertions for the relief of the poor and the improvement of the people in their neighbourhood. It is very extraordinary that, in the part of the County of Monaghan to which Mr. Strickland went last week for flax seed for the poor tenants in his neighbourhood, he found that there is plenty of everything—no distress felt. The famine seems to have been as capricious as the malaria in passing over some places and settling upon others. Here we go on in our parish without having recourse to public subscription."

"*August* 7.

"We have just returned, all of us, from walking two miles on the Mullingar road, in hopes of meeting Francis, who was expected in a chaise from Mullingar, as the coach *sleeps* there. Just as we had reached the hall door by moonlight, in despair, we heard a doubtful

[1] A faithful housekeeper, who came from her sister, Mrs. Fox, of Foxhall, and had lived with Mrs. Ruxton more than forty years.

noise, which none but a maternal ear—a very nice ear on some occasions—could judge whether of cart or chaise: it was a chaise, with Francis in it; and here he is, one of the most agreeable and happy boys I ever saw.

"I have written to Walter Scott, claiming his promise of coming here; but I doubt his being in Ireland: I agree with you that his play is very stupid. Joanna Baillie suggested the subject, and he wrote it as a contribution to a miscellany formed of *voluntaries* from all the poets and wits of the day, to make a fund for some widowed friend of hers in great distress. He wrote it with good intentions; but, as Madame de Stael says, 'Les bons intentions ne sont pour rien, dans les ouvrages d'esprit.'

"Never read 'The Lollards' if it falls in your way, unless you like to see John Huss burned over again. What pleasure have people in such horrid subjects!

"You ask me what I am doing besides 'Early Lessons,' and if I have made any progress in 'Travellers.'[1] Do you think, my dearest aunt, that I can write 'Early Lessons' with my left hand, and 'Travellers' with my right? You have too good an opinion of my dexterity. I assure you it is all I can do to satisfy myself tolerably as I go on with this sequel to 'Harry and Lucy,' which engages all my attention. I am particularly anxious to finish that *well*, as it was my dear father's own and *first* book. As it must be more scientific than the other 'Early Lessons,' it is more difficult to me, who have so little knowledge on those subjects, and am obliged to go so warily, lest I should teach error, or pretend to

[1] A tale she had thought of writing, but she never even made a sketch of it.

teach what I do not know. I have written about fifty pages. I fear you will not like it as well as you were so kind as to like Frank. I could never be easy writing anything else for my own amusement till I have done this, which I know my father wished to have finished. You will see in Dr. Holland's letter some admirable hints for 'Travellers,' and I expect many more from you, dear aunt: we will talk it over in the days of October. How many things we have talked over together! 'Rackrent,' especially, which you first suggested to me, and encouraged me to go on with.

"William has been invited by Captain Kater to accompany him in going over General Roy's observations, to connect the observatories of Greenwich and Paris."

"*August* 10.

"Mr. King thanks you and my uncle for your invitation to Black Castle, but he is too much pressed for time. He thinks Lucy's strength has increased. Nothing can exceed his kindness, warm-hearted, generous man!

"My dear aunt, I know how you must have been shocked when you heard of the manner of Lord Londonderry's death. As Dr. Holland says, 'if we were to have looked from one end of the British Empire to the other, we could not have pitched on an individual that seemed less likely to commit suicide.'

"Whitbread, Sir Samuel Romilly, Lord Londonderry—all to perish in the same manner!"

"*Sept.* 10.

"In this frank you will receive a copy of a very in-

teresting letter from Fanny Stewart. The post and steam vessels bring the most distant parts of the world now so much within our reach, that friends cannot be much more separated by being at 'Nova Zembla, or the Lord knows where,' than by being in different counties of the same kingdom. There is Fanny Stewart dining with Sneyd's friends, the Bishop of Quebec's family; and young Mountain was in Switzerland when we were at Interlaken with Sneyd and Henrica, and the year before at Ardbraccan and Edgeworthstown. Things are odd till they pair off, and so become even. Sneyd and Henrica, who were at Geneva, have been invited to the Baron Polier's, near Lausanne, the brother of Madame de Montolieu, whom I told you of. Madame Polier was the intimate friend of an intimate friend of Henrica's, Miss French, of Derby, who has married a Cambridge friend of Sneyd's, Mr. Smedley, and are now on a visit at the said Madame Polier's—a Derbyshire party in the heart of Switzerland, and by various connections *felted* together!

"When Honora is on the sofa beside you, make her give you an account of Francis' play, 'Catiline,' which he and Fanny, and Harriet and Sophy, and James Moilliet and Pakenham *got up* without our being in the secret, and acted the night before last, as it were impromptu, to our inexpressible surprise and pleasure. Francis, during his holidays with us in London, used to be often scribbling something; but I never inquired or guessed what it was. Fanny and Harriet, in the midst of the hurry of London dissipation, and of writing all manner of notes, &c., for me, and letters home innumerable, contrived to copy out fair for him all his scraps; and when put together they made a goodly

tragedy in two acts, wonderfully well written for his age—some parts, for any age, excellent.

"After tea the library became empty suddenly of all the young people. My aunt Mary, my brother Lovell, and I remaining with Quin, who had dined here, talking on, never missed them; and the surprise was as great as heart could wish when my mother put into our hands the playbills, and invited us to follow her to her dressing-room.

CATILINE,

A Tragedy, in Two Acts.

Catiline (in love with Aurelia) .	Francis.
Cato (father of Aurelia) . .	Pakenham.
Cicero (in love with Aurelia) . .	Harriet.
Cæsar	Moilliet.
Aurelia (daughter of Cato) . .	Sophy.
Julia (wife to Cato) . . .	Fanny.

"We found Lucy on her sofa, with her feet towards the green-house; a half-circle of chairs for the audience, with their backs touching the wardrobe—candlestick-footlights, well shaded with square sofa-cushions standing on end.

"Prologue spoken by Harriet; curtain drew back, and Catiline and Aurelia appeared. Fanny had dressed Francis, from Kennet's Antiquities, out of an old rag-chest, and a more complete little Roman figure I never saw, though made up no mortal can tell how, like one of your own doings, dear aunt, with a crown of ilex leaves. Aurelia was perfectly draped in my French crimson shawl; she looked extremely classical and pretty, and her voice was so sweet, and her looks alter-

nately so indignant to Catiline and so soft when she spoke of the man she loved, that I do not wonder Catiline was so desperately enamoured.

"Pakenham was wonderful: he had received no instructions. They had determined to leave him to himself, and see what would come of it. He had brought down an old wig from the garret, and Catiline and Cato could not settle which it became best or worst; so Catiline wore his ilex crown, and Pakenham a scarlet cap and black velvet cloak, his eyebrows and chin darkened, a most solemn stern countenance, a roll of white paper in his hand, the figure immovable, as if cut in stone: the soul of Cato seemed to have got into him. I never heard any actor speak better, nor did I ever see a part better sustained; it seemed as if one saw Cato through a diminishing glass. In one scene he interrupts Cicero, who is going off into a fine simile—'Enough: the tale.' He said these three words so well, with such severity of tone, and such a piercing look, that I see and hear him still. His voice was as firm as a man's, and his self-possession absolute. He had his part so perfectly, that he was as independent of the prompter as of all the rest of the world.

"Moilliet recited and played his part of Cæsar wondrous well. You may think how well Pakenham and all of them must have acted, when we could stand the ridicule of Pakenham's Cato opposite to Moilliet's Cæsar. One of James Moilliet's eyes would have contained all the eyes of Cato, Catiline, and Cicero. Fanny, as Julia, was beautiful."

"*Black Castle, Dec.* 6, 1822.

"How do you all do, my dear friends, after last

night's hurricane?[1] Have any trees been blown away? Has the spire stood? Is Madgy Woods alive? How many roofs of houses in the town have been blown away, and how many hundred slates and panes of glass to be replaced? The glass dome over the staircase at Ardbraccan has been blown away; two of the saloon windows blown in. The servants in this house sat up all night; I slept soundly. My aunt, roused at an unwonted hour from her bed this morning, stood at the foot of mine while I was yet dreaming; and she avers that when she told me that eight trees and the great green gates were blown down, that I sat up in my bed, and, opening one eye, answered, 'Is it in the newspaper, ma'am?' When I came out to breakfast, the first object I beheld was the uprooted elms lying prostrate opposite the breakfast-room windows; and Mr. Fitzherbert says more than a hundred are blown down in the uplands.

"Now I have done with the hurricane, I must tell you a dream of Bess's: she thought she went to call upon a lady, and found her reading a pious tract called 'The Penitent Poodle!'"

To Mrs. O'Beirne.

"*Black Castle, Jan.* 15, 1823.

"My dear Friend,

"I am glad to write to you again with my own hand, to show you that I am well again. My aunt is much better; I trust she will, if the weather allows, soon get over to Ardbraccan.

[1] Numbers of the finest trees were blown down. The staircase skylight was blown away, and the lead which surrounded it rolled up as neatly as if just out of the plumber's: roofs torn off and cabins blown down.

"We are delighted with 'Peveril,' though there is too much of the dwarfs and the elfie. Scott cannot deny himself one of these spirits in some shape or other; I hope that we shall find that this elfin page, who has the power of shrinking or expanding, as it seems, to suit the occasion, is made really necessary to the story. I think the dwarf more allowable and better drawn than the page, true to history, and consistent; but Finella is sometimes handsome enough to make duke and king ready to be in love with her, and sometimes an odious little fury, clenching her hands, and to be lifted up or down stairs out of the hero's way. The indistinctness about her is not that indistinctness which belongs to the sublime, but that which arises from unsteadiness in the painter's hand when he sketched the figure. He touched and retouched at different times, without having, as it seems, a determined idea himself of what he would make her; nor had he settled whether she should bring with her 'airs from heaven,' or blasts from that place which is never named to ears polite."

In May, 1823, Maria went with my daughters Harriet and Sophy to Scotland. On her way thither she had great pleasure in seeing, at Newry, the Mrs. O'Beirne mentioned in her letters, whom she had assisted in establishing a school there, and whose success —independent, useful, and happy—it rejoiced Maria to witness. At Glasgow she and her sisters were received by Mr. and Mrs. Bannatyne and their daughters as if only twenty days, not twenty years, had passed since they had parted; and from thence they went to Kinneil Castle, where Mr. and Mrs. Dugald Stewart were then

residing. In a note which Mrs. Stewart wrote to Charlotte the morning we left Edinburgh in 1803, she says, "We have done nothing since we came home, but recollect thousands of things we wished to have said to you. It seems now like a charming dream that we have met, but I flatter myself both Edinburgh and Ireland shall witness our meeting, and for a longer time."

Charlotte alas! they were to see no more, but Mrs. Stewart received Maria and a younger generation of sisters with infinite kindness, and as if 'the thousand things' were still to be said, added to all the recollections which she and her daughter had to talk over with Maria of their last meeting at Bowood. Mr. Stewart was in very bad health, but he liked to listen to Maria, and was pleased with my daughters. Maria was much struck with the old castle of Kinneil, the straight avenue of fine trees, with the long lines of lilacs and laburnums in full blossom, and the fine sea and mountain views.

To Miss Honora Edgeworth.

"*Kinneil, June* 2, 1823.

"My dear Honora,

"I wish you were here with us. We arrived between nine and ten last night. The sea-shore approaching Kinneil house is exactly the idea I had of the road to Glenthorn castle; the hissing sound of the wheels and all, and at last the postillion stopped where one road sloped directly down into the Frith of Forth, and another turned abruptly up hill. He said, 'This is a-going into the water; I ha' come the wrong way.' And up the narrow road up the hill he went and turned the carriage, and down again, and back the road we had

come some little distance, and splash across to a road on the opposite side, and then by the oddest back way that seemed to be leading us into the stables, till at last we saw the door of the real house, an old but white-washed castle-mansion. A short-faced old butler in black came out of a sort of sentry-box back door to receive us, and through odd passages and staircases we reached the drawing-room, where we found fire and candles, and Mrs. Stewart and a young tall man; Mrs. Stewart, just as you saw her at Bowood, received Harriet and Sophy in her arms, spoke of their dear mother and of Honora, and seated us on the sofa, and told Sophy to open a letter from Fanny, which she put into her hand, and 'feel herself at home,' which indeed we did. The tall young man was no hindrance to this feeling; an intimate friend, a Mr. Jackson, who has been staying with Mr. Stewart as his companion ever since his illness.

"We passed through numerous antechambers, nooks, and halls—broad white stone corner staircase, winding with low-arched roof. Our two rooms open into one another—mine large, with four black doors, one locked and two opening into closets, and back stairs, and if you mount to another story, all the rooms are waste garrets. Mrs. Stewart told us this morning that there were plenty of ghosts at our service belonging to Kinneil house. One in particular, Lady Lilyburn, who is often seen all in white, as a ghost should be, and with white wings, fluttering on the top of the castle, from whence she leaps into the sea—a prodigious leap of three or four hundred yards, nothing for a well-bred ghost. At other times she wears boots, and stumps up and down stairs in them, and across passages, and through bed-

chambers, frightening ladies' maids and others. We have not heard her *yet*.

"When we looked out of our windows this morning we saw fine views, and in the shrubbery near the house some of the largest lilacs I ever saw in rich flower. From another window, half a mile length of avenue with gates through which we should by rights have approached the front of the house. But all this time I have not said one word of what I had intended to be the subject of this: Lanark and Mr. Owen's school. I am called down to Lady Anna Maria Elliot; my mother may remember her in former days—she is said to be like Die Vernon."

To Mrs. Ruxton.

"*Edinburgh*, 32, *Abercromby Place*,
"*June* 8, 1823.

"My dearest Aunt,

"You have had our history up to Kinneil house. Mr. and Miss Stewart accompanied us some miles on our road to show us the palace of Linlithgow—very interesting to see, but not to describe. The drive from Linlithgow to Edinburgh is nothing extraordinary, but the road approaching the city is grand, and the first view of the castle and 'mine own romantic town' delighted my companions; the day was fine and they were sitting outside on the barouche seat—a seat which you, my dear aunt, would not have envied them with all their fine prospects. By this approach to Edinburgh, there are no suburbs; you drive at once through magnificent broad streets and fine squares. All the houses of stone, darker than the Ardbraccan stone, and

of a kind that is little injured by weather or time. Margaret Alison had taken lodgings for us in Abercromby place—finely built, with hanging shrubbery garden, and the house as delightful as the situation. As soon as we had unpacked and arranged our things the evening of our arrival, we walked, about ten minutes distance from us, to our dear old friends, the Alisons. We found them shawled and bonneted, just coming to see us. Mr. Alison and Sir Walter Scott had settled that we should dine the first day after our arrival with Mr. Alison, which was just what we wished; but on our return home we found a note from Sir Walter:—

"'DEAR MISS EDGEWORTH,

"'I have just received your kind note, just when I had persuaded myself it was most likely I should see you in person or hear of your arrival. Mr. Alison writes to me you are engaged to dine with him to-morrow, which puts Roslin out of the question for that day, as it might keep you late. On Sunday I hope you will join our family-party at five, and on Monday I have asked one or two of the Northern Lights on purpose to meet you. I should be engrossing at any time, but we shall be more disposed to be so just now, because on the 12th I am under the necessity of going to a different kingdom (only the kingdom of *Fife*,) for a day or two. To-morrow, if it is quite agreeable, I will wait on you about twelve, and hope you will permit me to show you some of our improvements.

"'I am always,

"'Most respectfully yours,

"'WALTER SCOTT.

"'*Edinburgh, Friday.*

"'Postscript.—Our old family coach is *licensed* to carry *six;* so take no care on that score. I enclose Mr. Alison's note; truly sorry I could not accept the invitation it contains.

"'Postscript.—My wife insists I shall add that the Laird of Staffa promised to look in on us this evening at eight or nine, for the purpose of letting us hear one of his Clansmen sing some Highland Boat-songs and the like, and that if you will come, as the Irish should to the Scotch, without any ceremony, you will hear what is perhaps more curious than mellifluous. The man returns to the isles to-morrow. There are no strangers with us; no party; none but all our own family and two old friends. Moreover, all our womankind have been calling at Gibbs' hotel, so if you are not really tired and late, you have not even pride, the ladies' last defence, to oppose to this request. But, above all, do not fatigue yourself and the young ladies. No dressing to be thought of.'

"Ten o'clock struck as I read the note; we were tired —we were not fit to be seen; but I thought it right to accept 'Walter Scott's' cordial invitation; sent for a hackney coach, and just as we were, without dressing, went. As the coach stopped, we saw the hall lighted, and the moment the door opened, heard the joyous sounds of loud singing. Three servants—'The Miss Edgeworths' sounded from hall to landing place, and as I paused for a moment in the anteroom, I heard the first sound of Walter Scott's voice—'The Miss Edgeworths *come.*'

"The room was lighted by only one globe lamp. A

circle were singing loud and beating time—all stopped in an instant, and Walter Scott in the most cordial and courteous manner stepped forward to welcome us: 'Miss Edgeworth, this is so kind of you!'

"My first impression was, that he was neither so large, nor so heavy in appearance as I had been led to expect by description, prints, bust, and picture. He is more lame than I expected, but not unwieldy; his countenance, even by the uncertain light in which I first saw it, pleased me much, benevolent, and full of genius without the slightest effort at expression; delightfully natural, as if he did not know he was Walter Scott or the Great Unknown of the North, as if he only thought of making others happy. After naming to us 'Lady Scott, Staffa, my daughter Lockhart, Sophia, another daughter Anne, my son, my son-in-law Lockhart,' just in the broken circle as they then stood, and showing me that only his family and two friends, Mr. Clark and Mr. Sharpe, were present, he sat down for a minute beside me on a low sofa, and on my saying, 'Do not let us interrupt what was going on;' he immediately rose and begged Staffa to bid his boatman strike up again. 'Will you then join in the circle with us?' he put the end of a silk handkerchief into my hand, and others into my sisters'; they held by these handkerchiefs all in their circle again, and the boatman began to roar out a Gaelic song, to which they all stamped in time and repeated the chorus which, as far as I could hear, sounded like '*At am Vaun! At am Vaun!*' frequently repeated with prodigious enthusiasm. In another I could make out no intelligible sound but 'Bar! bar! bar!' But the boatman's dark eyes were ready

to start out of his head with rapture as he sung and stamped, and shook the handkerchief on each side, and the circle imitated.

"Lady Scott is so exactly what I had heard her described, that it seemed as if we had seen her before. She must have been very handsome—French dark large eyes; civil and good-natured. Supper at a round table, a family supper, with attention to us, just sufficient and no more. The impression left on my mind this night was, that Walter Scott is one of the best-bred men I ever saw, with all the exquisite politeness which he knows so well how to describe, which is of no particular school or country, but which is of all countries, the politeness which arises from good and quick sense and feeling, which seems to know by instinct the characters of others, to see what will please, and put all his guests at their ease. As I sat beside him at supper, I could not believe he was a stranger, and forgot he was a great man. Mr. Lockhart is very handsome, quite unlike his picture in Peters' letters.

"When we wakened in the morning, the whole scene of the preceding night seemed like a dream; however, at twelve came the real Lady Scott, and we called for Scott at the Parliament House, who came out of the Courts with joyous face as if he had nothing on earth to do or to think of, but to show us Edinburgh. Seeming to enjoy it all as much as we could, he carried us to Parliament House—Advocate's library, Castle, and Holyrood house. His conversation all the time better than anything we could see, full of apropos anecdote, historic, serious or comic, just as occasion called for it, and all with a bonhommie, and an ease that made us forget it was any trouble even to his lameness to mount flights

of eternal stairs. Chantrey's statues of Lord Melville and President Blair are admirable. There is another by Roubillac, of Duncan Forbes, which is excellent. Scott is enthusiastic about the beauties of Edinburgh, and well he may be, the most magnificent as well as the most romantic of cities.

"We dined with the dear good Alisons. Mr. Alison met me at the drawing-room door, took me in his arms and gave me a hearty hug. I do not think he is much altered, only that his locks are silvered over. At this dinner were, besides his two sons and two daughters, and Mrs. Alison, Mr. and Mrs. Skene. In one of Scott's introductions to Marmion you will find this Mr. Skene, Mr. Hope, the Scotch Solicitor-General, (it is curious the Solicitor-Generals of Scotland and Ireland should be Hope and Joy!) Doctor Brewster, and Lord Meadowbank, and Mrs. Maconachie, his wife. Mr. Alison wanted me to sit beside everybody, and I wanted to sit by him, and this I accomplished; on the other side was Mr. Hope, whose head and character you will find in Peters' letters: he was very entertaining. Sophy sat beside Doctor Brewster, and had a great deal of conversation with him.

"Next day, Sunday, went to hear Mr. Alison; his fine voice but little altered. To me he appears the best preacher I have ever heard. Dined at Scott's; only his own family, his friend Skene, his wife and daughter, and Sir Henry Stewart; I sat beside Scott; I dare not attempt at this moment even to think of any of the anecdotes he told, the fragments of poetry he repeated, or the observations on national character he made, lest I should be tempted to write some of them for you, and should never end this letter, which must

be ended some time or other. His strong affection for his early friends and his country gives a power and a charm to his conversation, which cannot be given by the polish of the London world and by the habit of literary conversation.

"Quentin Durward was lying on the table. Mrs. Skene took it up and said, 'This is really too barefaced.' Scott, when pointing to the hospital built by Heriot, said, 'That was built by one Heriot, you know, the jeweller, in Charles the Second's time.'

"There was an arch simplicity in his look, at which we could hardly forbear laughing."

"*June* 23.

"I remember, my dearest aunt, how fond you used to be of the song of Roslin Castle, and how fond my father used to be of it, from having heard you sing it when you were young. I think you charged me to see Roslin if ever I came to Scotland; this day I have seen it with Walter Scott. It is about seven miles from Edinburgh, I wish it had been twice as far; Scott was so entertaining and agreeable during the drive there and back again. The castle is an ugly old ruin, not picturesque, but the chapel is most beautiful, altogether the most beautiful florid Gothic I ever saw. There is infinite variety in the details of the ornaments, and yet such a unity in the whole design and appearance that we admire at once the taste and the ingenuity of the architect. I wished for you, my dear aunt, continually during parts of the walk by the river and through the woods—not during the whole, for it would have been much too long. How Walter Scott can find time to write all he writes, I cannot conceive, he appears to

have nothing to think of but to be amusing, and he never tires, though he is so entertaining—he far surpasses my expectation.

"Mr. Lockhart is reserved and silent, but he appears to have much sensibility under this reserve. Mrs. Lockhart is very pleasing; a slight elegant figure and graceful simplicity of manner, perfectly natural. There is something most winning in her affectionate manner to her father: he dotes upon her."

Many of the "Northern Lights" were absent at this time from Edinburgh, but there were Jeffrey, Lord Cranstown, Allan, the painter, and poor Sir Henry Raeburn, who died a few days after Maria was introduced to him—old friends and new acquaintances all seemed equally kind, and all showed that warmth of hospitality and charm of manner which had so delighted me during my short visit to Scotland.

When Maria was at Paris Mrs. Dugald Stewart gave a letter of introduction to her to Mr. Gibson Craig, then a very young man, and she introduced him to some Parisian notabilities. On her arrival at Edinburgh he and his sisters—Sir James and Lady Gibson Craig were absent from home—called upon her and seemed as if they could never be sufficiently grateful for the very slight civility Maria had shown at Paris, and from the first moment became the generous and admirable friends they have continued to be to all my family ever since.

At Edinburgh Maria and her sisters were joined by William, who was anxious to see the great engineering works in Scotland, and he accompanied them to the Highlands. One most agreeable day was spent at Fern Tower with Sir David and Lady Baird.

To Miss Lucy Edgeworth.

"*Callander, June* 20, 1823.

"Here we are! I can hardly believe we are really at the place we have so long wished to see: we have really been on Loch Catrine. We were fortunate in the day; it was neither too hot, nor too cold, nor too windy, nor too anything.

"The lake was quite as beautiful as I expected, but that is telling you nothing, as you cannot know how much I expected. Sophy has made some memorandum sketches for home, though we are well aware that neither pen nor pencil can bring before you the reality. William says he does not, however, fear for Killarney, even after our having seen this. Here are no arbutus, but plenty of soft birch, and twinkling aspen, and dark oak. On one side of the lake the wood has been within these few years cut down. Walter Scott sent to offer the proprietor £500 for the trees on one spot, if he would spare them; but the offer came two days too late; the trees were stripped of their bark before his messenger arrived. To us, who never saw this rock covered with trees, it appeared grand in its bare boldness and in striking contrast to the wooded island opposite. Tell Fanny that, upon the whole, I think Farnham lakes as beautiful as Loch Catrine; as to mere beauty, perhaps superior: but where is the lake of our own, or any other times, that has such delightful power over the imagination by the recollections it raises? As we were rowed along, our boatman, happily our only guide, named to us the points we most wished to see; quietly named them, without being asked, and seem-

ingly with a full belief that he was telling us plain facts, without any flowers of speech. 'There's the place on that rock, see yonder, where the king blew his horn.' 'And there's the place where the Lady of the Lake landed.' 'And there is the Silver Strand, where you see the white pebbles in the little bay yonder.'

"He landed us just at the spot where the lady

> 'From underneath an aged oak,
> That slanted from the islet rock,'

shot her little skiff to the silver strand on the opposite side. When William asked him if the king's dead horse had been found, he smiled, and said he only knew that bones had been found near where the king's horse died, but he could not be sure that they were the bones of King James' good steed. However, he seemed quite as clear of the existence of the Lady of the Lake, and of all her adventures, as of the existence of Benledi and Benvenue, and the Trossachs. He showed us the place on the mountain of Benvenue, where formerly there was no means of ascent but by the ladders of broom and hazel twigs, where the king climbed,

> 'with footing nice,
> A far-projecting precipice.'

"At the inn the mistress of the house lent me a copy of the 'Lady of the Lake,' which I took out with me and read while we were going to the lake, and while Sophy was drawing. We saw an eagle hovering, and moreover, Sophy spied some tiny sealarks flitting close to the shore, and making their little, faint cry. Returning, we marked the place where the armed Highlanders started up from the furzebrake before King

James, when Roderic Dhu sounded his horn, and we settled which was the spot at

'Clan Alpine's outmost guard,'

where Roderic Dhu's safe conduct ceased, and where the king and he had their combat.

"I forgot to mention a little incident, which, though very trifling, struck me at the moment. As I was walking on by myself on the road by the river side leading to the lake, I came up to a Highlander who was stretched on the grass under a bush, while two little boys in tartan caps were playing beside him. I stopped to talk to the children, showed them my watch, and, holding it to their ears, asked if they had ever seen the inside of a watch? They did not answer, but they did not seem surprised, nor were they in the least shy. I asked the man if they were his children?

"'Mine! oh no! they are the sons of Glengyle—the laird of Glengyle, he who lives at the upper end of the lake yonder—McGreggor, that is, *the* McGreggor, the chief of the McGreggor clan.'

"Rob Roy and his wife and children rose up before my imagination. Times have finely changed. It may be a satisfaction to you, and all who admire Rob Roy, to know that his burial-place is in a pretty, peaceful green valley, where none will disturb him; and all will remember him for ages, thanks to Walter Scott, a man he never kenned of, nor any of his second-sighted seers. By-the-bye, Harriet on our journey read Rob Roy to me, and I liked it ten times better than at the first reading. My eagerness for the story being satisfied, I could stop to admire the beauty of the writing: this happens to many, I believe, on a second perusal of Scott's works.

"Finished at Tyndrum.

"Very good inn at Callander, and another at Loch Catrine—both raised by the genius of Scott as surely and almost as quickly as the slave of the lamp raises the palace of Aladdin. We spent one day and part of another at Callander and Loch Catrine, and yesterday went to, and slept at, Killin, along a very beautiful, fine, wild, romantic road. At Killin took a very pretty walk before tea, of about two miles and a half, and back again, to see a waterfall, which fully answered our expectations: you see, I am very strong. I had taken another walk in the morning to see the Bridge of Brackland, another beautiful waterfall, with a six-inch bridge over a chasm of rocks, which looked as if they had been built together to imitate nature.

"We are reading 'Reginald Dalton,' and like it very much, the second volume especially, which will be very useful, I think, and is very interesting. I am sure Mr. Lockhart describes his own wife's singing when he describes Ellen's.

"We hope to reach King's House to-night, and at Inverness we hope to find letters from home. We are all well and happy, and this I am sure is the most agreeable thing I can end with."

To Miss Ruxton.

"*Inverness, Bennet's Hotel, July* 3, 1823.

"I sent a shabby note to my aunt some days ago, merely to tell her that we had seen Roslyn; and Sophy wrote from Fort William of our visit to Fern Tower: good house, fine place; Sir David a fine old soldier,

without an arm, but with a heart and a head: warm temper, as eager about every object, great or small, as a boy of fifteen. He swallows me, though an authoress, wonderful well.

"Our Highland tour has afforded me and my companions great pleasure; Sophy has enjoyed it thoroughly. William has had a number of objects in his own line to interest him. From Fort William, which is close to Ben Nevis, the highest mountain in Britain, we went to see a natural or artificial curiosity called The Parallel Roads. On each side of a valley called Glenroy, through which the river Roy runs, there appear several lines of terraces at different heights, corresponding to each other on each side of the valley at the same height. These terrace-roads are not quite horizontal; they slope a little from the mountains. The learned are at this moment fighting, in writing, much about these roads. Some will have it that, in the days of Fingal, the Fingalians made them for hunting-roads, to lie in ambush and shoot the deer from these long lines. Others suppose that the roads were made by the subsiding of a lake, which at different periods sank in this valley, and at last made its way out. The roads, however made, are well worth seeing. We had a most agreeable guide, not a professed guide, but a Highlander of the Macintosh clan, an enthusiast for the beauties of his own country, and, like the Swiss Chamouni guides, quite a well-informed and, moreover, a fine-looking man, with an air of active, graceful independence; of whom it might be said or sung, '*He's clever in his walking.*' He spoke English correctly, but as a foreign language, with *book* choice of expressions; no colloquial or vulgar phrases. He often seemed to

take time to translate his thoughts from the Gaelic into English. He knew Scott's works, 'Rob Roy' especially, and knew all the theories about the Parallel Roads, and explained them sensibly; and gave us accounts of the old family feuds between his own Macintosh clan and the Macdonalds, pointing to places where battles were fought, with a zeal which proved the feudal spirit still lives in its ashes. When he found we were Irish, he turned to me, and all reserve vanishing from his countenance, with brightening eyes he said, as he laid his hand on his breast, 'And you are Irish! Now I know that, I would do ten times as much for you if I could, than when I thought you were Southerns or English. We think the Irish have, like ourselves, more spirit.' He talked of Ossian, and said the English could not give the *force* of the original Gaelic. He sang a Gaelic song for us, to a tune like S. Patrick's Day in the Morning. He called S. Patrick, Phaedrig, by which name I did not recognise him; and our Highlander exclaimed, 'Don't you know your own saint?' Sophy sang the tune for him, with which he was charmed; and when he heard William call her Sophy, he said to himself, 'Sophia Western.'

"The next day we took a beautiful walk to the territory and near the residence of Lochiel, through a wood where groups of clansmen and clanswomen were barking trees that had been cut down; and the faggoting and piling the bark was as picturesque as heart could wish.

"This day's journey was through fine wild Highland scenery, where rocks and fragments of rocks were tumbled upon each other, as if by giants in a passion, and now and then by giants playing at bowls with huge

round bowls. These roads, some of them for which we 'lift up our eyes and bless Marshal Wade,' and some made by Telford, the vast superiority in the laying out of which William has had the pleasure of pointing out to his sisters, beautifully wind over hill and through valley, by the sides of streams and lakes. We saw the eight locks joining together on the Caledonian Canal, called Neptune's Stairs; and at another place on the canal William, who had been asleep, *instinctively* wakened just in time to see a dredging machine at work: we stopped the carriage, and walked down to look at it: took a boat and rowed round the vessel, and went on board and saw the machinery. A steam-engine works an endless chain of buckets round and round upon a platform with rollers. The buckets have steel mouthpieces, some with quite sharp projecting lips, which cut into the sand and gravelly bottom, and scoop up what fills each bucket. At the bottom of each are cullender holes, through which the water drains off as the buckets go on and pass over the platform and empty themselves on an inclined plane, down which the contents fall into a boat, which rows away when full, and deposits the contents wherever wanted. If you ever looked at a book at Edgeworthstown called 'Machines Approuvés,' you would have the image of this machine. It brought my father's drawings of the Rhone machine before my eyes.

"The whole day's drive was delightful—mountains behind mountains as far as the eye could reach, in every shade, from darkest to palest Indian-ink cloud colour; an ocean of mountains, with perpetually changing foreground of rocks, sometimes bare as ever they were born, sometimes wooded better than ever the hand of mortal

taste clothed a mountain in reality or in picture, with oak, aspen, and the beautiful pendant birch.

"At Fort Augustus the house was painting, and the beds looked wretched; but all was made plausible with the help of fires and fair words, and we slept as well, or better, than kings and queens. As to any real inconvenience at Highland inns, we have met with none; always good fish, good eggs, good butter, and good humour.

"Next day we had another delightful drive: saw the Fall of Foyers: fine scrambling up and down to a rock, and on this rock such huge tumble-down stones, like Druids' temples, half fallen, half suspended. The breath was almost taken away and head dizzy looking at them above and the depth below; one could hardly believe we stood safe. Yet here we are safe and sound at Inverness, the Capital of the North, as Scott calls it. This Bennet's Hotel, where we are lodged, is as good as any in London or Edinburgh, and cleaner than almost any I ever was in, with a waiter the perfection of intelligence. We are going to see a place called the Dream, the name translated from the Gaelic.

"I forgot to tell you that, when at Edinburgh, we went to see Sir James and Lady Foulis' friends, the Jardines, who were also friends of Henry's. They are in a very pretty house, Laverock Bank, a few miles from Edinburgh. We 'felicity hunters' have found more felicity than such hunters usually meet with."

Maria caught cold on the journey to Inverness, and was taken ill at Forres with erysipelas: she suffered much, and her sisters were alarmed for her; but, fortunately, there was a good physican, Dr. Bell, and

the inn was excellent. Mrs. Loudon, the mistress, was most kind and attentive, and the pretty chambermaid, Jessie, never grudged any trouble in her attendance. Sir James and Lady Macgregor and Miss Wallace, all strangers, were truly obliging; and Lady Cumming Gordon came to offer her house and everything she could think of with the utmost hospitality. Maria was able at last to resume her journey, and get as far as Belleville, where Mr. and Mrs. Macpherson, to whom she had a letter of introduction from Lady Brewster, received her with cordial kindness; and, weak and ill as she still was, Mrs. Macpherson nursed her and my daughter Sophy, who had a feverish attack, as if they had been her own sisters.

To Miss Lucy Edgeworth.

"*Kinross, July* 23, 1823.

"I left off in my yesterday's letter to my mother just as we were changing horses at Dunkeld, at six o'clock in the evening, to go on to Perth; but I had in that note arrived prematurely at Dunkeld, and had not time to fill up the history of our day. Be pleased, therefore, to go back to Moulinan, and see us eat luncheon; for, in spite of Mr. Grant's[1] contempt of these *bon-vivant* details, habit will not allow me to depart from my

[1] Mr. Grant was at the inn where Maria stopped after leaving Belleville. Her servant Gaynor told her, "Mr. Grant, the Secretary, is here, if you want a frank." "Mr. Grant! how do you know it is he?" "Mr. Grant! I know him as well as I know myself." Mr. Grant sat some time talking to Maria, and, speaking of different books of travels, he said he hated those which told of dinners, and "such bon-vivant details."

Swiss, Parisian, and English practice of giving the bill of fare.

"First course, cold: two roast chickens, better never were; a ham, finer never seen, even at my mother's luncheons; pickled salmon, and cold boiled round.

"Second course, hot: a large dish of little trout from the river; new potatoes, and, as I had professed to be unable to venture on new potatoes, a dish of mashed potatoes for me; fresh greens, with toast over, and poached eggs.

"Then, a custard pudding, a gooseberry tart, and plenty of Highland cream—*highly* superior to Lowland —and butter, ditto.

"And for all this how much did we pay? Six shillings.

"Our drive in evening sunshine from Moulinan to Dunkeld was delightful, along the banks, no longer of the dear little, sparkling, foaming, fretting Garry, but of the broad, majestic, quiet, dark bottle-green coloured Tay; the road a perfect gravel walk; the bank, all the way down between us and the river, copsewood, with now and then a clump of fine tall larch, or a single ash or oak, with spreading branches showing the water beneath; the mountain side chiefly oak and alder, a tree which I scarcely knew till Sophy *mentioned* it to me; sometimes the wood broken with glades of fern, heath, and young *stubble* oaks, all the way up to white rocks on the summit; the young shoots of these stubble oaks tinted with pink, so as to have in the evening sun the appearance of autumn rich tints; and between these oak and the green fern and broom a giant race of foxglove, which I verily believe, from the root to the spike, would measure four good feet, all rich in bells of bright-

est crimson, so bright that they crimsoned the whole bank.

"All these ten miles of wooded road run, I understand, through the territory of the Duke of Athol. Now I see his possessions, I am sure I do not wonder the lady left her lack-gold lover in the lurch for 'Athol's duke.' Along the whole road he has raised a footpath, beautifully gravelled. Oh! how I wish our walks had one inch off the surface of this footpath, or that the African magician, or the English equally potent magician of steam, could convey to my mother's *elbow* in the Dingle one yard of one bank of the gravel which here wastes its pebbles on the mountain side! How in a trice she would summon round her her choice spirits, Briny Duffy, Micky Mulheeran, and Mackin, and how they would with shovel and loy fall-to!

"Through the wood at continual openings we saw glimpses of beautiful paths or gravelled walks, which this munificent duke has made through his woods for the accommodation of the public. I forgive him for being like an over-ripe Orleans plum, and for not saying a word, good or bad, the day we met him at Mr. Morrit's.

"At Dunkeld, alas! we bade adieu to the dear Highlands. Dear they must ever be to us, notwithstanding my ten days' and Sophy's three days' illness. I have not time now to tell you of Killicrankie and Dundee's Stone.

"Arrived at Perth at nine o'clock: tea, with silver urn and silver candlesticks, and all luxurious: cold chicken, ham, and marmalade inclusive. An excellent single-bedded room, with all washing-tables that a private house could desire, for Sophy; another for Harriet

and me. A good night's rest quite set Sophy up: I am off the invalid list.

"Bespoke three muslin gowns for Sophy, Harriet, and Fanny, to be beautifully embroidered in satin stitch by a lady who works better than the French—to be sent to Abbotsford.

"The drive from Perth this morning to Kinross is beautiful, but in a more civilized and less romantic way than our Highland scenery. We are now within view of Lochlevin, Queen Mary's Island.

"During this morning's drive, Sophy tried her voice in the carriage, to see whether she had lost the power of singing during her illness: not the least. She sang 'In April, when primroses blow' most charmingly. Her singing was much admired in Edinburgh by Sir Walter Scott, &c., but still more at Mrs. Macpherson's. One day, before she was taken ill, she sang several of Moore's melodies, and some Scotch songs. Mrs. Macpherson, who is excessively fond of music, was so charmed, she told me afterwards she never heard a voice she thought so sweet and clear, and unaffected. She rejoiced to hear it without music, or any accompaniment that could drown it, or spoil its distinct simplicity. She observed what a charm there is in her distinct pronunciation of the words, in her just emphasis, and in her never forgetting the words, or keeping you in any anxiety for her, or requiring to be pressed. 'How delightful,' said she, 'to have such an accomplishment, such a power to please always with her, without requiring instruments, or music-books, or any preparation.' I was afraid her singing of Scotch might not suit the Scotch, and she never ventured it till we were at Mrs. Macpherson's, who was quite charmed with it. In-

deed, her soft voice is very different from the screeching some songstresses make, with vast execution, like the lady at Black Castle and her 'Oft in the STILLY night!' I am particularly full of the pleasure of Sophy's singing at present, because I felt so much delight from it when I was just recovering from my illness. I did not think it was in the nature of my body or soul to feel so much pleasure from singing or music; but the fact is as I tell you. After three nights of pulse at ninety-six and delirium, in which I one night saw the arches of Roslyn Chapel, with roses of such brilliant light crowning them that I shut my eyes to avoid the blaze; and another night was haunted with the words 'A soldier[1] of the forty-second has lost his portmanteau,' and continual marching and countermarching, and rummaging of Highland officers and privates in search of it, and an officer laughing at me and saying, 'Don't you know this is a common Highland saying, A soldier of the forty-second has lost his portmanteau? It means'— but he never could or would tell me what it meant, when another officer said, 'Madam, there is a Lowland saying to match it;' and this also I could never hear. Another night the words of a song called the 'Banks of Aberfeldy' crossed my imagination, and a fat, rubicund man stood before me, continually telling me that he was 'John Aberfeldy, the happy.' I cannot tell you how this John Aberfeldy tormented me. After these three horrible nights, when I awoke with my tongue so parched I could not speak till a spoonful of lemon-juice was inserted, I asked Sophy to sing, and

[1] Maria had been reading "Stewart's History of Highland Regiments" the day before she was taken ill.

she directly sang, 'Dear harp of my country.' I never shall forget the sort of pleasure; it soothed, it 'rapt my' *willing*, not my '*imprisoned* soul in elysium,' and I was so happy to feel I could again follow a rational chain of ideas, and comprehend the words of the beautiful poetry, to which music added such a charm and force. She sang, 'Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,' and 'Farewell, but whenever you welcome the hour,' and 'Oh, Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me?' and 'Vive Henri Quatre!' which I love for the sake of Mrs. Henry Hamilton, and for the sake of Lady Longford's saying to me, with a mother's pride and joy in her enthusiastic eyes, 'My Caroline will sing to me at any time, in any inn, or anywhere.' I am sure I may say the same of my sister Sophy, who will sing for me at an inn by my sick bed, and with more power of voice than all the stimulus of company and flattery can draw from other young ladies. I never wish to hear a fine singer; I always agree with Dr. Johnson in wishing that the difficulties had been impossibilities, with all their falsettos and tortures of affectation to which they put themselves. How I hate them, and all the aimings at true Italian pronunciation and true Italian manner, which after all is, nine times out of ten, quite erroneous, and such as the Italians themselves would laugh at, or most probably no more comprehend than I did De Leuze repeating the 'Botanic Garden:' I was just going to ask what language it was, when my mother, good at need, saved me from the irreparable blunder by whispering, 'It is English.' The words were, I believe, all right, but the accents were all thrown wrong. As Lady Spencer said, 'It is

wonderful that foreigners never *by accident* throw the accents right.' Milton says,

'For eloquence the soul, song moves the sense;'

but if he had heard Moore's poetry sung by Sophy, he would have acknowledged that song moved not only the sense, but the soul.

"I have dilated upon this to you, my dear Lucy, because you have at times felt the same about Sophy's singing. During my illness, day and night, whenever pain and delirium allowed me rational thought, you and your admirable patience recurred to my mind. I said to myself, 'How can she bear it so well, and in her young days, the spring-time of life! how admirable is her resignation and cheerfulness! never a cross word, or cross look, or impatient gesture, and for four years; when I, with all my strength of experience and added philosophy from education, moan and groan aloud, and can scarce bear ten days' illness, with two really angel sisters to nurse me, and watch my 'asking eye!' You have at least the reward of my perfect esteem and admiration, after comparison with myself, the only true standard by which I can estimate your worth."

On their return from the Highlands, Maria and her sisters stayed some days in Edinburgh, where they spent one evening with Sir James and Lady—or as they were then, Mr. and Mrs.—Gibson Craig, and met, at Mrs. Alison's, Mr. Williams, the painter, with whom Maria was much charmed. She had spent a delightful day at Craigcrook. Mr. and Mrs. Jeffrey had assembled a choice party: Lord Gillies and Mrs. Gillies, with whose conversation Maria was especially pleased, and

Mr. and Mrs. Rutherfurd. The day was fine, and the whole party strolled about the beautiful grounds in happily changing groups all the afternoon.

Among the new acquaintance she formed was Baron Hume and his family, with whom she was soon intimate for their own sake, as well as being friends of her friends the Bishop of Meath and Mrs. O'Beirne. Baron Hume himself was an accomplished and agreeable man, and at his house there was always agreeable society. On the 27th of July Maria and my daughters reached Abbotsford, where they spent a happy fortnight. The morning after their arrival was bright and fine, and as the weather had been very wet, Sir Walter rejoiced at the summer having at last appeared. My daughter Sophy mentioned the Irish tune, "You've brought the summer with you," and repeated the first line of Moore's words adapted to it. "How pretty!" said Sir Walter. "Moore's the man for songs. Campbell can write an ode, and I can make a ballad; but Moore beats us all at a song." Sir Walter was then at the height of his fame and "in the glory of his prime," surrounded by his family; both his sons were at home, and Anne; and he had then staying with him his nephew, "Little Walter." Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart were living at Chiefswood, but they were continually at Abbotsford, or some of the party were continually at Chiefswood; and Sir Walter's joyous manner and life of mind, his looks of fond pride in his children, the pleasantness of his easy manners, the gay walks, the evening conversations, and the drives in the sociable, enchanted Maria. In these drives the flow of story, poetry, wit, and wisdom never ceased; Sir Walter sitting with his dog Spicer on his lap, and Lady Scott with her dog Ourisk on her lap.

Maria extremely liked Lady Scott, while Lady Scott appreciated her character, and felt the attention and respect Maria showed to her; perceiving that she valued her and treated her as a friend, not, as too many of Sir Walter's visitors did, with neglect or ridicule. Lady Scott was a keen observer of character, and had much humour, which Maria enjoyed; and she admired the manner in which Lady Scott presided over a large establishment with such judicious arrangement and well-regulated hospitality. Maria had hardly recovered from her illness, and Lady Scott watched over her and prescribed for her with most tender care and kindness.

To Miss Honora Edgeworth.

"*Abbotsford, July* 31, 1823.

"I take a pen merely to say that I will not write! I have so much to say, that I dare not trust myself, as I am still so far from strong, I must not venture to play tricks with that health which it cost my dear, kind nurses so much to preserve. I am as careful of myself as any creature can be without becoming an absolute, selfish egotist. Lady Scott is really so watchful and careful of me, that even when my own family guardian angels are not on either or both sides of me, I can do no wrong, and can come to no harm.

"It is quite delightful to see Scott in his family in the country: breakfast, dinner, supper, the same flow of kindness, fondness, and genius, far, far surpassing his works, his letters, and all my hopes and imagination. His castle of Abbotsford is magnificent, but I forget it in thinking of him."

To Mr. Ruxton.

"*Abbotsford, Aug.* 9, 1823.

"My dear Uncle,

"I remember that you requested one of our party to write a few lines from Abbotsford. I think I mentioned to my aunt or Sophy the impression which I first experienced from Sir Walter Scott's great simplicity of manner, joined to his wonderful superiority of intellect. This impression has been strengthened by all I have seen of him since. In living with him in the country, I have particularly liked his behaviour towards his variety of guests, of all ranks, who come to his hospitable castle. Many of these are artists, painters, architects, mechanists, antiquarians, people who look up to him for patronage—none of them permitted to be hangers on or parasites: his manners perfectly kind and courteous, yet such as to command respect; and I never heard any one attempt to flatter him. I never saw an author less of an author in his habits. This I early observed, but have been the more struck with it the longer I have been with him. He has, indeed, such variety of occupations, that he has not time to think of his own works: how he has time to write them is the wonder. You would like him for his love of trees; a great part of his time out of doors is taken up in pruning his trees. I have within this hour heard a gentleman say to him, 'You have had a good deal of experience in planting, Sir Walter; do you advise much thinning, or not?' 'I should advise much thinning, but little at a time. If you thin much at a time, you let in the wind, and hurt your trees.'

"I hope to show you a sketch of Abbotsford Sophy

has made—better than any description. Besides the Abbey of Melrose, we have seen many interesting places in this neighbourhood. To-day we have been a delightful drive through Ettrick Forest, and to the ruins of Newark—the hall of Newark, where the ladies bent their necks of snow to hear the Lay of the Last Minstrel. Though great part of Ettrick Forest was cut down years ago, yet much of it has grown up again to respectable height, and many most beautiful oak, ash, and alder trees remain. We had a happy walk by the river, and after refreshing ourselves with a luncheon in a summerhouse beautifully situated, we went to look at the ruins of Newark. It was a pity that this fine old building was let to go to ruin, which it has done only within the last seventy years. The late Duke and Duchess of Buccleugh, to whom it belonged, had in their youth lived abroad, and were so ignorant about their own estate in Scotland, that when they first came to live here they supposed there were no trees, and no wood they thought could be had, and brought with them, among other things, a barrel full of skewers for the cook.

"It is very agreeable to observe how many friends of long standing Scott has in this neighbourhood: they have been here, and we have been at their houses: very good houses, and the style of living excellent. Except one Prussian prince and one Swiss baron, no grand foreign visitors have been here; indeed, this house is in such a state of painting and papering, and carpenters finishing new rooms and chasing the inhabitants out of the old, that it was impossible to have much company.

"Sir Walter's eldest son was here for some days—now gone back to Sandhurst; he is excessively shy, very handsome, not at all literary, but he has sense and

honourable principle, and is very grateful to those who were kind to him in Ireland. His younger brother, Charles, who is now at home, has more easy manners, is more conversible, and has more of his father's literary taste. I am sorry to say we are to leave Abbotsford the day after to-morrow; but the longer we stay the more sorry we shall feel to go. We had intended to have paid a visit to Lady Selkirk at S. Mary's Isle, but this would be a hundred miles out of our way, and I have no time for it, which I regret, as I liked very much the little I saw of Lady Selkirk in London."

From Abbotsford Maria went to Glasgow, where Mr. and Mrs. Bannatyne, with the same generous hospitality they had shown to Henry and Sneyd, received Maria and her sisters in their house in Carleton Place, where their and our friends Margaret and Anne Gibson Craig were also staying. A few days of great enjoyment were spent here, and on their way to Ireland Maria and her sisters paid a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy at Dalwharran: as the daughter of her friend Sir Samuel Romilly, Maria always felt a peculiar interest in her; and she had much liked what she saw of Mr. Kennedy in London. In their own house she was still more pleased with them. She and her sisters returned to Ireland by Port Patrick; and, paying visits on their way to our old friends and neighbours Mr. and Mrs. Jephson, at Mullabrack; and to Colonel Skeffington, son of Mr. Edgeworth's friend, Lord Oriel, and Lady Massereen at Antrim Castle; and at Black Castle, reached home on the 3rd of September, after a tour of which, in spite of her dangerous illness, Maria always spoke with the greatest delight. Besides her exquisite pleasure in Sir Walter Scott's

society, she had extremely enjoyed that of many old and new friends.

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To Mrs. Ruxton.

"*Edgeworthstown, Nov.* 20, 1823.

"It is a long time since I have written to you, always waiting a day longer for somebody's coming or going, or sailing or landing. You ask what I am doing? nothing, but reading and idling, and paving a gutter and yard to Honora's pig-stye, and school-house. What have I been reading? The Siege of Valencia, by Mrs. Hemans, which is an hour too long, but it contains some of the most beautiful poetry I have read for years. I have read Quin's letters from Spain, entertaining; the review of it in the Quarterly is by Blanco White. Doctor Holland's letters continue to be as full of information and interest as ever, though he is a married man. Tell Sophy that the subject of electricity and electromagnetism is every day affording new facts, and all the philosophers on the Continent are busy about it. Sir Humphry Davy had a narrow escape of breaking his neck by a fall down stairs, but he is not hurt, tout au contraire. I had a letter, written in very good English, the other day from M. de Stael; he is now in London, and tells me the French and the Holy Alliance are tyrannising sadly at Geneva, and have ordered all the Italian patriots who had taken refuge there to decamp. There is one of these, Count Somebody or other, whose name I cannot persuade myself to get up to look for, whom M. de Stael wishes I would take by the hand in London, and what I am to do with him when I have him by the hand I don't know.

"I had a letter from Walter Scott, who has been delighted with the history of Caraboo,[1] which I sent to him: a pamphlet published at the time. He says that nobody with a reasonable head could attempt to calculate the extent of popular credulity, and observes that she, like all the great cheats who have imposed upon mankind was touched with insanity, half knave, half mad, at last the dupe of her own acting of enthusiasm.

"Prince Hohenlohe and the pamphlets, pro and con, occupy us much. Crampton's second edition of his I think excellent. Some very curious facts have been brought out of the effect of the imagination upon the bodily health. And while Scott is writing novels to entertain the world, and the philosophers in France trying experiments on electro-magnetism, Davy tumbling down stairs, and Denham and Co. in Africa looking for the Niger, here is all London rushing out to look at the cottage in which a swindler lived who murdered another swindler, and buying bits of the sack in which the dead body was put! Have your newspapers given what we have had in the Morning Chronicle? views of Roberts' cottage and the pond with Thurtell and Hunt dragging the body out of it? Shakespear understood John Bull right well, and always gave him plenty of murders and dead bodies. I am glad there are no Irishmen in this base as well as savage gang.

"Emmeline, my sister, and Emmeline, my niece, write with much gratitude of your kindness and Sophy's, and seem to have enjoyed their visit to Black Castle."

[1] Caraboo is alluded to in S. Ronan's Well, published in the autumn of this year. Sir Walter had never heard of her till Maria when in Scotland told her history to him.

To Miss Ruxton.

"*Edgeworthstown, Jan.* 1, 1824.

"On this first day of the new year, and on my fifty-sixth birthday, I cannot do better than write to my dear friend Sophy Ruxton.

"Honora writes from Byrkely Lodge of Sneyd's visit, after his long residence abroad. He does not interlard his conversation with French and Italian, and retains his happy art of seeing things and persons on the bright side, and of making a charming romance of real life. He seems to have an elective attraction for agreeable good and well-bred people wherever he goes.

"Last week Lord Longford, Sir Thomas Pakenham, Mr. William Pakenham, and Mr. Stewart luncheoned here and were very cordial and agreeable. Yesterday my mother, Mrs. Strickland, and I went to visit Mrs. Dease and Lady Teresa, who has most agreeable well-bred manners, foreign, but without a grain of affectation."

"*Pakenham Hall, Jan.* 21.

"We, my mother, Lovell, Fanny, and I, came here yesterday, glad to see Lord Longford surrounded by his friends in old Pakenham Hall hospitable style,—he always cordial, unaffected, and agreeable. The house has been completely new-modelled, chimneys taken down from top to bottom, rooms turned about from lengthways to broadways, thrown into one another, and out of one another, and the result is that there is a comfortable excellent drawing-room, dining-room, and library, and the bed-chambers are admirable. Mrs.

Smyth, of Gaybrook, and her daughter, are here, and Mr. Knox, and I have been so lucky as to be seated next to him at dinner yesterday, and at breakfast this morning; he is very agreeable when he speaks, and when he is silent it is 'silence that speaks.'

"Lady Longford has been very attentive to us. She has the finest and most happy open-faced children I ever saw—not the least troublesome, yet perfectly free and at their ease with the company and with their parents.

"A box will be left in Dublin for you on Monday morning. There is no telling you how happy I have been getting ready and packing and fussing about the said box for you, flying about the house from the library to the garret. And all for what? When Sophy, whom I beg to be the unpacker, opens it, you will see a certain dabbed-up crooked pasteboard tray in which are four frills for you: I hemmed every inch of them myself, to give them the only value they could have in your eyes."

To Mrs. Bannatyne.

"*Edgeworthstown, Feb.* 16, 1824.

"My dear Mr. and Mrs. Bannatyne—my dear Mrs. Starke and Miss Bannatyne, and Andrew and Dugald, and all of you kind friends, put your heads close together to hear a piece of intelligence which will, I know, rejoice your kind hearts.

"*Our* dear Sophy and *your* dear Sophy is going to be married to a person whom her mother, and every one of her own family completely approve, who has been tenderly attached to her for some time, whose principles, understanding, manners, and honourable manly character are such as to deserve such a wife as I may

proudly say he will have in Sophy. His birth, family connections, and fortune, are all such as we could wish. The gentleman is a cousin of our own Captain Barry Fox; he is an officer, but will probably leave the army, and settle in his own country; we hope within reach of us. He has been so kind and considerate about poor Lucy, so anxious not to deprive her too suddenly of her beloved, and best of nurses, that he has endeared himself the more to us all.

"You may mention this to the Gibson Craigs, who I know love her sincerely. I have not time to write separately to these friends, but you will tell them they are fully in my mind, and that I feel assured of their kind sympathy."

To Mrs. Ruxton.

"*Edgeworthstown, March* 18, 1824.

"The indissoluble knot is tied! What an awful ceremony it is! What an awful deed! How can parents bear to be at the weddings of their children where it is not a marriage of their own free choice? and how can a woman herself pronounce that solemn vow when she is marrying for money, or for grandeur, or from any earthly motive but the pure heart?—a purer heart than my sister Sophy's I do believe never approached the altar, nor was the hand ever given more entirely with the free heart. There was no one at the wedding but our own family, Mr. Fox, Francis Fox, and William Beaufort. We six ladies went in the carriage immediately after breakfast to the church, where the gentlemen were waiting for us. The churchyard, and church

of course, crowded with the poor people of the village, but as we drove out of our own lawn into Mr. Keating's there was as little annoyance from starers as possible. William Beaufort married them, as had been Sophy's particular wish. The sun shone out with a bright promise at the moment her marriage was completed. Barry handed her into his chaise, the most commodious, prettiest, and plainest carriage I ever saw, and away they drove. They went to John Fox's Glebe house, where John and Henrietta will join them next week."

To Mrs. O'Beirne.[1]

"*Black Castle, July* 6, 1824.

"In the little drawing-room at Black Castle, where we have been so often happy together; in the little drawing-room to which you have so often brought me to see my dear aunt, I now write to you, my dear friend, to tell you how much I miss you. I feel a perpetual want of that part of my happiness in this dear place which I owed to its neighbourhood to another dear place to which I cannot now bear to go. Once, and but once, in the two months I have been here have I been there; when the indispensable civility of returning a formal visit required it, and then I felt it to be as much, if not more, than I was able to do, with the composure I felt to be proper. The sitting in that red drawing-room and missing everything I had so loved—the saloon, the lawn—I really could not speak, and heartily glad I was when I got away.

[1] The Bishop of Meath died in 1823: and Mrs. O'Beirne and her daughters went to reside in England.

"My plans of going to England this summer have been all broken up: you know how, as you have heard of the death of my dear sister Anna, at Florence; the account of her loss reached me just when I was joyfully expecting an answer to a letter full of projects which she never lived to read. God's will be done. We expect my nieces, Anna and Mary, at Edgeworthstown as soon as they return from Italy. My aunt is wonderfully well; the vivacity of her mind and warmth of her feelings and perfection of her hearing and sight are still the same. I have here perfectly re-established my health, which, during the winter, was precarious. I have lived much in the fresh air in these beautiful walks. Give my love to Miss Wren, and tell her that her advice about planting laurels in the new approach has been followed and has succeeded perfectly.

"We have been reading Reginald Dalton, in which there is an admirable character of MacDonald reminding one of the excellence of Sir Pertinax MacSycophant, but no imitation of that—a perfectly original character. I have omitted to mention Mr. Butler; he has spent three or four days with us, and he gains in my esteem and regard the more I know of him. His grateful affection for you is a bond of sympathy and union between us."

To Miss Honora Edgeworth.

"*Edgeworthstown, July* 17, 1824.

"My dear Honora,

"I hope this will find you at Cheltenham with Barry and Sophy, and Fanny; my mother and Mar-

garet set off this fine morning for Black Castle, and Lucy is now in the dining-room, her bed aslant across the open middle window, the grass plot new-mown, and a sweet smell of fresh hay. They are drawing home the hay, and men are driving past the windows on empty cars, or leading loaded ones. The roses are still in full blow on the trellis. Aunt Bess sitting by Lucy talking of the beautiful thorns in the Phœnix park, and I am sitting on the other side of Lucy's bed by the pillar.

"Margaret Ruxton when here was eager to pay her compliments to Peggy Tuite; her husband has written for her to go to him, and she is now 'torn almost in two between the wish to go to her husband and her lothness to leave her old mother.' She gave Margaret and me the history of her losing and finding her wedding ring. 'Sure I knew my luck would change when I found my wedding ring that I lost four years ago—down in the quarry. I went across the fields to feed the pig, and looked and looked till I was tired, and then concluded I had given it to the pig mixed up and that he had swallowed it for ever—it was a real gold ring. But the men that was clearing out the *rubbage* in the quarry found it and adjourned to the public house to share the luck of it. My brother got scent of it and went directly to inform the man that found it whose the ring was, and demanded it; he wouldn't hear of giving it back, and sold it to a pensioner there above; my brother set off with himself to the priest and told all, and the priest summoned the man and the pensioner, and my brother, and in the presence of an honest man, Mr. Sweeny, warned the pensioner to restore the wedding ring, since

my brother could tell the tokens on it. 'It's the woman's wedding ring to remind her of her conjugal duties, and it's sacrilege to take it.' But the man that sold it was hardened, and the pensioner said he had paid for it, and so says the priest to Keegan, that's the master of the quarry men, 'Turn this man out of the work, he is a bad man and he will corrupt the rest. And Peggy Tuite, I advise you and your brother to go straight to Major Bond and summon these men.' Then she described the trial, and Tuite 'swore to the tokens where it had been crushed by a stone, and the goldsmith's mark, and the Major held it between him and the light and plainly noticed the crush and the battered marks, and handing me the ring said, 'Peggy Tuite, this is your ring sure enough.'"

To Mrs. Ruxton.

"*Edgeworthstown, August* 16, 1824.

"We have heard from Sophy Fox, who tells us that they have been delighted with their journey to Aberystwith, especially the devil's bridge. Can you tell me why the devil has so many bridges, sublime and beautiful, in every country of the habitable world? Ingénieur des Ponts et Chaussées to his Satanic majesty, would be a place of great business, profit and glory, and would require a man of first-rate abilities. Lucy has painted a beautiful portrait of her bullfinch, picking at a bunch of white currants—the currants would, I am sure, be picked by any live bird.

"Tell me how you like Haji Baba?"

To Miss Honora Edgeworth.

"*Edgeworthstown, August* 28, 1824.

"I am impatient to set my dear Aunt Mary's[1] mind free from the anxiety I am sure she feels about her decision to stay in England this winter; whatever disappointment and regret I felt was mitigated by her beautifully kind and tender note.

"Your entertaining account of the archery meeting at Lord Bagot's came yesterday evening. What a magnificent entertainment, and in what good taste. It was a delightful house for a fête champêtre.

"The Roman Catholic Bishop, McGaurin, held a confirmation the day before yesterday, and dined here on a God-send haunch of venison. Same day Mr. Hunter arrived, and Mr. Butler came with young Mr. Hamilton, an 'admirable Crichton' of eighteen; a real prodigy of talents, who Dr. Brinkley says may be a second Newton—quite gentle and simple. Mr. and Mrs. Napier arrived on Wednesday, and spent two most agreeable days with us; he is an extremely well-informed man, and both are perfectly well-bred. Mr. Butler and Mr. Hamilton suited them delightfully. Mr. Butler and Mr. Napier found they were both Oxford men, and took to each other directly. Mr. Napier's conversation is quite superior and easy. Those two days put me in mind of former times. Hunter is very happy here in spite of his cockney prejudices; he says Harry and Lucy must be ready by October."

[1] Mrs. Charlotte Sneyd died in 1822, and Mrs. Mary Sneyd resided after her death occasionally with her brother in England till 1828, when she returned finally to Edgeworthstown, where she remained till her death.

To Mrs. Ruxton.

"*Edgeworthstown, Dec.* 1, 1824.

"My dearest Aunt,

"Honora has arrived, not tired by her journey, and I thought her looking pretty well. I am in much better spirits about her health. Mr. and Mrs. William Beaufort are here with their dumb boy Francis, who has a most prepossessing countenance, with a sort of cheerful resignation, and air of confiding in all around him which is quite touching. The snow is eighteen inches deep, so we have not been able to get out even to the school. Anna and Mary Beddoes are very amiable—always employed. Anna is a capital musician; and Mary has a pleasing taste for drawing. Louisa has been very kind in new-modelling my garden. Basset Saunderson spent a day with us last week, and was very agreeable; it is the fashion I think to undervalue him, but I like him for his good-humour and freedom from suspicion; he bears his infirmity of deafness with wonderful cheerfulness and fortitude, and never seems to think himself neglected.

"A Jewess—Miss Yates of Liverpool, has sent a most superb portfolio to me with the name of Harrington upon it, a flower piece on one side on white velvet, and the rose, thistle, and shamrock on the other; with a letter, a most kind letter and infinitely more gratitude than Harrington deserved—the handwriting like writing seen in a glass backwards."

"*Jan.* 1, 1825.

"A happy new year to you, my dearest aunt,—to you to whom I now look as much as I can to any one now

living, for the rays of pleasure that I expect to gild my bright evening of life. As we advance in life we become more curious, more fastidious in gilding and gilders; we find to our cost that all that glitters is not gold, and your every-day bungling carvers and gilders will not do. Our *evening-gilders* must be more skilful than those who flashed and daubed away in the morning of life, and gilt with any tinsel, the weathercock for the morning sun.

"You may perceive, my dear aunt, by my having got so finely to the weathercock, and the rising sun, that I am out of the hands of all my dear apothecaries, and playing away again with a superfluity of life. (N.B. I am surprisingly prudent.) Honora's cough has almost subsided, and Lucy can sit upright the greater part of the day. 'God bless the mark!' as Molly Bristow would say, if she heard me, 'don't be bragging.'

"Yesterday morning brought to my mother a letter from a Mr. Tadmore or Tadman, of Gravesend, enclosing a letter from Sophy Fox to her; which, strange to tell, almost incredible, he had 'picked up, with many other letters, on the road near Gravesend bank.'[1] Mr. Tadmore or Tadman is assuredly a very good-natured man and a gentleman, for he concludes with, 'the contents are unknown to me.'

"Sophy's letter had no direction, except just under the seal, 'Mrs. Edgeworth, Edgeworthstown, Ireland.' All we can guess is, that it was sent under cover to Sir George Fetherstone, and by the ambassador's bag, but we have not seen in the newspapers the announcement of the loss of any Government bag. The moral I draw

[1] Captain and Mrs. Fox were at this time with my daughter Fanny, at Florence.

from the whole is, always write, even if they are to be franked, some sort of direction on your letters, and then if they are picked up by Tadmore in the desert they will reach their destination."

"*Jan.* 6.

"I have to give you the most cheering accounts of Honora and Lucy. Honora is now on the sofa opposite to me, working with her candle beside her on a bracket —my new year's gift to the sofas, a mahogany bracket on each side of the chimney-piece to fold up or down, and large enough to hold a candlestick and a teacup or work-box. Mary Beddoes and I are on the sofa next the door; Honora and Anna on the other, and somebody sitting in the middle talking by turns to each sofa. Who can that be? Not Harriet, for tea is over and she has seceded to Lucy's room—not my mother, nor William, nor Mrs. Beaufort, nor Louisa, for the carriage has carried them away some hours ago, poor souls, and full-dressed bodies, to dine at Ardagh. But who can this Unknown be? A gentleman it must be to constitute the happiness of two sofas of ladies.

"My nephew, Henry Beddoes! and the joy of ladies he certainly will be, not merely of aunts and sisters, but of all who can engage or be engaged by prepossessing manners and appearance, and the promise of all that is amiable and intelligent. I am delighted with him, and he would charm you.

"Lady Bathurst has done me another good turn for Fanny Stewart, that is, for her husband; there was a charming letter from Fanny Stewart a few days ago. I send for your amusement the famous little Valoe in its elegantissimo binding, and Lady Bathurst's letter

about it, elegantissima also. You remember I hope the story of its publication, written by a governess of the Duchess of Beaufort's, assisted by all the conclave of quality young-lady-governesses, with little traits of character of their pupils. The authoress sent it to the Duchess of Beaufort, asking permission to publish and dedicate it to her Grace. The Duchess never read it, and returned it to the Governess with a compliment, and, 'publish it by all means, and dedicate it to me.' Out came the publication; and though each young lady was flattered, yet all quarrelled with the mode of compliment, and in many there was a little touch of blame, which moved their or their mothers' anger, and with one accord they attacked the Duchess of Beaufort for her permission to publish, and the edition was all bought up in a vast hurry.

"In a few days I trust—you know I am a great truster—that you will receive a packet franked by Lord Bathurst, containing only a little pocket-book—'Friendship's Offering, for 1825,' dizened out; I fear you will think it too fine for your taste, but there is in it, as you will find, the old Mental Thermometer, which was once a favourite of yours. You will wonder how it came there—simply thus. Last autumn came by the coach a parcel containing just such a book as this for last year, and a letter from Mr. Lupton Relfe—a foreigner settled in London—and he prayed in most polite bookseller strain that I would look over my portfolio for some trifle for this book for 1825. I might have looked over 'my portfolio' till doomsday, as I have not an unpublished scrap, except Take for Granted.[1] But I recol-

[1] Take for Granted, was an idea which Maria never worked out into a story, though she had made many notes for it.

lected the Mental Thermometer, and that it had never been *out*, except in the Irish Farmer's Journal—not known in England. So I routed in the garret under pyramids of old newspapers, with my mother's prognostics, that I never should find it, and loud prophecies that I should catch my death, which I did not, but dirty and dusty, and cobweby, I came forth after two hours' grovelling, with my object in my hand! Cut it out, added a few lines of new end to it, and packed it off to Lupton Relfe, telling him that it was an old thing written when I was sixteen. Weeks elapsed, and I heard no more, when there came a letter exuberant in gratitude, and sending a parcel containing six copies of the new Memorandum book, and a most beautiful twelfth edition of Scott's Poetical Works, bound in the most elegant manner, and with most beautifully engraved frontispieces and vignettes, and a £5 note. I was quite ashamed—but I have done all I could for him by giving the Friendship's Offerings to all the fine people I could think of. The set of Scott's Works made a nice new year's gift for Harriet; she had seen this edition at Edinburgh and particularly wished for it. The £5 I have sent to Harriet Beaufort to be laid out in books for Fanny Stewart. Little did I think the poor old Thermometer would give me so much pleasure.

"Here comes the carriage rolling round. I feel guilty; what will my mother say to me, so long a letter at this time of night?—Yours affectionately in all the haste of guilt, conscience stricken: that is, found out.

"No—all safe, all innocent—because *not found out*.

"*Finis.*

"By the author of Moral Tales and Practical Education."

"*Feb.* 16.

"I hope my dearest aunt will not disdain the work of my little bungling hands. The vandykes of this apron are such as Vandyke would scorn; poor little pitiful things they be! and will be in rags in a fortnight no doubt. But if you knew the pains I have taken with them, and what pleasure I have had in doing them, even all wrong, you would hang them round you with satisfaction. By the time it is completely *roved* away I shall be with you and *bind* it over to its good behaviour, so that it shall never rove *again* me. Love me and laugh at me as you have done many is the year.

"The crocuses and snowdrops in my garden are beautiful; my green-board-edged beds and green trellis make it absolutely a wooden paradise.

"I forgot to boast that I was up for three mornings at seven *vandyking*.

"Henry Beddoes told us that Lord Byron was extremely beloved and highly thought of by all whom he heard speak of him at Missalonghi, both Greeks and his own countrymen. He had regained public esteem by his latter conduct. The place in which he died was not the worst inn's worst room, but an absolute hovel, without any bed of any kind; he was lying on a sack."

"*March* 15.

"You have probably seen in the papers the death of our admirable friend Mrs. Barbauld. I have copied for you her last letter to me and some beautiful lines written in her eightieth year. There is a melancholy elegance and force of thought in both. Elegance and strength—qualities rarely uniting without injury to each other, combine most perfectly in her style, and

this rare combination, added to their classical purity, form perhaps, the distinguishing characteristics of her writings. England has lost a great writer, and we a most sincere friend."

To Honora.

"*Black Castle, May* 10, 1825.

"Your list of presentation copies of Harry and Lucy and your reasons for giving each diverted me very much. Sophy and Margaret and I laughed over it and agreed that every reason was like Mr. Plunket's speech, 'unanswerable.'

"I was delighted that you liked the preface, and I liked all your alterations, which were I thought made with your usual judgment.

"In reading one of the most paltry quartos I ever opened—the Life of Murphy—a perfect sample of the art of bookmaking, I found two excellent things in proof of my system that there is no book so worthless but we may find some good in it—one, a letter of Burke's to Murphy on his translation of Tacitus. I shall copy it and put it into William's Murphy's Tacitus. The other good thing I copied for you, my dear Honora, Garrick's Criticism on a MS. play of Murphy's; it pleased me particularly from reminding me of yours, and some of my father's criticisms and notes for me. I beg that you will borrow the play 'Know your Own Mind,' from Mrs. Tuite, and keep it for me. But even without reference to the play I love the notes; they are so frank and so ingenious.

"Richard read out last night to us from the New Monthly Magazine a review of the book you have been

reading—Tremaine, and suddenly he came to a discussion on the tales of a friend of yours. My aunt thought all the praise very good writing and all the blame very bad!"

To Mrs. Ruxton.

"*Edgeworthstown, July* 9, 1825.

"With my whole soul I thank you for your most touching letter[1] to my mother, so full of true resignation to God's will, and of those feelings which He has implanted in the human heart for our greatest happiness and our greatest trials. 'Fifty-five years!' How much is contained in those words of yours. I loved him dearly, and well I might, most kind he ever was to me, and I felt all his excellent qualities, his manners, his delightful temper. How little did I think when last I saw his kind looks bent upon me that it was for the last time."

To Mrs. Ruxton.

"*Edgeworthstown, August,* 1825.

"Sir Walter Scott, punctual to his promise, arrived on Friday in good time for dinner; he brought with him Miss Scott and Mr. Crampton. I am glad that kind Crampton had the reward of this journey; though frequently hid from each other by clouds of dust in their open carriage, they had as they told us never ceased talking. They like each other as much as two men of so much genius and so much benevolence should, and we rejoice to be the bond of union.

[1] On the death of Mr. Ruxton.

"Scarcely had Crampton shaken the dust from his shoes when he said, 'Before I eat, and what is more, before I wash my hands I must see Lucy.' He says that he has now no doubt that, please God, and in all the humility of hope and gratitude I repeat it, she will perfectly recover.

"Captain and Mrs. Scott and Mr. Lockhart were detained in Dublin, and did not come till eleven o'clock, and my mother had supper, and fruit, and everything refreshing for them. Mrs. Scott is perfectly unaffected and rather pretty, with a sweet confiding expression of countenance and fine mild most loving eyes.

"Sir Walter delights the hearts of every creature who sees, hears, and knows him. He is most benignant as well as most entertaining; the noblest and the gentlest of lions, and his face, especially the lower part of it, is excessively like a lion; he and Mr. Crampton and Mr. Jephson were delightful together. The school band, after dinner by moonlight, playing Scotch tunes, and the boys at leap-frog delighted Sir Walter. Next day we went to the school for a very short time and saw a little of everything, and a most favourable impression was left. It being Saturday, religious instruction was going on when we went in. Catholics, with their priest, in one room; Protestants, with Mr. Keating, in the other.

"More delightful conversation I have seldom in my life heard than we have been blessed with these three days. What a touch of sorrow must mix with the pleasures of all who have had great losses. Lovell, my mother, and I, at twelve o'clock at night, joined in exclaiming, 'How delightful! O! that he had lived to see and hear this!'

"We set out on Tuesday morning for Killarney; dine and sleep that day at Judge Moore's, Lamberton."

Maria and my daughter Harriet accompanied Sir Walter and Miss Scott, Mr. Lockhart and Captain and Mrs. Scott to Killarney. They travelled in an open caleche of Sir Walter's, and Captain Scott's chariot, changing the combination from one carriage to another as the weather or accident suggested. When some difficulty occurred about horses Sir Walter said, "Swift, in one of his letters, when no horses were to be had says, 'If we had but had a captain of horse to swear for us we should have had the horses at once;' now here we have the captain of horse, but the landlord is not moved even by him."

Sir Walter was like Maria, never put out by discomforts on a journey, but always ready to make the best of everything and to find amusement in every incident. He was delighted with Maria's eagerness for everybody's comfort, and diverted himself with her admiration of a green-baize-covered door in the inn at Killarney. "Miss Edgeworth, you are so mightily pleased with that door I think you will carry it away with you to Edgeworthstown."

Mr. Lockhart has in his life of Sir Walter slightly misrepresented the circumstance of there being no stag hunt. He says the proprietor of the hounds, a Catholic gentleman, had refused to have a hunt because of Sir Walter's opposition to Catholic Emancipation; the fact was, that his brother-in-law died the night before the party reached Killarney. William, who was then engaged in laying out the road to Glengarriff, joined the party at Tralee, and mentioning the death of this gentle-

man, said it would prevent the stag hunt. Maria pointed out this misrepresentation to Mr. Lockhart, and was the more surprised at the mistake from recollecting that he had shown to her the mutes sitting one on each side of the gate to the house where the death had occurred.

The evening of the day they left Killarney Sir Walter was unwell, and Maria was much struck by the tender affectionate attention of his son and Mr. Lockhart and their great anxiety. He was quite as usual however the next day, and on their arrival in Dublin, the whole party dined at Captain Scott's house in Stephen's Green; he and Mrs. Scott most hospitably inviting, besides Maria and Harriet, my two daughters, Fanny and Mrs. Barry Fox, who had just returned from Italy, and my two sons, Francis and Pakenham, who were coming home for the holidays. It happened to be Sir Walter's birthday, the 15th of August, and his health was drunk with more feeling than gaiety. He and Maria that evening bade farewell to each other, never to meet again in this world.

To Mrs. Edgeworth.

"*Black Castle, August* 30, 1825.

"I calculate that there can be no use in my writing to Doctor Holland, Killarney, at this time of day, because he must have *departed* that life. However, I write to Mr. Hallam[1] this day with a message to Doctor Holland, if there. If you learn that Doctor Holland

[1] Mr. Hallam was detained at Killarney by breaking his leg; Sir Walter Scott sat some time with him, when he and Maria were there, and Doctor Holland had now been staying with him.

can come to Edgeworthstown, you will of course tell me, if it be within the possibility of time and space; I would go home even for the chance of spending an hour with him; therefore be prepared for the shock of seeing me. I do hope he will in his great kindness—which is always beyond what any one ought to hope—I do hope he will contrive to go to Edgeworthstown. How delightful to have Lucy sitting up like a lady beside you.

"The Lords Bective and Darnley, and Sir Marcus Somerville, and Lord knows who, are all at this moment broiling in Navan at a Catholic meeting, saying and hearing the same things that have been said and heard 100,000,000 times; one certain good will result from it that I shall have a frank for you and save you sevenpence. I will send a number of the New Monthly Magazine as old as the hills to Fanny, with a review of Tremaine, which will interest her, as she will find me there, like Mahomet's coffin between heaven and earth. My aunt Sophy and Mag are all reading Harry and Lucy, and all reading it bit by bit, the only way in which it can be fairly judged. My aunt's being really interested and entertained by it, as I see she is, quite surpasses my hopes. Feelings of gratitude to Honora should have made me write this specially to her, only that I was afraid she might think that I *thought* that she *thought* of nothing but Harry and Lucy, which, upon the word of a reasonable creature, I do not. My aunt is entertained with Clarke's Life, though he says that all literary ladies are horse godmothers. In the Evening Mail of Monday last there are extracts from some speculations of Doctor Barry, an English physician at Paris, on the effect of atmospheric pressure in causing the motion of the blood in the veins. If you

see Doctor Holland, ask him about this and its application in preventing the effect of poison.

"In Bakewell's Travels in Switzerland there is an account apropos to ennui being the cause of suicide, of the death of Berthollet's son, who shut himself up in a room with a brasier of charcoal; a paper was found on the table with an account of his feelings during the operation of the fumes of the charcoal upon him to the last moment that he could make his writing intelligible."

To Mrs. Stark.

"*Edgeworthstown, Nov.* 27, 1825.

"My dear Mrs. Stark,

"Your letter about Harry and Lucy delighted me; the very effect I most wished, but hardly hoped to have produced in a mother's mind, and such a well-informed and well-judging mother.

"Our two boys were at home in August, and the happiest of the happy with two ponies and four sisters. Francis' poem of Saul won a medal, and Pakenham's Jacob, a miniature Horace.

"You may have seen in the papers the account of the burning of Castle Forbes, in the County of Longford. Lord Forbes was wakened by his dog, or he would have been suffocated and burned in his bed. He showed great presence of mind: carried out, first, a quantity of gunpowder which was in a closet into which the flames were entering; and next, the family papers and pictures. A valuable collection of prints and books were lost: key not to be found in the scuffle, and servants and other ignoramuses, conceiving the *biggest* volumes must

be the most valuable, wasted their energies upon folios of Irish House of Commons Journals and Statutes. The castle was in three hours' time reduced to the bare walls. I am forgetting a fact for which I began this story. A gentleman was, by the force of motive, endued with such extraordinary strength in the midst of that night's danger, that he wrenched from its iron spike and pedestal a fine marble bust of Cromwell, carried it down stairs, and threw it on the grass. Next morning he could not lift it! and no one man who tried could stir it. Have you read 'Segur's Campaign in Russia?' In that work are instances of the utmost that human nature can endure and accomplish, instances of the highest heroism and the lowest degradation."

To Mrs. Ruxton.

"*Edgeworthstown, Dec.* 19, 1825.

"I wish you to have a letter from Dr. Holland before it gets stale: therefore you must forgive me for writing on this thin paper, for no other would waft it to you free.

"Your observations about the difficulties of 'Take for Granted' are excellent: I 'take for granted' I shall be able to conquer them. If only one instance were taken, the whole story must turn upon that, and be constructed to bear on one point; and that *pointing* to the moral would not appear natural. As Sir Walter said to me in reply to my observing, 'It is difficult to introduce the moral without displeasing the reader,' 'The rats won't go into the trap if they smell the hand of the ratcatcher.'"

"*Jan.* 9, 1826.

"William arrived here to-day. He was at Langford Lodge, and was much pleased by his kind reception there: charmed by Mrs. Pakenham's beauty and manners, and by the Colonel's conversation and character, and liked their children much.

"At Liverpool he saw a great deal of the Roscoes, and was delighted with their family union, warm hearts, and clear heads."

The universal difficulties in the money market in the beginning of the year 1826 were felt by us, and Maria, who had since her father's death given up the rent-receiving, now resumed it, undertook the management of her brother Lovell's affairs, which she conducted with consummate skill and perseverance, and weathered the storm which swamped so many in this financial crisis. The great difficulty was paying everybody when rents were not to be had; but she, resolutely avoiding the expense and annoyance of employing a solicitor, undertook the whole, borrowing money in small sums, paying off encumbrances, and repaying the borrowed money as the times improved; thus enabling her brother to keep the land which so many proprietors were then obliged to sell, while never distressing the tenants, she at last brought the whole business to a triumphant conclusion.

To Mrs. Ruxton.

"*Edgeworthstown, Jan.* 27, 1826.

"These last three weeks I have had multitudes of letters to write, but not one of them have I written

with the least pleasure, except that sort of pleasure which we have in doing what we think a duty. Lovell has put the management of his affairs into my hands, and the receiving of his rents; and this is, except one letter which I wrote to the author of 'Granby,' as soon as we had finished that delightful book, the only letter of pleasure in which I have indulged myself.

"A carman will bring to you a basket containing snipes, which my mother contends are not worth sending, especially as Clusker assured her at Black Castle that 'you have *'lations*.' At all events, these nice fat birds will softly cushion up a tall glass beaker full of ink, which is to travel in the said basket: this beaker is, you will see, if not the identical one which the crane had when the fox supped with her, stolen from it. I had it made on purpose for you. I had one made for this house, and it has been the comfort of our lives. It has manifold advantages: 1st, you see whether there is any ink to be had; 2ndly, you see whether it be really ink; 3rdly, when pouring it out you see when it is coming into the inkstand, and need not overflow table or carpet.

"Besides are various odds and ends with which you may divert yourselves—among others, a note from Sir George Staunton, with a pair of ear-rings made of the famous *Yu* stone described in Clarke Abel's stupid travels; and a piece of ground pine sent from America by Mrs. Griffith—I asked her about it—mentioned in the New England tale, which you never would read. We are now reading 'Kelly's Reminiscences,' which would, I think, entertain you, because they entertain me."

"*Sonna, April* 6.

"Most grateful am I, my dearest aunt, for your wonderful preservation after such a terrible fall! Often and often as I have gone down those three steep stairs have I feared that some accident would occur. Thank God that you are safe! I really have but this one idea. We have had agreeable letters from Harriet E. and Sophy Fox, who are very happy at Cloona: the accounts of their little daily employments and pleasures are the most cheering thoughts I can call up at this moment. Happy in the garden looking at crocuses, contriving new beds, &c.; happy in the house, when Harriet reads out while Sophy works, 'Granby' at night and Peel's and Robinson's speeches by day. I remember your Sophy finding out the pre-eminent abilities of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer when he was a very young man in Dublin. I dare say she has read to you the very entertaining passage in the conclusion of his speech on the currency, alluding to the letters published by Sir Walter Scott under the strange name of Sir Malachy Malagrowther. Lord Carrington was so kind as to frank to me these extraordinary performances, which shall reach you through Lord Rosse, if you please. It is wonderful that a poet could work up such an enthusiasm about one pound notes; wonderful that a lawyer should venture to be so violent on the occasion as to talk of brandishing claymores, and passing the fiery cross from hand to hand; and yet there is the Chancellor of the Exchequer answering it from his place in Parliament as a national concern! If Pat had written it, the Attorney-General would perhaps have *noticed* it; but 'Up with the shillela!' in Pat's mouth,

and 'Out with the claymore!' in Sir Malachy's, are different—quite!"

"*March* 30.

"I hope you all saw last night the most beautiful arch of light in the heavens; it reached from east to west, and through its transparent white light the stars appeared—a most beautiful, most sublime appearance. It lasted about three quarters of an hour, and then faded away. It appeared, not by degrees, but suddenly. That which came nearest to it was one which you may recollect our seeing at Black Castle in September, 1814: my father and all of us went out to see it.

"I send the admirable translation of 'Harry and Lucy,' by Madame Belloc."

"*April* 22.

"I send you the only books we have—'The Story of a Life,' which will entertain, and tire, and provoke you; and Granby and Janus,[1] which is so heavy-looking, you would never be tempted to open it.

"The Kildare Place Society have, in the most generous and polite manner, made me a present of a complete set of all their publications."

"*May* 6.

"William has delighted us by the account he gives of you; he so much enjoyed your conversation. I am glad you liked his young companion and assistant, Mr. Scroop; it is a good thing to be born and bred a gentleman.

[1] A very stupid Annual, in which Maria's witty 'Essay on Bores' was buried.

"I hope you have the last 'Edinburgh Review,' and have been delighted, as we have been, with Sidney Smith's review of Waterton's Travels, and all his wondrous snakes, and the tolling bird, that can be heard three miles off."

"*May* 16.

"My dearest Aunt,

"Sophy Fox has a fine little black-headed boy, born twenty-five minutes after twelve on the morning of the 13th. My mother writes in high delight."

"*May* 27.

"You have seen in the papers the death of Lady Scott. In Sir Walter's last letter he had described her sufferings from water on the chest, but we had no idea the danger was so immediate. She was a most kind-hearted, hospitable person, and had much more sense and more knowledge of character and discrimination than many of those who ridiculed her. I know I never can forget her kindness to me when I was ill at Abbotsford. Her last words at parting were, 'God bless you! we shall never meet again.' At the time it was much more likely that I should have died, I thought, than she. Sir Walter said he had been interrupted in his letter by many domestic distresses. The first two pages had been begun two months ago, and were in answer to a letter of mine inquiring about the truth of his losses, &c. Of these he spoke with cheerful fortitude, but with no bravado. He said that his losses had been great, but that he had enough left to live on; that he had had many gratifying offers of assistance, but that what he had done foolishly he would bear

manfully; that he would take it all upon his own shoulders, and that he had great comfort in knowing that Lady Scott was not a person who cared about money, and that 'Beatrice,' as he calls Anne Scott, bore her altered prospects with cheerfulness. 'She is of a very generous disposition, and poor Janie proffered her whole fortune as if it had been a gooseberry.'

"After writing this much the letter appeared to have been thrown aside and forgotten to be sent, till he was roused again by a letter from me about poor Mr. Jephson. The domestic distresses which had interrupted the course of his thoughts were, the illness of his dear little grandson Lockhart, one of the finest and most engaging children I ever saw; and then Lady Scott's illness and death. He says that the letters of Malachy Malagrowther cost him but a day apiece."

"*July* 10.

"Sir Humphry Davy has been with us since Thursday, and his visit has been delightful; he has always been kind and constant in his friendship to us. I had expressed a great wish to see the 'Discourses' which he annually addressed to the Royal Society, as President, on the presentation of the medals. He has been urged to publish them, but to this he has never yet consented. I had the courage—indeed, I thought at the time the rashness—to ask him to let me see the MS. of one which I was particularly anxious to see, as it related to Dr. Brinkley: Sir Humphry was so very kind to have a copy made for me of *all* his Discourses. I found them fully equal to my expectations, quite worthy of the genius and reputation of Sir Humphry Davy, and becoming the President of the Royal Society

of England; giving a complete view of the discoveries and progress of science in England within the last six years, compressed into the smallest compass compatible with clearness, written with all the dignity of perfect simplicity and candour, like one sensible to national glory, but free from national jealousy; whose great object as a philosopher is the general advancement of science over the whole world, and whose great pleasure is in conferring well-earned praise. His addresses to those to whom he presents the medals are NOBLE—always appreciating the past with generous satisfaction, yet continually exciting to future exertion. In each new discovery he opens views beyond what the discoverer had foreseen, and from each new invention shows how fresh combinations present themselves, so that in the world of science there must be room enough for the exertions of all: the best and truest moral against envy, and all those petty jealousies which have disgraced scientific as well as literary men.

"Travelling, and his increased acquaintance with the world, has enlarged the *range* without lowering the *pitch* of Sir Humphry's mind: an allusion I have borrowed from an entertaining essay on training hawks sent to me by Sir John Sebright. Do you know that there is at this moment a gentleman in Ireland, near Belfast, who trains hawks and goes a-hawking—a Mr. Sinclair?

"Sir Humphry repeated to us a remarkable criticism of Buonaparte's on Talma's acting: 'You don't play Nero well; you gesticulate too much; you speak with too much vehemence. A despot does not need all that; he need only *pronounce*. Il sait qu'il se suffit.' 'And,' added Talma, who told this to Sir Humphry, 'Buona-

parte, as he said this, folded his arms in his well-known manner, and stood as if his attitude expressed the sentiment.'

"Sir Humphry thinks that, of all of Royal race he has seen, legitimate or illegitimate, 'noble par l'épée,' or noble by 'just hereditary sway,' the late Emperor of Russia was the most really noble-minded and the least ostentatious. A vast number of his munificent gifts to men of letters are known only to those by whom they were received. He has frequently sent tokens of approbation to scientific men in various foreign countries for inventions in arts and sciences which he had found useful in his dominions. A *caisse* arrived from Russia for Sir Humphry, which he thought were some mineralogical specimens which had been promised to him; but on opening it there appeared a superb piece of plate, with a letter from the Emperor of Russia presenting it to him, as a mark of gratitude for the safety lamp. The design on the plate, the Emperor adds, was his own: it represents the genius of fire, with his bow and arrows broken.

"Among other good things which Sir Humphry accomplished in his travels was the abolition of the *corda*, of ancient use in Naples; an instrument of torture by which the criminal was hung up by a cord tied round his joined wrists, and then pulled down and let fall from a height, dislocating his wrists to a certainty, and giving a chance of breaking his arms and legs. This instrument chanced to be set up near the hotel where Sir Humphry and Lady Davy resided: they could not bear the sight, and changed their lodgings. The next time Sir Humphry was at Court, the King asked why he had changed his residence. Sir Humphry explained,

and expressed himself so strongly, that he awakened dormant Royal feeling, and this instrument of torture was abolished. Sir Humphry had previously represented to our Queen Caroline, then at Naples, that here was an opportunity of doing good, and of rendering herself deservedly popular. She was struck with the idea at the time, but forgot it; and then Sir Humphry took it up, and with the assistance of the public opinion of all the English, it was accomplished.

"Yesterday, when I came down to breakfast, I found Sir Humphry with a countenance radiant with pleasure, and eager to tell me that Captain Parry is to be sent out upon a new Polar expedition.

"Yesterday, too, arrived Leslie Foster, on his way to Roscommon, delighted to find Sir Humphry here; and he made new diversion by the history of the election, of which he was full. What a furious contest it has been! He looks ten years older and balder, and seemed glad to find a resting-place here among friends. He could not stay to breakfast this morning; but hardly was he gone, when a smart German barouche drove up, just as I was returning from my Harrogate-water walk. It was Mr. Nimmo; and here sprang up fresh subjects of information. But, alas! too short was the time; they are all gone."

"*August* 14.

"This day, my dearest aunt, our wishes have been accomplished—the sacred, awful vow has been pronounced, and Harriet and Mr. Butler drove from the church door to Cloona.

"Lucy bore the trials of the day wonderfully well. She was at the wedding, and much agitated when it

came to the conclusion and the parting; but there was fortunately something to be done immediately afterwards—Sophy's child to be christened: a very nice, pretty little child it is—Maxwell.

"William Beaufort alarmed us by a sudden illness on Saturday: however, he was able to appear to-day and perform both ceremonies, and does not seem to have suffered by the double exertion."

To Miss Honora Edgeworth.[1]

"*Black Castle, Sept.* 3, 1826.

"Thank you for wishing to be with me, but I am sure it will be better for you to be at the sea. Here, though I am obliged to think of actual business between-times, I have every motive and means for diversion for myself, both on my own account and on my aunt's. We run in and out, and laugh and talk nonsense; and every little thing amuses us together: the cat, the dog, the hog, Mr. Barry, or a *parachute* blown from the dandelion."

"*Nov.* 19.

"Bess Fitzherbert has written an entertaining letter to Mrs. Barry, in which she mentions one of the dishes they had just had at dinner at Pozzo, between Modena and Bologna: cold boiled eels, with preserved pears, a toothpick or skewer stuck in each to take them up by, instead of a fork. My aunt's friend, Madame Boschi, near Bologna, offered to send a garden-chair drawn by bullocks for Bess, the road not being passable for *com-*

[1] I was at this time at Howth, with Honora, Fanny, and Lucy.

mon cattle. You see, bullocks are always Bess's fate.[1] I shall go to Collon on Monday, but not to Rokeby, as I can see the Countess de Salis, I hope, many times there; but I wish to mark that this visit is only to Lord Oriel, my father's earliest friend."

To Mrs. Edgeworth.

"*Collon, Nov.* 21, 1826.

"My dear Mother,

"I arrived here before all the family were assembled at breakfast: Lord Ferrard, Lady Massereene, and their eight children, tutor, and governess. Lord Oriel had not yet made his appearance, and I was glad of it. Proud of my punctuality, and all telling me how well and delightfully unchanged he was, some minutes passed talking very happily, when the door opened, and Lord Oriel entered, his head sunk, his colour livid. He made a pause, a stagger back, then forced himself forward towards me with such feeble steps, I thought he would have fallen, and his hand not merely cold, but had a deathlike feeling. He sat down, and tried to speak to me, but his voice was scarcely articulate. He tried to raise his cup to his lips with one hand, then with both; but both so trembled he could not, nor could he set the cup down again; he shook more and more. He got up and tried to walk out of the room;

[1] Some years before, when Mrs. Fitzherbert was going to Pakenham Hall from Edgeworthstown, Lord Longford sent to meet her at the *Float*, instead of the horses which she expected to change for ours which had brought her there, a pair of bullocks—'My lord had not another beast to spare for you'—my lord being behind the hedge to enjoy her look of astonishment and dismay.

his son and Mr. Buckeridge, the tutor, assisted him, or he could not have reached the door. Everybody, running different ways, left the room. Lady Massereene sent off to Drogheda for Dr. Pentland; I begged Miss Macartney, the eldest niece, to have hot flannels put to Lord Oriel's stomach. Such a scene of fright and confusion! I stayed alone in the breakfast-room, hearing terrible running backward and forward. Then Lord Ferrard put his head in and said, 'My dear Miss Edgeworth, go to the drawing-room; my father is very ill.'

"Dreadful interval! At last one of the Miss Macartneys came out and told me he was better. Dr. Pentland came in a wonderfully short time, and was much alarmed; but to put you at ease, my dear mother, he is this morning much better, and he will get over this attack—indigestion."

"*Nov.* 22.

"I have had this franked by Lord Oriel's own hand, to relieve you at once from anxiety about him: he is wonderfully recovered, his eyes brightened to their wonted brilliancy when I gave him your kind message. I read it to him from your letter. I have sometimes found that expressions of sincere kindness have given so much more pleasure, and been of so much more consequence than the people who wrote them could at the moment have foreseen—Lord Oriel was quite pleased and touched, and said low to himself, 'How well expressed, too!' His interest about plants and shrubs, and all the vegetable creation, is quite astonishing; his voice strengthened as he spoke of them. He said he has succeeded in naturalizing plants by not taking too much care of them. 'Put plenty of good mould—that is the first thing,

when planting them, and do not *fir*-cap them too soon.'"

To C. S. Edgeworth.

"*Edgeworthstown, Dec.* 26, 1826.

"I send your account, and have done my best. I have not read 'Boyne Water,' but have got Lindley Murray's Memoir, and thank you for mentioning it. Harriet and Mr. Butler come to-morrow. Sophy Fox and Barry, and their beautiful and amiable little Maxwell, are here. How you will like that child, and make it see 'upper air!' How long since those times when you used to show its mother and Harriet upper air! Do you remember how you used to do it to frighten me, and how I used to shut my eyes when you threw them up, and you used to call to me to look? Ah! le bon temps! But we are all very happy now, and it is delightful to hear a child's voice cooing, or even crying again in this house. Never did infant cry less than Maxwell: in short, it is the most charming little animal I ever saw. 'Animal yourself, sir!'[1]

"Pakenham ornamented the library yesterday with holly, and crowned plaster-of-Paris Sappho with laurels, and Mrs. Hope's picture with myrtle, (i.e., box,) and perched a great stuffed owl in an ivy bush on the top of a great screen which shades the sofa by the fire from the window at its back. I am excessively happy to be at home again, after my four months' absence at Blackcastle."

[1] Mr. Edgeworth, admiring a baby in a nurse's arms, called it "a fine little animal." To which the nurse indignantly replied, "Animal yourself, sir!"

To Mrs. Ruxton.

"*Edgeworthstown, Dec.* 28, 1826.

"After spending four months with you, it is most delightful to me to receive from you such assurances that I have been a pleasure and a comfort to you. I often think of William's most just and characteristic expression, that you have given him a desire to live to advanced age, by showing him how much happiness can be felt and conferred in age, where the affections and intellectual faculties are preserved in all their vivacity. In you there is a peculiar habit of allowing constantly for the *compensating* good qualities of all connected with you, and never unjustly expecting impossible perfections. This, which I have so often admired in you, I have often determined to imitate; and in this my sixtieth year, to commence in a few days, I will, I am resolved, make great progress. 'Rosamond at sixty,' says Margaret.

"We are all a very happy party here, and I wish you could see at this moment sitting opposite to me on sofa and in arm chair the mother and daughter and grandchild.

"My mother, Fanny, and I go on Wednesday to Pakenham Hall."

To Mrs. Bannatyne.

"*Edgeworthstown, Feb.* 26, 1827.

"My dear Mrs. Bannatyne,

"I strongly suspect that a letter I wrote to you and sent in a round-about way in a frank to Sir Walter never reached you; it contained a request that you

would receive and forward a little dog of the Dandy Dinmont breed, which Sir Walter has been training for me. I knew that none but such kind friends as you would practically exemplify the proverb of, Love me love my dog. The whole thing, however, has failed,[1] so there is an end of that.

"By some strange chance I was taken away from home just after the time when Colonel Stewart's pamphlet on India, which you were so kind as to send me, arrived; in short, I never read it till a few days ago. I am in admiration of it; it is beautifully written, with such clearness, lucid order, simplicity, dignity, strength, and eloquence—eloquence resulting from strong feeling. The views of its vast subject are comprehensive and masterly; the policy sound, both theoretically and practically considered; the morality as sound as the policy, indeed no policy can be sound unless joined with morality. The sensibility and philanthropy that not only breathe but live and act in this book are of the true, manly, enduring sort—not the affected sickly spurious kind, which is displayed only for the trick of the poet or orator. It is a book which a good and wise man must ever rejoice in having written, and which will be satisfactory to him even to the last moment of his life. I enclose a little note for Miss Stewart, I cannot forbear writing to congratulate her.

"Have you seen the Tales of the O'Hara Family—the second series, they are of unequal value; one called the Nowlans is a work of great genius. Another book has much amused us, Captain Head's Rough Sketches, most animated and masterly sketches of his journey across

[1] The dog died before his education was finished.

the Pampas. There is much information and much good political economy condensed in his three chapters on speculators."

To Mrs. Ruxton.

"*Edgeworthstown, March* 4, 1827.

"I rejoice that my mother stayed with you those few extra days. I went with Pakenham to meet her at Castle Pollard, and we had such a nice long talk in the carriage coming back, our tongues never intermitting one single second I believe. I am glad you liked my graceful gentleman-like bear,[1] and his graceful gentleman-like Italian leader. We have had a succession of actors and actresses, as I may call them, personating beggars, all at the last gasp of distress; so perfect too was one English woman that she set at defiance all the combined ingenuity of the Library in cross-questioning her, and after writing a long letter for her to a Rev. Mr. Strainer, of Athlone, I was quite at a loss to decide whether she was a cheat or not, when one of the Longford Police Officers chanced to dine with us, I mentioned her, and out came the truth; she had imposed on him and every one at Longford, and had borrowed a child to pass for her own. We sent for our distressed lady, who was very 'sick and weak with a huge blister on her chest,' and low voice and delicate motions. Oh! if you had seen her when the police officer came into the room and charged her with the borrowed child. Her countenance, voice, and motions, all at once changed; her voice went up at once to *scold-pitch*, and turning round

[1] A travelling showman and bear.

on her chair she faced the chief; but words in writing cannot do justice to the scene. I must act it for you.

"We are now reading the Voyage of the Blonde to the Sandwich Islands, with the remains of the King and the Queen. Pray get this book, it will delight you. Of the Blonde, you know the present Lord Byron is Commander—the name strikes the ear continually—new fame, new associations; reverting too to the old Commodore Byron's sort of fame. How curious, how fleeting, 'this life in other's breath.'

"A little box of curiosities from my most amiable American Jewess my mother presented to me this morning at the breakfast table: I was in an ecstasy, but short-lived was my joy, for I was thunderstruck the next instant by my mother's catching my arm and stopping my hand with the vehement exclamation, 'Stop, stop, child, you don't know what you are doing.' 'No, indeed, ma'am, I don't—what *am* I doing?' She took the *wreath* of cotton wool from my passive hand and showed me, wrapped up in it, a humming-bird, luckily unhurt, unsquelched. The humming-bird's nest is more beautiful than the creature itself. Poor Lord Liverpool—no one can wish his existence prolonged.

'The painful family of death
More hideous than their queen.'"

"*April* 8.

"I am quite well and in high good-humour and good spirits in consequence of having received the whole of Lovell's half-year's rents in full, with pleasure to the tenants, and without the least fatigue or anxiety to myself.

"We are reading the second part of Vivian Grey,

which we like better than the first. There is a scene of gamesters and swindlers wonderfully well done. I know who wrote 'Almack's.' Lady de Ros tells me it is by Mrs. Purvis, sister to Lady Blessington; this accounts for both the knowledge of high, and the habits of low, life which appear in the book. 'Poor dear Almack's,' Lady de Ros says, is not what it was—when people were poor in London, and there were few private balls, Almack's was all in all. Her sailor son is going to publish a Journal of a Tour, including the United States and Niagara."

To C. S. Edgeworth.

"*Edgeworthstown, April* 12, 1827.

"Now I have done all my agent business, and answered all your questions; and I wish I could send you Mr. Crampton's letter on 'The Nowlans,' but I cannot; and, to make you amends for this disappointment, I will tell you what Mr. Hope, in a letter I had from him this morning, says of 'Almack's.' 'It might have been a pretty thing, but I think it but a poor one. Of all slangs, that of fashion is easiest overdone. People do not *hold forth* about what is with them a matter of course. Willis, or his waiters, might have furnished all the characteristic materials. The author ever and anon makes up for want of wit by stringing together common French milliner phrases, which have no merit but that of being exotics in England. The point consists in his *italics*. Besides, he only describes the proceedings, not the spirit of the institution of Almack's. It was rather a bold thing in London to put FEASTING out of fashion, and to make a seven-shilling ball the

thing to which all aspired to be admitted, and many without the least hope of succeeding. It was the triumph of aristocracy over mere wealth. It put down the Grimes's of former days, with their nectarines and peaches at Christmas, and in so far it improved society.'

"All this is very true, but I do not think he does justice to the author. I particularly like the dialogue in the third volume, where Lady Anne Norbury debits and credits her hopes of happiness with her two admirers: no waiting-maid could have written that. In the second volume, also, I think there is a scene between Lord and Lady Norbury in their dressing-room, about getting rid of their guests and making room for others, which is nicely touched: the Lord and Lady are politely unfeeling; it is all kept within bounds.

"Mr. Hope begs me to read 'Truckleborough Hall.' Of late novels he says it is that which has amused him most. 'Both sides of the political question are reviewed most impartially; both quizzed a little, and the reader left in doubt to which the author leans. The transition in the hero from rank Radicalism to a seat on the Treasury Bench, while persuading himself all the time that he remains consistent, is exceedingly well managed. Interest in the story there is none, because the subject admits not of it. Like the high-finished Dutch pictures, mere truth, well and minutely told, makes all its merit.'

"Then follows a sentence so complimentary to myself that I cannot copy it, and perhaps you have had enough. I trust you will give me credit, dear Harriet and Sneyd, for copying for you other people's letters, when I have nothing in my own but stupid pounds, shillings, and pence.

"In a letter from my friend Mr. Ralston, from Phi-

ladelphia, he tells me that seven volumes of Sir Walter Scott's Life of Napoleon have been already printed there, and reviewed in the North American Review. Scott sends his MS. at the same time to London and to America. I tremble for this publication. Anne Scott writes to Harriet that her father is so busy writing, that she scarcely sees anything of him, though they are alone together at Abbotsford. Lockhart is much admired in London for his beauty."

When Captain Hall published his account of the Loochoo Islands, he sent a copy of it to Maria by Mrs. Marcet, to whom he wrote, "I have put 'To Miss Edgeworth' in the title-page, as my offering to her; which is like a common sailor scratching his name on Nelson's pillar."

This was written in the year 1818, and Maria did not become acquainted with Captain Hall till 1823, when she met him at Sir Walter Scott's, in Edinburgh; and when he was going to America, he asked her for introductions to some of her friends.

After Captain Hall's death in 1844, a portfolio containing Maria's letters to him was sent to her by his executors: it had been left by Captain Hall, with directions that, if she survived him, these letters should be returned to her, which at his death was done.

To Captain Basil Hall.

"*Edgeworthstown, April* 9, 1827.

"Dear Sir,

"Your objects in visiting America are most excellent, and I have no doubt you will fulfil your good

intentions to the satisfaction of all the reading—I should say of all the thinking—public in both the New and the Old World. The writer who could dispel, or even soften, the prejudices which now exist between them, and which ignorance of the truth, more than any other cause, supports, would indeed deserve well, not only of the present generation, but of 'long posterity.'

"I am much gratified by your manner of accepting the very slight assistance I have it in my power to offer; and since you do not disdain such, I enclose a few more notes, since I now more fully comprehend the extent and nature of your intended tour. The notes may be used at any time in the course of your stay in America, as you will see by looking at them. I believe I sent you a sealed letter to Messrs. Bruin and Co., New York, and begged Captain Beaufort to say it was not an introductory letter, but one on business. I yesterday had an answer from Messrs. Bruin respecting the business, and therefore I request you will be so good as to burn the useless letter. I now enclose another, which I beg you to deliver in its stead; and I have taken the liberty of making it an introduction. Mr. Bruin's letter to me was so sensible, that I thought he deserved to see you; and perhaps he may afford you some useful information. He is a stranger to me—a friend of my friend Gerard Ralston, of Philadelphia.

"The note to Mrs. Lazarus, Wilmington, will, I hope and trust, introduce you to an agreeable and amiable lady. She is a stranger, personally, to me, and yet has been a most kind friend and correspondent of mine for years. Our correspondence began with her reproaching me for having reviled the Jews in some of my *Moral* Tales—she is a Jewess. I wrote 'Harring-

ton' as the *amende honorable;* and though she had no reason to be satisfied with it, as the Jewess turns out to be a Christian, yet she was good enough to accept it as a peace-offering, and to consider that this was an Irish blunder, which, with the best intentions, I could not avoid. By her letters I should judge her to be a well-informed and most amiable domestic woman, without any pretensions to be *blue,* or anything but what nature, good education, and good sense have made her. I cannot forbear letting you see—what assuredly she never meant you should see, or could conceive the possible chance of your seeing—her opinions of your own writings, and by *reflection* you will see mine in a way in which you have proof of their sincerity.

"You will oblige me if you will write to me from America whenever you can find leisure: I need not make speeches to you about the value of your letters.

"Of course you are acquainted with Roscoe's writings. I have mentioned to him that you will be at Liverpool about the 15th and 16th, and I have no doubt you will see him. His family are very amiable and literary. Mr. Roscoe has just published an interesting pamphlet on American and English prison discipline. Have you seen 'Flint's Travels by the Mississippi,' and Tudor's 'Residence in the Eastern States?' both published in America, both well worthy of your perusal. They were sent to me by Professor Norton, to whom, in gratitude, I have given you a note of introduction.

"I have, I see, omitted to mention a note enclosed to Mrs. T. Stewart: she is a particular friend of ours, and a relation of Mrs. Edgeworth's. She has for six years endured, with amazing and cheerful constancy

and activity, her banishment, and has supported her husband and family in all their trials by her fortitude and charming temper. With Mr. T. Stewart I am but little personally acquainted, but he bears a high character."

Captain Hall had the kindness to send to Maria a volume of his Journal, written during his stay in London—a kindness she fully appreciated.

To Captain Basil Hall.

"*Edgeworthstown, April* 25, 1827.

"Dear Sir,

"I really cannot express to you how much you have gratified me by the proof of confidence you have given me. No degree of praise or admiration could flatter me so much: confidence implies something much higher—real esteem for the character. I thank you; you shall not find your confidence misplaced. I trust you will not think I have gone beyond your permission in considering my own family now with me—viz., Mrs. Edgeworth, my sisters and my brother—as myself. The Journal was read aloud in our library: not a line or a word of it has been copied; and though some passages have, I know, sunk indelibly into the memories of those present, you may rest perfectly secure that they will never *go out* beyond ourselves. No vanity will ever tempt any one of us to boast of what we have been allowed to read; we shall strictly adhere to your terms, and never mention or allude to the book. It is delightful, most interesting, and entertaining. You may, perhaps, imagine, by conceiving yourself in my place,

remote in the middle of Ireland, *how* entertaining and interesting it must be to be thus suddenly transported into the midst of the best company in London, scientific, political, and fashionable; and not merely into the midst of them, but behind the scenes with you, and after seeing and hearing and knowing your private opinion of all. Considering all this, and further, that numbers of the persons you mention in your Journal we were well acquainted with when we were in London, you may, perhaps, comprehend how much pleasure, of various kinds, we enjoyed while we read on.

"The first page I opened upon was the character of Captain Beaufort. Do not shrink at the notion of his most intimate friend, or his sister Mrs. Edgeworth, or his nieces Fanny and Sophy, having seen this character. You need not: we all agree that it does him perfect justice.

"Your manner of mentioning Lydia White was quite touching, as well as just. She was all you say of her, and her house and society were the most agreeable of the sort in London, since the time of Lady Crewe. Lydia White, besides being our kind friend, was a near connection of ours by the marriage of her nephew to a cousin of ours; and we have had means of knowing her solid good qualities, as well as those brilliant talents which charmed in society. You may guess, then, how much we were pleased by all you said of her. Of all the people who ever sold themselves to the world, I never knew one who was so well paid as Lydia White, or any one but herself who did not, sooner or later, repent the bargain; but she had strength of mind never to expect more than the world can give, and the world in return behaved to the last remarkably well to her.

"All you say of the ill-managed dinner of wits and

scientific men, I have often felt. There must be a mixture of nonsense with sense, or it will not amalgamate: all wits and no fools, all actors and no audience, make dinners dull things. The same men in their boots, as you say, are quite other people. 'Two or three ladies, too'—we were delighted with your finding them useful as well as agreeable on such occasions.

"I do not think you do quite justice to Gallatin. I saw a good deal of him—he allowed me to see a good deal of his mind in Paris: I think he has a remarkable frankness of character, and sense enough to know that the straight line is the shortest possible, even in diplomacy. I saw him dealing with courtiers at Paris, and admired his courageous independence of character.

"Sidney Smith's conversation excellent, and the manner in which you took his criticism showed how well you deserved it. He will be your friend in all the future, and I do not know any man whom I should wish more to make my friend: supereminent talents and an excellent heart, which in my opinion almost always go together. His remarks on the views you should take of America, to work out your own purpose in softening national animosities, are excellent: also all he says of American egotism and nationality. But I should be as ready to forgive vanity in a nation as in an individual, and to make it turn to good account. I have always remarked that little and envious minds are the most acute in detecting vanity in others, and the most intolerant of it. Having nothing to be proud or vain of, they cannot endure that others should enjoy a self-complacency they cannot have. For your own private use, however, you will soon form a scale by which to judge of American words and deeds. Look at Mr. Ingersoll's and Mr. Everitt's

orations. Have you looked at Griscom's Year in Europe?

"Scarcely had I written this query, when, turning to look for the exact title of the book, I opened upon 'Society in Edinburgh,' and saw your name among the stars: therefore I need say no more about the book. Doubtless you have winnowed it, and have seen from this, among a thousand examples, the difficulty there is for a traveller to see things as they really are in their just proportions of importance both to the country he is passing through, and with respect to the country for which his description is designed. The more a philosophic and most candid writer like you sees of such examples, the better.

"There is a sentence in one of Burke's letters, which, as far as England is concerned, might do for a motto for your intended travels: 'America and we are no longer under the same crown; but if we are united by mutual goodwill and reciprocal good offices, perhaps it may do almost as well.'

"Will you, my dear sir, trust me with more of your Journals? I think you must see, by the freedom of this letter, that you have truly pleased and obliged me: I have no other plea to offer. It is a common one in this country of mine—common, perhaps, to human nature in all places as well as Ireland—to expect that, when you have done much, you will do more; and you will, won't you? If I could get your little Eliza to say this in a coaxing voice for us, we should be sure of your compliance. The scene at Mr. and Mrs. Stanley's is exceedingly to our taste, and we were much diverted with your great American object being swallowed up for the moment in your domestic curiosity and feelings.

"Mr. Brougham wrote to me about the society you mention for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and I am glad your name is down for it. I much admire what I have seen in the papers of his Introductory Essay, and am impatient to get the whole. I shall be much obliged by the volume of 'Constable's Miscellany.'

"I shall send the book with which you entrusted me punctually at the time you desired."

To Mrs. Ruxton.

"*Edgeworthstown, May* 10, 1827.

"I send a few miserably worn out prints for Sophy and Margaret's school; I think Sophy told me she had never seen these illustrating Franklin's 'Poor Richard's Almanac.'

"I get up every morning at seven o'clock, and walk out, and find that this does me a vast deal of good. After three quarters of an hour's walk,[1] I come in to the delight of hearing Fanny read the oddest book I ever heard—a Chinese novel translated into French; a sort of Chinese Truckleborough Hall; politicians and courtiers, with mixture of love and flowers, and court intrigue, and challenging each other to make verses upon all occasions.

"What ups and downs in the ladder of preferment! I hope the ladder will stand as it is!

"My garden is beautiful, and my mother is weeding it for me at this moment. A seedswoman of Philadel-

[1] Maria continued her early walks for many years. A lady who lodged in the village told us her maid used to rouse her in the morning with "Miss Edgeworth's walking, ma'am; it's eight o'clock."

phia, to whom Mr. Ralston applied to purchase some seeds for me, as soon as she heard the name, refused to take any payment for a parcel of forty different kinds of seeds. She said she knew my father, as she came from Longford: of the name of Hughes.

"We are reading in the evenings 'Tor Hill;' a good story, written in an indescribably tiresome style: the time in the reign of Henry VIII., and all the manners, customs, and dresses accurately set forth. You are made to feel the labour of the antiquarian research; the figures move and speak like puppets. There is one scène, however, of a youth imprisoned by a cruel uncle, who pretends he is insane, and a meeting with a dog who hazards his life repeatedly, trying to cross a parapet, that is most touching."

To Miss Ruxton.

"*Edgeworthstown, July* 16, 1827.

"Your and our dear little Tom Rothwell left us on the coach to-day, in charge of the coachman. I am glad he has seen all our visitors—Dr. Brewster and William together from Belfast; Sneyd, alone, from Dublin, on Saturday, by coach; M. Davidoff and Mr. Collyer from Dublin, posting on Friday evening just as we had finished tea. I hope Tom enjoyed some of the various conversation, literary, scientific, and worldly, that we have had the last three days. Dr. Brewster is full of information, and most agreeable in his manner of communicating it.

"M. Davidoff far surpasses all that a very warm letter of praise from Sir Walter Scott had led me to

expect. He has the manner of a high-bred gentleman with all the advantage of foreign polish. He is extremely well-informed on various subjects, and produces anecdotes of celebrated persons, and curious facts respecting national customs, and characteristic actions and sayings, which make the happiest mixture imaginable. He has a most ingenuous, intelligent countenance; a good figure, only rather too tall for me.

"A pleasant plan has been suggested of my going with Dr. Brewster to Cloona, to see Sophy and Barry.

"Anna and Mary have eagerly expressed their enjoyment in the conversational feast we have had, both by looks and words."

"*Sept.* 26.

"The day before yesterday we were amusing ourselves by telling who, among literary and scientific people, we should wish to come here next day. Francis said, Coleridge; I said, Herschel. Yesterday morning, as I was returning from my morning walk at half-past eight, I saw a bonnetless maid on the walk, with letter in hand, in search of me. When I opened the letter, I found it was from Mr. Herschel! and that he was waiting for an answer at Mr. Briggs' inn. I have seldom been so agreeably surprised; and now that he has spent twenty-four hours here, and that he is gone, I am confirmed in my opinion; and if the fairy were to ask me the question again, I should more eagerly say, 'Mr. Herschel, ma'am, if you please.' It was really very kind of him to travel all night in the mail, as he did, to spend a few hours here. He is not only a man of the first scientific genius, but his conversation is full of information on all subjects, and he has a taste for humour

and playful nonsense, though with a melancholy exterior.

"Mr. Babbage, of whom he speaks in the note which I send to you, is a gentleman of fortune who has great mechanic invention, and who has distinguished himself by inventing a most ingenious machine for calculating logarithms. We knew him in London, and Mrs. Babbage, a pretty and pleasing woman; but she is dead. He is in great affliction, and Mr. Herschel brought him to Ireland to begin a course of travelling. He could not come down here, but begged he might not prevent Mr. Herschel from doing so.

"They saw the Giants' Causeway on a stormy day, when the foamy waves beat high against the rocks, and added to the sublimity of the scene. Then he went from the great sublime of Nature to the sublime of Art. He arrived at the place where Colonel Colby is measuring the base line, just at the time when they had completed the repetition of the operation; and he saw, by the instrument, which had not been raised from the spot, that the accuracy of the repetition was within half a dot—the twelve-thousandth part of an inch.

"Mr. Herschel has travelled on the Continent. He was particularly pleased with the character of the Tyrolese—their national virtue founded on national piety. One morning, wakening in a cottage inn, he rose, and called in vain in kitchen and parlour: not a body was to be seen, not a creature in yard or stable. At last he heard a distant sound: listening more attentively, and following the sound, he came to a room remote from that in which he had slept, where he found all the inhabitants joining in a hymn, with beautiful voices.

"He thinks the improvement of the Pontine Marshes

feasible; the health of the French soldiers, who made some attempts at draining them, was secured by having pans of salt and muriatic acid placed near them as they worked. Near Pisa there is a large tract which was so unwholesome from malaria, that the inhabitants died in vast numbers from the sea water which overflowed the ground. Flood-gates were constructed which kept out the sea, and the canals were filled with fresh water; the malaria ceased, and the people were healthy. The experiment happened to be afterwards reversed, so as to prove the truth of the conclusion: the flood-gates were neglected, the sea water rushed in and remained on the land, and malaria, disease, and death were the consequence: the gates were repaired, and health returned.

"You may remember having seen in the newspapers an account of a philosopher in Germany who made caterpillars manufacture for him a veil of cobweb. The caterpillars were enclosed in a glass case, and, by properly disposed conveniences and impediments, were induced to work their web up the sides of the glass case. When completed, it weighed four fifths of a grain. Herschel saw it lying on a table, looking like the film of a bubble. When it collapsed a little, and was in that state wafted up into the air, it wreathed like fine smoke. Chantrey, who was present, after looking at it in silent admiration, exclaimed, 'What a fool Bernini was to attempt transparent draperies in stone!'

"I know my aunt will ask, whether the caterpillars were her processionaires? I do not know, neither did Mr. Herschel.

"One of the shows of London were two Chinese ladies, and a mandarin who read to them from a Chinese

book, which, from its grand appearance and the solemn tone in which the reader went on, was supposed to be Confucius; but a gentleman who understood Chinese characters went behind the mandarin, and found that the book was a list of the duties on tea!

"Have you heard of the live camelopard, 'twelve foot high, if he is an inch, ma'am?' Herschel is well acquainted with him, and was so fortunate as to see the first interview between him and a kangaroo: it stood and gazed for one instant, and the next leaped at once over the camelopard's head, and he and his great friend became hand and glove."

To Mr. Bannatyne.

"*Edgeworthstown, Nov.* 14, 1827.

"I send the letter you wished for—not to Clery, who is dead, but to Louis Bousset, who was the Abbé Edgeworth's servant, and after his death was taken into Louis XVIII.'s household, accompanied the Royal family to Hartwell, returned with them to France, and now lives on a pension from the French Government and his wife's income; she was widow to the King's saddler. They showed much respect, my brother Sneyd says, to our pious cousin the Abbé Edgeworth's memory, and he was much edified by their manner of living together, Bousset and his wife—he a Catholic, and she a German Protestant, 'perfect Christian happiness thoroughly existing between two persons of different Churches, but of the same faith.'

"Though I admire the instance and exception to general rules, I should not wish a similar experiment to

be often repeated; being very much of Dr. Johnson's opinion, that there are so many causes naturally of disagreement between people yoked together, that there is no occasion to add another unnecessarily.

"I have just been reading the article in the June number of the Edinburgh, on the Cotton Manufactories—by M^cCulloch, I am told: the history of the progress of invention in the machinery is extremely well done. He refers to an article by Dugald Bannatyne: is that yours, my dear sir? If it be, and that you can procure me a copy, I beseech you, my dear sir, to send it to me. I do not agree with Mr. M^cCulloch that the morals of the people of England have been improved by manufactures, and I doubt about their intellectual improvement. Pray tell me your opinion of their effect in Scotland? I think the happiest time, and probably the most moral, is that when agricultural and manufacturing occupations mix together. I know that it is not the period when the riches of the country can be greatest, but that is sometimes effected at the expense of human happiness, by turning men into parts of machines and machine makers."

To Mrs. Ruxton.

"*Edgeworthstown, Nov.* 27, 1827.

"A packet of mine to you, and sent the second of this month, has never reached you. As well as I recollect, it told you of the visit of Miss Douglas; I cannot now recall it to my mind in its first freshness, but the impression that remains is that she was a very interesting, sincere, generous, and uncommon person, with a fine figure, fair, agreeable, open countenance,

golden hair, light eyelashes and eyebrows; something of a mixture of American and Scotch in her whole appearance—quite the air of having lived in good society. Crampton gave her a note to me, and she came with her brothers and Mr. Grant, son of the celebrated Mr. Grant of Laggan."

To Mr. Bannatyne.

"*Edgeworthstown, Dec.* 4, 1827.

"Dear Sir,

"I am very glad to hear that the author of 'Cyril Thornton' is Mrs. Bannatyne's *nephew*. I have just finished reading it, and had made up my opinion of it, and so had all my family, before we knew that the author was any way connected with you. I have this moment finished writing my opinion of it to an amiable Russian friend of ours, M. Davidoff, who wrote to beg I would read it, and tell him what we thought of it. I am not weary of repeating that I think, and that we all think, it the most interesting novel we have read for years; indeed, we could not believe it to be fiction. We read it with all the intense interest which the complete belief in reality commands. Officers of our acquaintance all speak to the reality and truth of the scenes described. Military men and gentlemen are delighted with 'Cyril Thornton,' because he is a gentleman, ay, every inch a gentleman; and with the cut in his face, and all the hashing and mashing he met with in the wars, we are firmly and unanimously of opinion that he must be very engaging. We hope that the author is like his hero in all saving these scars and the loss of his arm; but were the likeness exact even in

these, he would be sure of interesting at Edgeworthstown; and we hope that, if ever he comes to Ireland, you and Mrs. Bannatyne will do us the favour to persuade him to come to see us, and to bring his charming wife. We hear she is charming; and, from the good taste and good feeling of his writings, we can readily take it for granted that his choice must be charming, in the best sense of that hackneyed, but still comprehensive word. There is a peculiar delicacy in this book, which delights from being accompanied, as it is, with the strongest evidence of deep sensibility.

"I shall beg leave to give an introduction to you with my brother Pakenham, when he goes to Scotland next April.

"I think the essays for the Diffusion Society are too learned—not popularly written: let me know if the class of readers for which they are intended read and like them? If they do, I shall be silenced; and—what seldom happens to a woman when silenced—I shall be satisfied and pleased. I am not at all satisfied with hearing that you cannot get for me a copy of your article on Cotton Manufactures. Can you neither beg, borrow, nor steal? But, never mind, my brother-in-law will buy the Cyclopædia, and will let me borrow it; only, my pride would have been pleased to have had a copy 'from the author.'"

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